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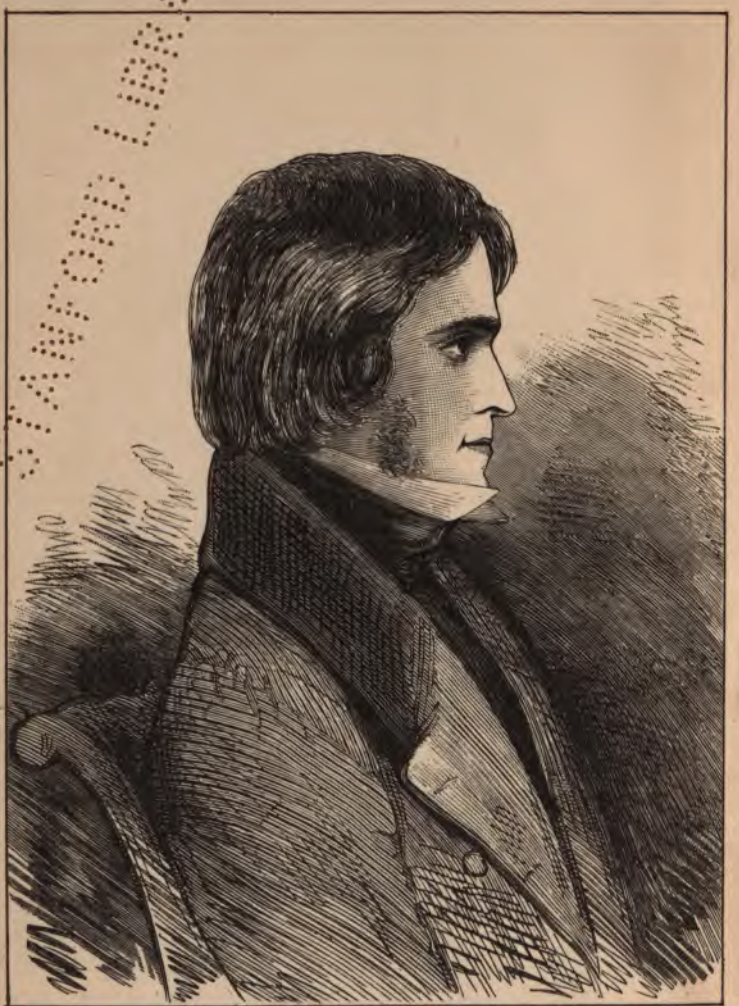
LIFE

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE



THOMAS CARLYLE. FROM A SKETCH BY COUNT D'ORSAY, PUBLISHED IN 1839.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND SELECTIONS FROM HIS PRIVATE LETTERS TO NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS

EDITED BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

ASSISTED BY

CHARLES N. WILLIAMSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

1795–1846

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LIFE

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY SCHOOLMASTERING (1795–1819).

Birth-place of Thomas Carlyle.

ECCLEFECHAN was once one of the most picturesque of Scottish lowland hamlets. It lies in Annandale, some ten miles over the border from Carlisle, and is shut in on almost all sides by rounded and wooded hills. Numerous rivulets flowing from the hill-sides unite into a babbling and shallow burn, which flows impetuously through the hamlet, from end to end, to join Mein Water, before the latter loses itself in the Annan river a quarter of a mile or so down the valley. This shallow stream was once crossed by numberless bridges, and flanked by a double row of beech-trees. But both trees and bridges have now disappeared. Five years ago, in a short-lived

mania for 'improvement,' the bridges were removed, and all the upper part of the burn was bricked over. Before this time the beech-trees had been gradually removed, and now two solitary stumps are all that remain of the ancient avenue. Before, however, it parted with its picturesqueness, Ecclefechan had lost its importance. The construction of the Caledonian Railway took from it the briskness and profit it derived from being a stopping-place of the London, Carlisle, and Glasgow coaches. Its far-famed cattle-fairs, too, are things of the past, for they have been moved further north, to Lockerbie. The diversion of the turnpike road to higher ground, to avoid the hollow in which Ecclefechan lies, has completed its ruin. To-day the village seems dead; the arrival of a strange pedestrian brings the inhabitants to their doors. In ancient days, a pious Celt named St. Fechan, is said to have chosen this quiet spot to raise a church, and antiquarians derive from *Ecclesia Fechanis* the present name of the village.

Yet despite its present unimportance, the name of Ecclefechan is written deep into the annals of Scottish and British literature. A moss-grown dilapidated stone in the tiny kirkyard, bearing the inscription, "Here lyes Robert Peal, who lived in Ecclefechan. He died

Aprill 4, 1749, aged 57," marks the resting-place of the ancestor of one of the greatest of England's modern statesmen. Hard by, a more pretentious monument covers the grave of Dr. Arnott, the friend of Napoleon, who returned from the death-bed of his chief at St. Helena to spend his declining years in his native village. But the name of Ecclefechan is linked with greater memories than these. It is identified, curiously enough, in more ways than one, with Robert Burns. It is the birth-place of Nicol, the school-tyrant of his early years, and the poet himself visited the village in 1795. He was on supervising duties, and arrived at Ecclefechan in the midst of a snow-storm still spoken of for its exceptional severity. The roads were blocked, and the snowed-up poet wrote to his friend Thomson narrating the adventure. He said he had arrived in "this unfortunate, wicked little village" (the amiable Dr. Currie here interjecting, "The poet must have been tipsy indeed to abuse sweet Ecclefechan at this rate"), that he had gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep impeded his progress, that he had tried to "gae back the gait I cam' again," but found himself shut in by the same insuperable barriers. To add to his misfortunes

Burns at Ecclefechan.

a fiddler had been "torturing catgut" with excruciating sounds ever since dinner, and Burns was in a dilemma, "either to get drunk, to forget these miseries; or to hang myself to get rid of them." Of two evils he chose the less, and got very drunk, as he confesses, and as the handwriting of the letter abundantly testifies.

This incident alone would be enough to confer fame on the little village, which the poet has further celebrated in his song, "The Lass of Ecclefechan." But the name of another illustrious Scotchman is bound up with this favoured spot of earth. With what interest would Robert Burns have looked upon a humble dwelling at the lower end of the village street, how would his magnificent eyes have lighted up, if he could have known that ten brief months after his visit there would be born under that roof an infant who was destined to become his own most appreciative exponent, and one of the greatest of his countrymen.

Tuesday, 4th December 1795,* was the day

Mr. Frederick Martin's blunders.

* In Chap. i. of *Thomas Carlyle: a Biography, with Autobiographical Notes*, published in the *Biographical Magazine*, June 1877, r. Frederick Martin, the author, after first favouring us with some six pages of the unsifted sweepings of village gossip respecting the father and mother and the uncles of Carlyle, gives the date of his birth as "Tuesday, the 5th of November 1795." The passage is such a wonderful instance of bœotian blundering and confusion

on which Thomas Carlyle first saw the light, and the curious can still see the house, the room, and the very bed, in which the future philosopher was born. "The Arched House," as the dwelling is called, is a humble cottage standing close to the spot where the little burn now gushes out again into the light of day. Two separate cottages

Carlyle's birthplace.

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worse confounded, that it is worth quoting as a curiosity:—"James Carlyle and Margaret Aitken were married at Ecclefechan on the 5th of March 1795. . . . *Exactly nine months after*, on Tuesday, the 5th of November 1795, 'a little red-coloured pulpy infant,' to whom the name of Thomas was given . . . saw the light of the world," &c. Mr. Martin's blunder (the reader will observe) is threefold. He is wrong first in the main fact. He tells us that Carlyle was born on the 5th November 1795. He was born on the 4th December 1795. He next informs us (by means of some abstruse process of arithmetical calculation unknown to us, that "the 5th of November" is "exactly nine months after" the "5th of March," whereas by the ordinary computation we should reckon it as exactly eight months. Thirdly, he favours us with a date which never existed in this world, "Tuesday, the 5th of November 1795;" for the 5th of November 1795 was a Monday. Why Mr. Martin should desire to associate his hero's birthday with Guy Fawkes' Day ("Please to remember the Fifth of November") we are not prepared to say. There may have been some subtle link of association. Carlyle certainly in later life "blew up" the House of Parliament, though not with gunpowder, notably in the *Latter Day Pamphlets*. A sort of 'GuyFawkes' Carlyle, thinks Mr. Martin, blowing up a House of Parliament after his own new fashion, and associates him with the day. That is the only interpretation possible to us.

What with this as a guarantee for future accuracy at the outset, and the "mythic jottings" about the "fighting masons of Ecclefechan" as prelude, we are not surprised to hear that "Mr. Carlyle had seen with displeasure what I had written" (see letter headed "The Biography of Mr. Carlyle," and signed "Frederick Martin," printed in the *Athenæum* of September 15th, 1877); or to find that the "Biography" collapsed with the first chapter, and the magazine containing it with the first number.

have been made into one house by an arch spanning a narrow passage, and one of the rooms contained in the arch was the birth-chamber of Thomas Carlyle. The Carlyle family is an old, and it was once an important one. Planted originally in Cumberland, a large portion of it crossed the border at some early date, and settled in Dumfriesshire, where the name is one of the most frequent of patronymics. The family was at one time so powerful that some of its members are said to have intermarried with the Royal Family of Scotland, and it was doubtless during this time that the stronghold of Torthorwold was built. Powerful, however, as the family may have been in the past, the branch of it from which Thomas Carlyle sprang had for many years subsided into a humble position. James Carlyle, his father, was a stone-mason. He was just such a hardy, shrewd, and pious man as the father of Robert Burns. Speaking to Mr. Milburn, a blind American preacher, Carlyle once said: "I think, of all the men I have ever known, my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of person, using vigilant thrift and careful industry; abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of

Family of Carlyle.

Carlyle's father.

things and men. I can remember that from my childhood I was surprised at his using many words of which I knew not the meaning; and even as I grew to manhood I was not a little puzzled by them, and supposed they must be of his own coinage. But later, in my black-letter reading, I discovered that everyone of them I could recall was of the sound Saxon stock which had lain buried, yet fruitful withal, in the quick memory of the humbler sort of folk." To another friend Carlyle said of his father: "He was fond of reading, especially of reading theology. Old John Owen of the seventeenth century was his favourite. He could not tolerate anything fictitious in books, and walked as a man in the full presence of heaven and hell and the judgment." In his posthumous *Reminiscences* Carlyle has left a much fuller account of his father, to whom he looked up not only with the affection of a loyal son for a worthy parent, but with the reverence due from one man of fine intellect to another.

Nor was it only the depth of his affection which led Thomas Carlyle to take so high a view of the character and ability of his father. On many hands his testimony is corroborated. James Carlyle is still well remembered by some of the older inhabitants of Ecclefechan, and by

them is spoken of as a man of sterling worth, severe even to harshness, an enemy to all pretence, one who loved to do his work well. In early youth he had been left much to his own resources. His father, Thomas Carlyle, after whom James Carlyle called his eldest son, is described as a shiftless and unreliable, though good-hearted man. He left his family for months at a time, and during these periods of absence it was often hard for the mother and her young family to obtain sufficient food. From these early trials James Carlyle emerged chastened, indeed, but strengthened. Though not the eldest son, the position of head of the family was tacitly assigned to him by his brothers, and when, about 1790, the family settled in Ecclefechan, he was its acknowledged leader. He was born in August 1758, at a small farm called Brownknowe, in Annandale, and at the time of his settlement in Ecclefechan was therefore just thirty-two years of age. He was already distinguished from many of the men of his own class, and even from his own brothers, by a deeper feeling of religion, which restrained his naturally passionate nature, and caused him to look back with regret upon occasions on which he had figured as a hard fighter in some of the disputes which constantly arose in those

Carlyle's grandfather.

lawless times. Soon after James Carlyle came to Ecclefechan, he married a distant cousin, one Janet Carlyle. She died in 1792, in her twenty-fifth year.

Father's first wife.

Early in 1795 James Carlyle married his second wife, Margaret Aitken, of Whitestanes, Kirkmahoe. She was then in her twenty-fourth year, having been born in September 1771. She was a woman of placid temper, skilled in all matters of domestic interest, and of deep religious spirit. "Entirely too peaceable and pious for this planet," said her eldest son of her. Her husband she admired and perhaps feared, rather than loved; but their long years of married life were on the whole tranquil and happy. Nine children—four sons and five daughters—were the issue of this union, Thomas being the first-born.

Carlyle's mother.

Sisters and brothers.

In childhood he was "noted as a still infant." He mixed little with child companions, choosing rather to listen to the quaint talk of his father, or stand wide-eyed and open-eared among the elders of the hamlet conversing on the village green on still summer evenings after the heat and burden of the day. He observed eagerly and noted all. The influences

Childhood.

which now poured in upon his childish intelligence moulded his character, and left their impress upon his whole life. The severe but unaffected piety of his father and mother is traceable in the high morality which through his own long life he so earnestly taught, and of which that life was so splendid an example. The scenes, too, in which these childish days were passed—the chattering brook gliding swiftly by his father's door, the everlasting hills among which the village lay embosomed, the changing beauties of the clouds—must have wrought deeply upon the spirit of the eager child. Nor were the more prosaic elements of education by any means neglected. The more serious members of the Ecclefechan community had gathered together into a church, and built a little meeting-house of which the Rev. John Johnston was appointed minister. The son of this excellent man put young Thomas into possession of the first rough tools to hew out the fine statue of knowledge yet lying in the middle of the marble block. Between the minister and the Carlyle household there existed the most friendly relations. "The priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look upon," wrote Thomas Carlyle of his old pastor, and on

Rev. John Johnston.

another occasion, speaking to Mr. Milburn, he said: "If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister—men of such fearless and simple faith, with such firmness in holding on to the things that they believed, in saying and doing only what they thought was right, in seeing and hating the thing that they felt to be wrong—I should have far more hope for this British nation, and indeed for the world at large."

First schooling.

The school-house in which young Carlyle received his earliest instruction still stands in Ecclefechan. It is a low building alongside the church-yard, and is said to have been built with the stones of the ancient church of St. Fechan which once stood in the centre of the church-yard. For twenty-five years, however, it has been diverted from its original purpose, and is now used as a soup-kitchen. The new school stands close to the old one. It is a fine building for so small a village. The year after the birth of Thomas Carlyle his father removed from the "Arched House," and took up his residence in a dwelling more suited to the wants of his increasing family. This house, situated in a lane just off the main street, and within a stone's throw of the "Arched House," is still shown as the residence of the

Carlyles. It has undergone several changes, and is at present used as the village slaughter-house.

Under the judicious instruction of Mr. Johnston the boy rapidly advanced in learning. His industry and quickness were early noted, and against the advice of some of his friends, who urged that to educate a child was the surest way to make him despise his parents, James Carlyle determined to give his eldest son all the educational advantages which the district could afford.

Annan Academy.

The best school in Annandale was the Academy at Annan, some six miles from Ecclefechan, and thither, one bright morning in Whitsuntide, 1806, James Carlyle took his son. Happily the lad trotted by his father's side along the beautiful road to Annan, which winds along the sides, and crests the tops of the gently rounded hills, crossing now and then the Annan river, and offering here and there glimpses of the distant Solway Firth. In Annan young Thomas boarded with a Mr. Waugh, a kind of cousin on his mother's side—a lovable and kindly man. But no acts of kindness from strangers could atone to the lonely and grave-tempered boy for the loss of the friendliness and protection of his father's

roof. From these Annan days his troubles began. His solitary disposition marked him out as the butt of his coarser school-fellows, and acting on the doctrine of non-resistance which his mother had impressed upon him, it was long before he learnt to defend himself, though now and then he burst into fits of dangerous wrath when his persecutors tried his forbearance too far.

The Annan Academy enjoyed at that time not a little local celebrity, and young Carlyle availed himself to the full of the opportunities for education which it afforded. One at least of its masters, Mr. Adam Hope, was a man of original character. He was a rigid Seceder, and, in the absence of any fit place of worship in Annan itself, Mr. Hope used every Sunday to lead a band of co-religionists to the village of Ecclefechan, there to attend the ministration of the Rev. John Johnston. Little is changed in the outward aspect of Carlyle's first school. Though for many years past the building has ceased to be used as a school-house, and has been converted into a private dwelling, it still stands in the Annan High Street, close to the new Town Hall; and old men who were school-fellows of Carlyle point out to the stranger the window of a certain room in which,

Adam Hope.

together with their great countrymen, they were initiated into "what is called the rudiments of learning." Sad and heavy as were these Academy days, they were by no means unfruitful. In the three years he remained there young Thomas made very fair progress. Mathematics formed a special feature at the Annan Academy, a certain day in each week being set apart for that study, and under the kind and clever mathematical master, one Mr. Morley, Carlyle laid the foundation of what was afterwards his deep knowledge of the science. So far he had amply responded to his father's expectations, and it seemed not unlikely that he would fulfil the prediction of his earliest teacher, and turn out to be "a genius and fit for the learned professions." Such, at any rate, was the fond hope that James Carlyle entertained for his eldest son.

Early predilection for mathematics.

It was most natural that a man of James Carlyle's deep religious feelings should wish to see his son enter the ministry. Upon young Thomas's return from the Academy at Annan this was the next step determined upon for him, and it involved a course of study at Edinburgh University. The curriculum to fit a student for the ministry extended over eight years. The four first were

Father desires him to enter the ministry.

occupied with the usual classical and philosophical education, that is, the classics, mathematics, logic, and moral philosophy. After this followed four years of theology in the Divinity Hall, including Hebrew and Ecclesiastical History. A student, however, who from poverty, or any other reason, was unable to give four continuous years to the course in Divinity Hall, could still maintain his connexion with the University by availing himself of the institution known as "partial sessions." Under this arrangement it sufficed for the student to pay a yearly visit to Edinburgh and read an "exegesis." In the case, however, of non-resident pupils, six years was the time required to qualify for the ministry. It was in November 1809, when he had not quite completed his fourteenth year, that Thomas Carlyle entered Edinburgh University. All the arrangements of that centre of Scotch education seem made for the convenience of poor men. The session lasted only from November to May, thus allowing ample time during the long summer months for the student to work at his trade, and accumulate money enough to carry him through the winter. There was no college residence. Then, as now, the University was merely a

Enters Edinburgh University.

collection of class-rooms and libraries, and the students lived in lodgings in the streets around the University buildings. Early one November morning Carlyle set out from Ecclefechan on his long walk to Edinburgh. It was the first time he had ever visited the Scotch capital, and he accompanied to the University a youth named Smail, who, having himself been to college before, was to put the new student into the way of things in the city. James Carlyle and his wife saw their son and his companion on the first stage of their journey, parting with them on the other side of the village of Ecclefechan. It was a momentous time for young Carlyle, and in the *Reminiscences* he has told how sorrowful were his thoughts on the way to Edinburgh. In the four years during which he was a regular student at the University, Carlyle paid little attention to the established curriculum. Yet there was much to attract a young mind in some of the professors of that day. Dunbar was Professor of Greek, Christison of Latin, Thomas Brown of Moral Philosophy and Logic, Leslie of Mathematics, and Playfair of Natural Philosophy. For none of these, save Leslie, did Carlyle entertain any very great respect. For Dr. Brown

First visit to Edinburgh.

Sir John Leslie.

—"Miss Brown," or "that little man who spouted poetry"—he expressed his open contempt. He declared that he got very little good from Brown's lectures; that kind of mental science which proceeds by analysis was then, as it always remained, very distasteful to him. Classics and natural science he studied with devotion, but against Playfair he had to complain that, after hard work in the classes, he received, on calling at the Professor's house, a very coldly-worded certificate. Christison could never distinguish Carlyle from another student of somewhat similar name. Under Sir John Leslie, however, he pursued with ardour his studies in mathematics. Yet, little as he distinguished himself in the beaten paths of college routine, Carlyle, as a student, was by no means idle. He made few friends at the University, and abstained from joining the Speculative Society, of which every clever student in those days became a member. But he did an incredible amount of desultory reading. He ransacked the fine College Library and laid under contribution besides several circulating libraries—among others, one founded by Allan Ramsay. "The true University of

Dr. Brown.

Professor Playfair.

Mathematical studies.

these days," he said long afterwards, "is a collection of books." As the time drew on when his Arts course was to come to an end, Carlyle began to look more and more coldly on the ministry as his future career. He decided, at any rate, not to continue as a resident student at Divinity Hall for the four years' theological course, and in the meantime he looked out for some kind of employment. Just at this time, in the summer of 1814, there was a vacancy in the Annan Academy. Young Mr., afterwards Dr. Waugh, a son of the Mr. Waugh with whom Carlyle had boarded when a schoolboy at Annan, had resigned the position of mathematical master in the Academy, and the vacancy was to be filled by competitive examination, carried on at Dumfries. Carlyle competed, and was declared the successful candidate.

Dislikes prospect of entering the ministry.

Appointed mathematical master at Annan.

The appointment was, in some respects, a fortunate one. It allowed him to live again within easy reach of his father's house, and it made him independent of pecuniary help from home. But his heart was not in his work. He performed it, indeed, faithfully and well, but without any joy in it; and his shy and proud disposition prevented his making friends among

the hospitable Annan-people. Two houses there were at which he liked to visit, but those were all. He always retained unpleasant memories of the town of Annan, and during this time he doubtless escaped whenever possible to his home at Ecclefechan to ramble over his native Annandale, or explore the haunts around Dumfries already hallowed to the hearts of Scotchmen by their memories of Robert Burns.

During this time in Annan the idea of the ministry was not altogether abandoned. Carlyle still maintained his connexion with the University by means of the "partial sessions." Twice he went to Edinburgh to deliver discourses; once in 1814, a few months after the commencement of his work at Annan, when he gave a sermon in English, and once, about Christmas-time, 1815, when he read a Latin discourse on the question, "*Num detur religio naturalis?*" On the latter occasion, as recorded in the *Reminiscences*,* he first met Edward Irving, a man destined to become his own dearest friend, and to achieve a sudden height of popularity, and as sudden oblivion, in the religious world of England.

English and Latin discourses at Edinburgh.

* Vol. i. p. 94.

Edward Irving.

Many years before Edward Irving was of that band of pious Annan people, who, led by Adam Hope, walked, every Sunday, the twelve miles to and from Ecclefechan to listen to the sermon of Mr. Johnston. In those days young Irving and young Carlyle often sat in the same meeting-house; but without any mutual recognition. Annan was Edward Irving's native place. There he was born in 1792, and there, at the Academy, he received his earliest education. Three years older than Carlyle, pupils in the same school, and students in the same college, Irving had preceded him in each. He went to college in 1805, the year before Carlyle joined the school at Annan; in 1809, when Carlyle went to Edinburgh, Irving had already quitted the University. It was in the year 1808 (in April or May) that the younger boy first saw the elder. Writing in December 1834, on the death of his early friend, Carlyle said: "The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago, in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character and promise; he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole wonder-

land of knowledge: nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end, looked out from the blooming young man." On this occasion Irving, as an ex-pupil who had done credit to his early school, was introduced into the class-rooms at the Academy, and chatted there with his old masters, Carlyle with the other youngsters appearing meanwhile to be absorbed in their lessons, but taking accurate note of their distinguished quondam alumnus. The meeting at Edinburgh in 1815 seemed, according to Carlyle's account of it in his *Reminiscences*, little likely to be the prelude to a life-long friendship. Irving was dictatorial, Carlyle resentful; and the interview ended with constraint on both sides. Circumstances, however, soon afterwards arose which showed Irving's genuine good-nature and good heart. Some three years before the Edinburgh meeting with Carlyle, Irving had given up his school at Haddington, and had started another at Kirkcaldy under circumstances thus narrated by Mr. R. W. Barbour in a letter written from Kirkcaldy, and bearing date 26th December, 1878: "In 1812 John Hume, then teacher of the Grammar School, had become superannuated and incapable. All efforts to induce him to resign having failed, Dr. Martin,

First meeting with Irving.

Kirkcaldy.

parish minister, a man much interested in education, united with others like-minded in setting up a rival school, called the Academy, further east in the town, in a lane running up from the High Street. The Burgh school stood then nearly opposite the parish church on ground now included within St. Brysdale (Provost Swan's). Edward Irving was recommended to the promoters of the new school as a teacher who had succeeded well in Musselburgh: he was, accordingly, brought to Kirkcaldy, and taught with success, though with some little rigour, for four years, 1812–16." At first all went well with the new school. Irving's methods were pronounced admirable, and the progress of his pupils was rapid. Before very long, however, a considerable spirit of discontent was aroused at the ways of the haughty young schoolmaster. His discipline was most severe, and angry parents, receiving no satisfaction after complaining to Irving himself, began to remove their children from his school, and look about for other means of having them educated. Mr. Barbour thus continues his narrative of the events: "By the year 1816 the Burgh School had been reduced to a feeble state by the efficiency of the new-comer on the one hand, and the growing

Irving at Kirkcaldy.

incompetency of the old dominie on the other. In that year, however, Hume was persuaded to retire, and the father of the present Provost and another were deputed by the council to proceed to Edinburgh in search of a successor. On the advice of Sir John Leslie and Professor Christison they were recommended to try a Mr. Thomas Carlyle, of Annan, whose mathematical and scientific acquirements they certified to be of no ordinary kind. He was accordingly installed in office in 1816, and his presence soon made itself felt. Irving had by this time become notorious for his freedom in the infliction of corporal punishment; a fact which told on the attendance at the Academy—although Carlyle was by no means sparing of the rod."

Carlyle at Kirkcaldy.

It was while the negotiations were still in progress for Carlyle to supersede old Mr. Hume that his second meeting with Edward Irving occurred. This was at Annan, about the middle of 1816, when Irving, home from Kirkcaldy for his holidays, was paying a visit of condolence to his old friend, Adam Hope, whose wife had died somewhat suddenly. In the house of mourning the two young schoolmasters met again, and Irving, by his friendliness of manner, entirely removed

Carlyle and Irving.

any embarrassment which might have been the result of their former meeting. He cordially greeted Carlyle, and welcomed him to Kirkcaldy, with a generosity which was almost excessive, considering the rivalry in which the two were about to be placed. In August 1816 Carlyle visited Kirkcaldy, determined on accepting the post, and shortly afterwards entered upon his duties. Of Irving he never had any cause to complain. Though official rivals, the two were, in private life, the most devoted friends. "Together we talked, and wrought, and thought," said Carlyle to Mr. Milburn, "together we strove by virtue of birch and book to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning"; and writing shortly after his friend's death, in the essay already referred to, he says: "But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find." Eventful, in their mental development, to both young men were the two years at Kirkcaldy from 1816 to 1818. Both performing honestly their teaching functions in their respective schools, and both with

equal distaste for the occupation, they were now coming to decisions which were to determine the course of their whole future lives. Irving had never faltered in his intention of joining the ministry; Carlyle, on the other hand, found the thought of that profession daily more and more distasteful. On one of their frequent visits to Edinburgh Carlyle interpreted as an evil omen the accidental absence from home of Dr. Ritchie, on whom he had called for the purpose of entering his name at Divinity Hall. By that incident his "last feeble tatter of connexion with Divinity-Hall affairs or clerical outlooks was," he says,* "allowed to snap itself, and fall definitely to the ground." Serious, however, as were the decisions at which both young men were arriving, these Kirkcaldy days were by no means joyless. They were pleasantly diversified by long pedestrian tours in the Highlands, by visits to the home circles at Ecclefechan and Annan, and perilous boating adventures along the coast. Of sociality the young schoolmasters sought little. They preferred the society of their books and of each other, and spent many evenings pacing the sands of the "lang town" in earnest conversa-

Abandons idea of entering the ministry.

* *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 115.

tion. A few friends they had in Kirkcaldy, and one of especial interest—Miss Margaret Gordon, the original apparently of the "Blumine" of *Sartor Resartus.*

Margaret Gordon.

As time drew on, Carlyle became more and more convinced that schoolmastering was not his vocation. His dissatisfaction with his present position increased from day to day, and he finally resolved "to perish in the ditch, if necessary, rather than continue living by such a trade." Accordingly, towards the end of 1818, both Irving and Carlyle determined on quitting Kirkcaldy. The Burgh school, under Carlyle's energetic management, had been reinstated in its old position; the Academy began and ended with Irving. Together the two friends set out for Edinburgh, Carlyle with some hundred pounds or so in his pocket, and a vague outlook towards literature, Irving happy in the prospect of entering immediately upon his ministerial career.

Quits Kirkcaldy with Irving.

Froude 12

CHAPTER II.

EARLIEST AUTHORSHIP, BULLER TUTORSHIP, AND FIRST VISIT TO LONDON (1820–1825).

On resigning his post at Kirkcaldy, Carlyle went, as we saw, with Irving to Edinburgh, where he took private pupils when any such offered themselves, and spent the long summer vacation at his father's house at Ecclefechan.

Private teaching.

"Carlyle," writes Irving to a friend in 1819, "goes away to-morrow. . . . It is very odd, indeed, that he should be sent for want of employment to the country. Of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled, and much improvement to be wrought out. 'I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene. I have

Edward Irving on Carlyle.

my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to new-model; and into all I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm, and if she cannot weather it, I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves; but surely a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile."*

Some interesting reminiscences relating to Sir William Hamilton belong partly to this period.

Sir William Hamilton.

"Well onward in my student-life at Edinburgh," writes Carlyle—"I think it may have been in 1819 or 1820—I used to pass, most mornings, on my way college-ward, by the east side of St. Andrew Square, and a certain alley or short cut thereabouts called *Gabriel's Road*, which led out to the very end of Princes Street, directly opposite the North Bridge—close by the place which afterwards became famous as *Ambrose's Tavern*. Both Gabriel and Ambrose, I find, are now abolished, and the locality not recognisable; but doubtless many remember it for one reason or another, as I do for the following.

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* Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving* (Lond. 1862), vol. i. pp. 90-91.

"Somewhere in Gabriel's Road there looked out on me, from the Princes Street or St. David Street side, a back window on the ground-floor of a handsome enough house; window which had no curtains; and visible on the sill of it were a quantity of books lying about, gilt quartos and conspicuous volumes, several of them;—evidently the sitting-room and working-room of a studious man, whose lot, in this safe seclusion, I viewed with a certain loyal respect. 'Has a fine silent neighbourhood,' thought I; 'a fine north light, and wishes to save it all.' Inhabitant within I never noticed by any other symptom; but from my comrades soon learned whose house and place of study this was.

"The name of Sir William Hamilton I had before heard; but this was the first time he appeared definitely before my memory or imagination; in which his place was permanent thenceforth. A man of good birth, I was told, though of small fortune, who had deep faculties and an insatiable appetite for wise knowledge; was titularly an advocate here, but had no practice, nor sought any; had gathered his modest means thriftily together, and sat down here, with his mother and sister (cousin, I believe it really was), and his ample store of books; frankly renouncing all lower ambitions, and

indeed all ambitions together, except what I well recognised to be the highest and one real ambition in this dark ambiguous world. A man honourable to me, a man lovingly enviable; to whom, in silence, I heartily bade good speed. It was also an interesting circumstance, which did not fail of mention, that his ancestor, Hamilton of Preston, was leader of the Cameronians at Bothwell Brig, and had stood by the Covenant and Cause of Scotland in that old time and form. 'This baronetcy, if carried forward on those principles, may well enough be poor,' thought I; 'and beautifully well may it issue in such a Hamilton as this one aims to be, still piously bearing aloft, on the new terms, *his* God's-Banner intrepidly against the World and the Devil!'

"It was years after this, perhaps four or five, before I had the honour of any personal acquaintance with Sir William; his figure on the street had become familiar, but I forget, too, when this was first pointed out to me; and cannot recollect even when I first came to speech with him, which must have been by accident and his own voluntary favour, on some slight occasion, probably at *The Advocates' Library*, which was my principal or almost sole literary resource (lasting thanks to *it*, alone of Scottish insti-

tutions!) in those obstructed, neglectful, and grimly-forbidding years. Perhaps it was in 1824 or 1825. I recollect right well the bright affable manners of Sir William, radiant with frank kindliness, honest humanity, and intelligence ready to help; and how completely prepossessing they were! A fine firm figure of middle height; one of the finest cheerfully-serious human faces, of square, solid, and yet rather *aquiline* type; a little marked with small-pox — marked, not deformed, but rather the reverse (like a rock rough-hewn, not spoiled by polishing); and a pair of the beautifullest kindly-beaming hazel eyes, well open, and every now and then with a lambency of smiling fire in them, which I always remember as if with trust and gratitude. Our conversation did not amount to much, in those times; mainly about German books, philosophies and persons, it is like; and my usual place of abode was in the country then."*

Brewster's Encyclopædia.

It was late in 1819 or early in 1820 that Carlyle's first prentice efforts in literature were made. He was employed by Dr. (afterwards Sir David) Brewster to write a series of articles for

* See *Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.*, by John Veitch, M.A. London: Blackwood, 1869, pp. 121-123.

the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*,* then in course of publication. The subjects seem to have been regulated and chosen rather by the necessity of the letters of the alphabet through which the Encyclopædia was passing at that particular period, than by any special or peculiar fitness. It is natural enough, perhaps, to find Carlyle writing on Montaigne, Montesquieu, or Necker; or even on Sir John Moore, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Nelson; but it would baffle human ingenuity to discover by what process of natural selection, and not of mere compulsory alphabetical necessity, such astonishing subjects as "Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Northumberland," and even "Newfoundland," should have been allotted to him.

> "Que diable allait-il faire
> Dans cette galère?"

Mr. Lowell on Carlyle's early papers.

"In the earliest authorship of Mr. Carlyle," says Mr. James Russell Lowell, alluding to these papers, "we find some not obscure hints of the future man. The outward fashion of them is that of the period;

Vols. xiv. to xvi. The fourteenth volume bears at the end the imprint, "Edinburgh, printed by Balfour and Clarke, 1820"; and the sixteenth volume, "Printed by A. Balfour and Co., Edinburgh, 1823." Most of these articles are distinguished by the initials "T. C."; but they are all attributed to Carlyle in the List of the Authors of the Principal Articles, prefixed to the work on its completion.

but they are distinguished by a certain security of judgment, remarkable at any time, remarkable especially in one so young. British criticism has been always more or less parochial; has, never, indeed, quite freed itself from sectarian cant. Carlyle, in these first essays, already shows the influence of his master Goethe, the most widely receptive of critics. In a compact notice of Montaigne there is not a word as to his religious scepticism. The character is looked at purely from its human and literary sides."

From this paper on Montaigne we extract the following passage:—

"He was the third son of Pierre Eyquem, a man of rank and probity, who appears to have discharged the paternal duties with extraordinary care. Young Michel was awakened every morning by soft music, lest sudden excitation might injure his health; and a German domestic, unacquainted with the French language, taught him to express his first ideas in Latin. At the age of six years, he was sent to the College of Bourdeaux, then conducted by the most celebrated preceptors in France, one of whom was our distinguished countryman, George Buchanan. Montaigne's knowledge of Latin, acquired in a manner so

Montaigne.

uncommon, was here of some avail to him; and though we may be allowed to doubt his assertion, that the masters 'were afraid to accost him,' the instructions of his nurse must have materially contributed to form that minute and extensive acquaintance with classical literature, and that strong tinge of Latinity, for which his writings are so remarkable.

"After seven years occupied in such studies, Montaigne, with the view of becoming a lawyer, engaged in the requisite course of preparation; but his love of jurisprudence, and his progress in that science, appear to have been equally small. The Parliament of Bourdeaux seldom witnessed his official exertions; and after his elder brother's death, from the stroke of a tennis-ball, he gladly exchanged the advocate's gown for the sword of a country gentleman. A short time after 1560, he married Françoise, daughter of a celebrated pleader, Joseph de la Chassagne; and, possessing the Chateau de Montaigne, which his father bequeathed to him in 1569, enjoying a competent fortune and domestic happiness, he had full leisure to combine rural and intellectual employment, in the most suitable proportion. Study seems, however, to have attracted nearly all his attention; riding afforded a healthful and favourite exercise; he lived

remote from the political quarrels which, at that period, distracted his country; and few avocations enticed him from reading, or committing to paper such reflections as that reading excited, in whatever order they occurred. Before the decease of his father, Montaigne had translated the *Natural Theology of Raymond de Sebonde*; and, in 1571, he superintended the posthumous publication of his friend, the Sieur de la Boëtie's works. He did not appear in the character of an original author till 1580, when the fruit of his meditations was published under the title of Essays, at Bourdeaux. Eight years afterwards, in a new edition prepared under his eye at Paris, the work was augmented by a third book, and many additions to the part already published.

"In this singular production, Montaigne completely fulfils the promise of 'painting himself in his natural and simple mood, without study or artifice.' And though Scaliger might perhaps reasonably ask, 'What matters it whether Montaigne liked white wine or claret?'—*a modern reader will not easily cavil at the patient and good-natured, though exuberant egotism, which brings back to our view 'the form and pressure' of a time long past. The habits and humours, the mode of acting and thinking which characterized a Gascon gentleman in the*

*sixteenth century, cannot fail to amuse an inquirer of the nineteenth; while the faithful delineation of human feelings in all their strength and weakness, will serve as a mirror to every mind capable of self-examination.**

"The desultory, careless mode, in which the materials of the Essays are arranged, indicates a feature in the author's character to which his style has likewise a resemblance. With him, more than with any other, words may be called the garment of thought; the expression is frequently moulded to fit the idea, never the idea to fit the expression. The negligence, and occasional obscurity of his manner, are more than compensated by the warmth of an imagination, bestowing on his language a nervousness, and often a picturesque beauty, which we should in vain seek elsewhere."

Our next extract is from the article on Montesquieu:—

"The chief basis of Montesquieu's fame is the

Mr. Lowell on Carlyle's early papers.

* Mr. Lowell, after quoting the passage italicised, "as illustrating the bent of the author's mind," remarks that "we find here no uncertain indication of that eye for the moral picturesque, and that sympathetic appreciation of character, which within the next few years were to make Carlyle the first in insight of English critics and the most vivid of English historians." —*North American Review*, April 1866, p. 425.

Esprit des Lois, published in 1748. His profession had led him to examine the subject of law with great minuteness; and he appears, from an early period, to have aimed at discovering some system which might serve to connect the isolated facts of a science, the extent and confusion of which increased with his knowledge of it. Hitherto, writers on jurisprudence had limited their views to the codes of particular states, or to metaphysical discussions concerning the abstract rectitude of those codes. But the object of Montesquieu was different, and much more comprehensive. Embracing the various, and apparently capricious systems of law as they regard commerce, religion, or civil rights, in every country which travellers or historians make known to us, he endeavours to elicit regularity from this chaos, and to derive the intention of each legislator, or at least the utility of his law, from some circumstances in the natural or political situation of those to whom it is addressed. The attempt, if not entirely successful, was arduous and vast: it was likewise altogether new. The reading alone which it presupposes, would have deterred a man of common ardour; especially if, like the author, almost totally deprived of sight, he had been compelled to employ the eyes of others. But

Montesquieu.

although the *Esprit des Lois* cannot be regarded as a full and correct solution, it is at least a splendid theory; and the labour of twenty years devoted to produce it, the enthusiasm required for sustaining such an effort, were by no means misapplied. The abundance of curious, and generally authentic information, with which the work is sprinkled, renders it instructive even to a superficial reader; while the vigorous and original ideas to be found in every page of it, by an attentive one, never fail to delight and astonish where they convince, and to improve even where the truth of them seems doubtful. The brilliant hints, correct or otherwise, which the author scatters round him with a liberal hand, have excited or assisted the speculations of others in almost every department of political economy; and Montesquieu is deservedly mentioned as a principal founder of that important science. The merits of his work are farther enhanced by his style, which, though emphatic and perspicuous, rather than polished, abounds in elegant sarcasm, in vivid and happy turns of expression, which remind us of his countryman Montaigne.

"Among the defects of the *Esprit des Lois*, may be numbered its want of method, partly apparent, partly real. The transitions are universally

abrupt; the brevity sometimes degenerates into obscurity, and the smartness into affectation. Though the author's tone is always decided and positive, his statements and speculations are occasionally uncertain or erroneous: in particular, the effects attributed to climate (some of which may have been borrowed from Bodin's *Methodus Historiæ*), are greatly exaggerated. But whatever blemishes the work may have, it is entitled to the high praise of steadily supporting the cause of justice and humanity, without departing from the moderation and reserve proper in combating established prejudices.

"The private character of Montesquieu appears to have been such as the perusal of his works might lead us to anticipate. Possessing that calm independence which secured him respect, he possessed also that mildness and benignity of character which displayed itself in a cheerful temper, and obtained him universal love. He was distinguished by the readiness which he always manifested to use his influence with the government in behalf of persecuted men of letters; and strict frugality frequently enabled him, without impairing the property of his family, to mitigate the wants of the indigent.

"A multitude of anecdotes attest the extent of his colloquial powers. The number of nations

and celebrated men whom he had seen, the vigour of his mind, its boundless fertility in original and lively ideas, rendered his conversation at once instructive and fascinating. It was curt, like his style, without bitterness or satire, yet full of attic salt, to which his Gascon accent, perhaps, added new charms. The frequent absence of mind, for which he was remarkable, never occurred in a serious or interesting discussion: it was not affected; and he constantly awoke from it by some brilliant sally fitted to revive the conversation. Though living with the great, and formed to delight the most polished circles, he could yet derive information and pleasure from the simplest objects, and felt at all times happy to exchange the splendid bustle of Paris for books and repose at La Brede. It must have been a striking spectacle to see this teacher of philosophers, seated beneath an oak in his pleasure-grounds, and in order to relax his mind from the studies which he never carried to excess, conversing gaily with a crowd of peasants in their own patois, adopting their views, investigating their genius, supremely happy if his influence could terminate their disputes, or solace their troubles."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is thus characterised:—

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

"Lady Mary's principal merit is to be sought for in her letters. Those written during the embassy were loudly applauded at first, and they have since maintained a conspicuous place in this still scanty department of English literature. The official character of Mr. Wortley procured her admittance to whatever was splendid or attractive in every country which they visited. She seems to have been contented with herself, and therefore willing to be pleased with others; and her cheerful sprightly imagination, the elegance, the ease, and airiness of her style, are deservedly admired. Succeeding and more minute observers have confirmed the accuracy of her graphic descriptions. Her other letters are of a similar stamp. The continual gaiety, the pungent wit, with which she details the passing follies of a court but too successfully imitating that of Louis XV., render her letters extremely amusing. In those written from her retirement at Lover, we discern the same shrewdness of observation, with a little more carelessness of expression."

Here is a passage from the article on "Newfoundland," interesting as containing perhaps the earliest trace of Carlyle's later style:

"The ships intended for the fishery on the south-east coast, arrive early in June. Each takes her station opposite any unoccupied part of the beach where the fish may be most conveniently cured, and retains it till the end of the season. Formerly the master who arrived first on any station was constituted *fishing-admiral*, and had by law the power of settling disputes among the other crews. But the jurisdiction of those *admirals* is now happily superseded by the regular functionaries who reside on shore. Each captain directs his whole attention to the collection of his own cargo, without minding the concerns of his neighbour. Having taken down what part of the rigging is removable, they set about their laborious calling, and must pursue it zealously. Their mode of proceeding is thus described by Mr. Anspach, *a clerical person, who lived in the island several years, and has since written a meagre and very confused book, which he calls a* HISTORY *of it.*"

Newfoundland.

In the winter of 1821 Edward Irving was summoned to London; and through his recommendation in the following year Carlyle obtained his tutorship to Charles Buller ("begun and got under way" in the spring and summer of 1822), on a salary of £200 a year. Buller

Irving goes to London.

Carlyle obtains Buller tutorship.

was sent with his brother Arthur to Edinburgh, where Carlyle directed his studies, and an affectionate relation sprang up between teacher and pupil, which continued unabated, and ripened into ever new intimacy and friendship, until Buller's early death in 1848, when that bright and gifted being was cut off midway in a career of splendid promise.

Legendre's *Geometry.*

"I was already," says Carlyle in his *Reminiscences*, "getting my head a little up, translating 'Legendre's Geometry' for Brewster* . . . I still remember a happy forenoon . . . in which I did a *Fifth Book* (or complete 'doctrine of proportion') for that work, complete really and lucid, and yet one of the briefest ever known. It was begun and done that forenoon, and I have (except correcting the press next week) never seen it since; but still feel as if it were right enough and felicitous in its kind! I got only £50 for my entire trouble in that 'Legendre';

* *Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry*, with Notes. Translated from the French of A. M. Legendre. Edited by David Brewster, LL.D. With Notes and Additions, and an Introductory Chapter on Proportion. Edinburgh: published by Oliver and Boyd; and G. and W. B. Whittaker, London. 1824, pp. xvi. 367. Sir David Brewster's Preface, in which he speaks of "an Introduction on Proportion, by the Translator," is dated *Edinburgh, August* 1, 1822.

but it was an honest job of work, honestly done."*

Contributions to *New Edinburgh Review.*

In the summer of 1821 a new quarterly was started in Edinburgh, the *New Edinburgh Review*, to the second number of which (October 1821) Carlyle contributed a paper on Joanna Baillie's *Metrical Legends*. He wrote a much more remarkable article for the fourth number (April 1822) on Goethe's *Faust*, having now commenced in earnest his study of German literature, respecting which this paper on *Faust* (still remarkable on that account, however crude and immature,) was his earliest utterance. In the course of the paper Carlyle prints an attempt of his own at a blank verse translation (not even then satisfactory to him) of Faust's famous curse, which he afterwards rendered into rhyme and contributed to the *Athenæum* nearly ten years later.

Life of Schiller.

He now undertook the *Life of Schiller*, which appeared in instalments in the then famous *London Magazine* (at that time in the zenith and heyday of its glory, with Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Hood, Procter, and many other worthies among its constant

* *Reminiscences*, vol. i. pp. 198-99.

contributors), between October 1823 and September 1824. He also at this time produced his translation of Goethe's famous masterpiece, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, published in three volumes at Edinburgh in 1824, under the title of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. For this he received the sum of £180 in payment.*

Wilhelm Meister.

In June 1824 Carlyle paid his first visit to London, whither he proceeded by the Leith smack, staying with Irving at 4, Myddelton Terrace (now Myddelton Square), Islington. This, his first visit to London, lasted, with interruptions, from the early days of June 1824 till March 1825. Among other things it brought with it a termination of the Buller engagement, the continuance of which had now for several reasons grown impracticable, a long visit (which lasted for about three months) to Birmingham, and a brief ten days' visit to Paris, which proved of material use to him in later years when writing *The French Revolution*.

First visit to London.

On July 5th, 1824, he spent the evening with Irving at Charles Lamb's and met Mr. Crabb Robinson, who records the meeting, though with deplorable

Charles Lamb.

* *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 211.

brevity, in his Diary. "An agreeable evening enough," is all he has to say about it. This was Carlyle's only meeting with Lamb on his first London visit; on the second, seven years later, he saw him more frequently; but there never seems to have been any cordial intercourse between these two very remarkable, but very dissimilar men; and on Carlyle's part, by his own admission, there was very little of appreciation, sympathy, or even respect. With Crabb Robinson Carlyle seems to have drunk tea towards the end of the year (December 10th), and to have pressed him "to write an account of his recollections of Schiller for his book"; but the suggestion or request, for whatever reason, appears to have been never complied with. Before Carlyle left London and returned to Scotland his *Life of Schiller*, the substance of which had appeared in the *London Magazine* during the two previous years, was published in book form,* with the addition of a few sentences and paragraphs, either added as an after-thought, or restored to the place from which they had

Crabb Robinson.

* *The Life of Friedrich Schiller; comprehending an Examination of his Works.* London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 1825. 8vo. with portrait of Schiller, pp. vi. 352.

Darüber Froude, Biogr I, 399-408 ganz aus fühl. die Briefe selbst sind disappeared!

been removed on their original appearance in the magazine, either for want of space, or for other editorial reasons or caprices.

Letter from Goethe.

By-and-bye came a letter from Goethe in acknowledgment of a copy of the translation of *Wilhelm Meister*. In March 1825 Carlyle journeyed back north by Birmingham, Manchester, Oldham, Marsden, Blackburn, Bolton, and Carlisle. On May 26th, 1825, he established himself at Hoddam Hill, where he remained for a year, and took to doing *German Romance* as his daily work ("'ten pages daily,' my stint," he says).

German Romance.

German Romance consisted of a series of short tales, selected and translated from Musäus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, and Richter, concluding with a translation of Goethe's magnificent fragment of *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre* (*Wilhelm Meister's Travels*), then newly published. Many years afterwards, when the first collected edition of his writings came to be issued, Carlyle himself described it as "a book of translations, not of my suggesting or desiring, but of my executing as honest journey-work in defect of better. The pieces selected were the suitablest discoverable on such terms: not quite of *less* than no worth (I considered) any piece of them; nor,

alas, of a very high worth any, except one only."

The work appeared at Edinburgh in four volumes in 1827.* The original edition is now much prized by collectors, as the translations from La Motte Fouqué and Hoffmann in the first and second volumes have not been reprinted.

Marriage to Miss Jane Welsh.

Meantime, on May 26th, 1826, his year at Hoddam Hill having expired, Carlyle went to live for awhile at Scotsbrig, whither his father had removed; but in October 1826, on his marriage to Miss Jane Welsh, settled himself at Comely Bank, in the precincts of Edinburgh.

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* *German Romance: Specimens of its Chief Authors; with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By the Translator of *Wilhelm Meister*, and Author of the *Life of Schiller*. In Four Volumes. Edinburgh: William Tait, and Charles Tait, London, 1827.

Vol. I. (containing Musäus and La Motte Fouqué), pp. xv. 337. Vol. II. (containing Tieck and Hoffmann), pp. 317. Vol. III. (containing Jean Paul Friedrich Richter), pp. 309. Vol. IV. (containing Goethe), pp. 352. There is an engraved title and vignette to each volume, in addition to the ordinary title.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE.—CRAIGENPUTTOCH.—SECOND VISIT TO LONDON.—"SARTOR RESARTUS."

Jane Welsh.

JANE WELSH was the only daughter and only child of Dr. John Welsh, of Haddington. Carlyle had first seen her in June 1821, it appears, while he was on a visit to Haddington with his friend Edward Irving of whom she had been formerly a pupil. She was born at Haddington, 14th July 1801. Her father had been dead some seven years when Carlyle and she were married, and the life interest of her inheritance in the farm of Craigenputtoch had been made over to her mother, who survived until 1842, when it reverted to Carlyle. A pretty story of the girlhood of Carlyle's future wife may here be quoted from Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*. Further notice of her (except what may

transpire incidentally) is reserved for a later portion of this work.

Story of her childhood.

"When Irving first came to Haddington,* he was a tall, ruddy, robust, handsome youth, cheerful and kindly disposed. He soon won the confidence of his advanced pupils, and was admitted into the best society in the town and neighbourhood. Into one house, at least, he went with a more genial introduction, and under circumstances equally interesting and amusing. This was the house of Dr. Welsh, the principal medical man of the district, whose family consisted of one little daughter, for whose training he entertained more ambitious views than little girls are generally the subjects of. This little girl, however, was as unique in mind as in circumstances. She heard, with eager childish wonder, a perennial discussion carried on between her father and mother about her education; both were naturally anxious to secure the special sympathy and companionship of their only child. The Doctor, recovering from his disappointment that she *was* a girl, was bent upon educating her like a boy, to make up as far as possible

* In his eighteenth year, in the summer of 1810.

for the unfortunate drawback of sex; while her mother, on the contrary, hoped for nothing higher in her daughter than the sweet domestic companion most congenial to herself. The child, who was not supposed to understand, listened eagerly, as children invariably do listen to all that is intended to be spoken over their heads. Her ambition was roused; to be educated like a boy became the object of her entire thoughts, and set her little mind working with independent projects of its own. She resolved to take the first step in this awful but fascinating course, on her own responsibility. Having already divined that Latin was the first grand point of distinction, she made up her mind to settle the matter by learning Latin. A copy of the *Rudiments* was quickly found in the lumber-room of the house, and a tutor not much further off in a humble student of the neighbourhood. The little scholar had a dramatic instinct; she did not pour forth her first lesson as soon as it was acquired, or rashly betray her secret. She waited the fitting place and moment. It was evening, when dinner had softened out the asperities of the day: the Doctor sat in luxurious leisure in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his coffee; and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture were complete.

The little heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover, which concealed her small person. All was still: the moment had arrived: "*Penna, pennæ, pennam!*" burst forth the little voice in breathless steadiness. The result may be imagined: the Doctor smothered his child with kisses, and even the mother herself had not a word to say; the victory was complete.

"After this pretty scene, the proud Doctor asked Sir John Leslie to send him a tutor for the little pupil who had made so promising a beginning. Sir John recommended the youthful teacher who was already in Haddington, and Edward Irving became the teacher of the little girl. Their hours of study were from six to eight in the morning—which inclines one to imagine that, in spite of his fondness, the excellent Doctor must have held his household under Spartan discipline; and again in the evening after school hours. When the young tutor arrived in the dark of the winter mornings, and found his little pupil, scarcely dressed, peeping out of her room, he used to snatch her up in his arms, and carry her to the door, to name to her the stars shining in the cold firmament, hours before dawn; and when the lessons were over, he set the child up on the table at

which they had been pursuing their studies, and taught her logic, to the great tribulation of the household, in which the little philosopher pushed her inquiries into the puzzling metaphysics of life. The greatest affection sprang up, as was natural, between the child and her young teacher, whose heart at all times of his life was always open to children. After the lapse of all these years, their companionship looks both pathetic and amusing. A life-long friendship sprang out of that early connexion. The pupil, with all the enthusiasm of childhood, believed everything possible to the mind which gave its first impulse to her own; and the teacher never lost the affectionate, indulgent love with which the little woman, thus confided to his boyish care, inspired him. Their intercourse did not have the romantic conclusion it might have been supposed likely to end in; but, as a friendship, existed unbroken through all kinds of vicissitudes, and even through entire separation, disapproval, and outward estrangement, to the end of Irving's life.

"When the lessons were over it was a rule that the young teacher should leave a daily report of his pupil's progress; when, alas, that report was *pessima*, the little girl was punished. One day he paused long before putting his sentence

upon paper. The culprit sat on the table, small, downcast, and conscious of failure. The preceptor lingered remorsefully over his verdict, wavering between justice and mercy. At last he looked up at her with pitiful looks: "Jane, my heart is broken!" cried the sympathetic tutor, "but I *must* tell the truth"; and with reluctant pen he wrote the dread deliverance, *pessima!* The small offender doubtless forgot the penalty that followed, but she has not yet forgotten the compassionate dilemma in which truth was the unwilling conqueror."*

It was in the spring of 1827, and during Carlyle's residence at Comely Bank, that Procter sent Carlyle a letter of introduction to Jeffrey, who then reigned supreme as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and arbiter of the literary and critical world in the northern metropolis. Carlyle gives, in his *Reminiscences*, a graphic description of his first visit to Jeffrey as the bearer of this letter and of the reception he met with.

Francis Jeffrey.

The acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy and regard on both sides, proved to be a new departure for Carlyle in his literary career.

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* *The Life of Edward Irving, illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London, 1862, vol. i. pp. 36-40.

Hitherto, at its best, his work had been merely 'journey-work' ('honest journey-work executed in defect of better'), and at its worst had consisted, as he himself says, of "wretched little translations, compilations," in which Dr. Brewster turned him to account, "on most frugal terms always." His first contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, a paper on "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter" (June 1827), and "State of German Literature" (October 1827), were full of humour, freshness, spirit, and originality, and immediately attracted attention, as they well deserved to do. He had now secured an audience and a platform. To the new *Foreign Review*, which began its career as a quarterly in January 1828, he was enlisted as a contributor, and he wrote in the first four numbers two papers on Werner and Heyne, and two on Goethe.

First essays in *Edinburgh Review*.

Foreign Review.

It was in May 1828* that he removed with his wife to the lonely farm of Craigenputtoch, and his residence there (with some interruptions) during the next six years may be described as one of the most

Settlement at Craigenputtoch.

* *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. pp. 29, 148.

remarkable epochs of his life. "It looks to me now," he writes at Mentone, in January 1867, "like a kind of humble russet-coated *epic*, that settlement at Craigenputtoch, very poor in this world's goods, but not without an intrinsic dignity greater and more important than then appeared. . . . I incline to think it the poor *best* place that could have been selected for the ripening into fixity and composure of anything useful which there may have been in me against the years that were coming. And it is certain that for living in and thinking in, I have never since found in the world a place so favourable."*

Letter to Goethe.

From this lonely abode of "plain living and high thinking," he addressed to the great German poet Goethe, with whom he was now in constant correspondence, the following graphic and picturesque letter, descriptive of the place and its surroundings, and of his way of life there. In Goethe's preface to a German translation of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1830, the letter is printed in the original German; but the reader must be content to

* *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 31.

have it here in a translation. It is the earliest in date of the long and brilliant series of Carlyle's letters to his distinguished contemporaries that has yet seen the light.

"Craigenputtoch,
"25th September 1828.

"You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westwards through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis—a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial mansion; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to

cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation.

"Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from everyone who in any case might visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre.

"My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of Literature.

"Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment,

piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals,—whatever may be their worth?

Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. Yet whither am I tending? let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least, pray write to me again and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you.

"The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an essay on Burns. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he was a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at last mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796.

"We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that has lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact

that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light."

The now famous essay on Burns here alluded to was Carlyle's third contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*, where it appeared in December 1828. In the same month was written the following letter to Thomas De Quincey, in which that gifted and eccentric being is treated in a more friendly and respectful spirit than that accorded to his memory in Carlyle's posthumous *Reminiscences*. We shall give the letter entire, on account of its containing another graphic record of the life at Craigenputtoch, hardly less interesting than that quoted above. It is also a charming example of the earlier epistolary style of the writer.

Letter to Thomas De Quincey.

"Craigenputtoch,
"December 11th, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"Having the opportunity of a frank, I cannot resist the temptation to send you a few lines, were it only to signify that two well-wishers of yours are still alive in these remote moors, and often

To Thomas De Quincey.

thinking of you with the old friendly feelings. My wife encourages me in this innocent purpose; she has learned lately that you were inquiring for her of some female friend; nay, even promising to visit us here—a fact of the most interesting sort to both of us. I am to say, therefore, that your presence at this fireside will diffuse no ordinary gladness over all members of the household; that our warmest welcome, and such solacements as even the desert does not refuse, are at any time and at all times in store for one we love so well. Neither is this expedition so impracticable. We lie but a short way out of your direct route to Westmoreland; communicate by gravelled roads with Dumfries and other places in the habitable globe. Were you to warn us of your approach, it might all be made easy enough. And then such a treat it would be to hear the sound of philosophy and literature in the hitherto quite savage wolds, where since the creation of the world no such music, scarcely even articulate speech, had been uttered or dreamed of! Come, therefore, come and see us; for we often long after you. Nay, I can promise, too, that we are almost a unique sight in the British Empire; such a quantity of German periodicals and mystic speculation embosomed in plain Scottish *Peat-moor* being

nowhere else that I know of to be met with. In idle hours we sometimes project founding a sort of colony here, to be called the 'Misanthropic Society'; the settlers all to be men of a certain philosophic depth, and intensely sensible of the present state of literature; each to have his own cottage, encircled with roses or thistles as he might prefer; a library and pantry within, and huge stack of turf-fuel without; fenced off from his neighbours by fir woods, and, when he pleased, by cast-metal railing, so that each might feel himself strictly an individual, and free as a son of the wilderness; but the whole settlement to meet weekly over coffee, and there unite in their *Miserere*, or what were better, hurl forth their defiance, pity, expostulation, over the whole universe, civil, literary, and religious. I reckon this place a much fitter site for such an establishment than your Lake Country—a region abounding in natural beauty, but blown on by coach-horns, betrodden by picturesque tourists, and otherwise exceedingly desecrated by too frequent resort; whereas here, though still in communication with the manufacturing world, we have a solitude altogether Druidical—grim hills tenanted chiefly by the wild grouse, tarns and brooks that have soaked and slumbered unmolested since the Deluge of Noah

and nothing to disturb you with speech, except Arcturus and Orion, and the Spirit of Nature, in the heaven and in the earth, as it manifests itself in anger or love, and utters its inexplicable tidings, unheard by the mortal ear. But the misery is the almost total want of colonists! Would *you* come hither and be king over us; *then* indeed we had made a fair beginning, and the 'Bog School' might snap its fingers at the 'Lake School' itself, and hope to be one day recognised of all men. But enough of this fooling. Better were it to tell you in plain prose what little can be said of my own welfare, and inquire in the same dialect after yours. It will gratify you to learn that here, in the desert, as in the crowded city, I am moderately active and well; better in health, not worse; and though active only on the small scale, yet in my own opinion honestly, and to as much result as has been usual with me at any time. We have horses to ride on, gardens to cultivate, tight walls and strong fires to defend us against winter; books to read, paper to scribble on; and no man or thing, at least in this visible earth, to make us afraid; for I reckon that so securely sequestered are we, not only would no Catholic rebellion, but even no new Hengist and Horsa invasion, in anywise disturb our

will not. The bearer of this letter is Henry Inglis, a young gentleman of no ordinary talent and worth, in whom, as I believe, *es steckt gar viel.* Should he call himself, pray let this be an introduction, for he reverences all spiritual worth, and you also will learn to love him. With all friendly sentiments,

"I am ever,
"My dear Sir,
"Most faithfully yours,
"T. CARLYLE."

Meanwhile Carlyle's work for the *Edinburgh* and *Foreign* Reviews progressed steadily. In the *Foreign Review* appeared, January 1829, "German Playwrights"; April 1829, "Voltaire"; July 1829, "Novalis"; January 1830, a second paper on Richter. "Signs of the Times" was his sole contribution to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1829, where it appeared in the June number.

Another famous literary friend of these years was Professor Wilson, better known by his genial *nom-de-plume* of Christopher North. To him Carlyle writes, a few days before Christmas 1829, the following letter, affording a third delightful glimpse of the Craigenputtoch life:—

Letter to Prof. Wilson.

"Craigenputtoch, Dumfries,
Dec. 19, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"Your kind promise of a Christmas visit has not been forgotten here; and though we are not without misgivings as to its fulfilment, some hope also still lingers; at all events, if we must go unserved, it shall not be for want of wishing and audible asking.

"Come, then, if you would do us a high *favour*, that warm hearts may welcome in the cold new year, and the voice of poetry and philosophy may for once be heard in these deserts, where, since Noah's deluge, little but the whirring of heath-cocks and the lowing of oxen has broken the stillness. You shall have a warm fire, and a warm welcome; and we will talk in all dialects concerning all things, climb to hill tops, and see certain of the kingdoms of this world, and at night gather round a clear hearth, and forget that winter and the devil are so busy in our planet.

"There are seasons when one seems as if emancipated from the 'prison called life,' as if its bolts were broken, and the Russian ice-palace were changed into an open sunny *Tempe*, and man might love his brother without fraud or fear! A few such hours are scattered over

our existence, otherwise it were too hard, and would make us too hard.

"But now descending to prose arrangements, or capabilities of arrangement, let me remind you how easy it is to be conveyed hither. There is a mail-coach nightly to Dumfries, and two stage-coaches every alternate day to Thornhill; from each of which places we are but fifteen miles distant, with a fair road, and plenty of vehicles from both. Could we have warning, we would send you down two horses; of wheel carriages (except carts and barrows) we are still unhappily destitute. Nay, in any case, the distance, for a stout Scottish man, is but a morning walk, and this is the loveliest December weather I can recollect of seeing. But we are at the Dumfries post-office every Wednesday and Saturday, and should rejoice to have the quadrupeds waiting for you either there or at Thornhill on any specified day. To Gordon I purpose writing on Wednesday; but any way I know he will follow you, as Hesperus does the sun.

"I have not seen one *Blackwood*, or even an Edinburgh newspaper since I returned hither; so what you are doing in that unparalleled city is altogether a mystery to me. Scarcely have tidings of the *Scotsman-Mercury* duel reached me, and how the worthies failed to shoot each other,

and the one has lost his editorship, and the other still continues to edit. Sir William Hamilton's paper on Cousin's Metaphysics I read last night; but, like Hogg's Fife warlock, 'my head whirled roun', and ane thing I couldna mind.' *O curas hominum!* I have some thoughts of beginning to *prophesy* next year, if I prosper; that seems the best style, could one strike into it rightly.

"Now, tell me if you will come, or if you absolutely refuse. At all events, remember me as long as you can in goodwill and affection, as I will ever remember you. My wife sends you her kindest regards, and still hopes against hope that she shall wear her Goethe brooch this Christmas, a thing only done when there is a man of genius in the company.

"I must break off, for there is an Oxonian gigman coming to visit me in an hour, and I have many things to do. I heard him say the other night that in literary Scotland there was not one such other man as ———! a thing in which, if ——— would do himself any justice, I cordially agree.

"Believe me always,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours with affectionate esteem,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

Fraser's Magazine.

In 1830 Carlyle found a fresh field for his literary activity on the establishment of a new monthly magazine, destined to achieve a splendid success, to run a brilliant career for many years, and to register on its roll of contributors quite a constellation of men of genius. The first number of *Fraser's Magazine* appeared in February 1830, and contained a paper of Carlyle's (the first portion of Jean Paul Richter's Review of Madame de Stael's *Allemagne* *) ; he soon became one of the most constant and regular contributors to the magazine, and he never entirely ceased to contribute to it until he ceased to write. With the history of Carlyle's literary life, the history of *Fraser's Magazine* is therefore inseparably and indissolubly connected. Its first publisher and proprietor, James Fraser, also became the publisher of Carlyle's earliest original books, of the *French Revolution*, of the collected *Miscellanies*, of *Chartism*, and of the *Lectures on Heroes*.

Jeffrey had by this time abdicated the editorial throne of the *Edinburgh Review ;* and for some time Carlyle ceased to contribute, though his relations with the new editor, Mr. Macvey

* The second portion appeared in the fourth number (May 1830).

Napier, were of the friendliest character, as evinced by the following letter :—

"Craigenputtoch, Dumfries,
"January 27th, 1830.

"My dear Sir,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"I now return you the three books, with many thanks for the pleasure they have given me. Old Ascham is one of the freshest, truest spirits I have met with; a scholar and writer, yet a genuine man. Farmer and Douce belong to a much more thick-blooded, hide-bound species; yet they too seem sufficient persons in their way.

"I have quitted that project of English literature, and taken into a new track, the history of German literature, where far less will be needed, or at all events expected of me. Herein I am afraid your fine collection,* so liberally opened to me, will be of little service; unless, indeed, you could send me some documents about Luther and the Reformation (Seckendorf, for instance,) and any rational History of Germany, such as may perhaps exist in French or Latin, but is not, I

* The Library of the Writers to the Signet.

believe, to be found in English. Schmidt's or Mascou's work in German, I fear you are not likely to have. Perhaps even Hone's *Mysteries* might be of some service to me, or any work that touches on the general literature of the Middle Ages; for my first volume should have something of an antiquarian character. Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, the original *Owlglass*, Law's *Jacob Böhm*, and all old translations from the German, would be highly useful.

"Doubtless it is to your kindness that I am indebted for the last two numbers of the Review, which have been punctually sent me. Mr. Jeffrey tells me the new number is to be out in a week or two. I liked the last very well; the review of Channing seemed to me especially good. Sir W. Hamilton's paper gave proof of much metaphysical reading and meditation; but I dare say your readers would complain of unintelligibility and so forth, indeed it is full of subtle schoolman logic, and on a subject difficult above all others to discuss for English minds. Sir William, if I mistake not, has studied the 'State of Education in Germany.' I should like much to see an essay from him on that subject, with proper practical proofs and expositions of a subject of great importance and public interest at this time; for it must be

owned the Germans are immeasurably ahead of us in that matter; and if we are 'the worst educated nation in Europe,' they are much more unquestionably the best.

"Believe me,

"Always most truly yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

The project of a history of German literature, alluded to in the above letter, which Carlyle seems at this time to have contemplated, never came to anything, as the reader already knows. Greater and more original work lay ahead for the ardent thinker, and this idea was soon abandoned; nor can we now regret that it was so.

Death of his sister Margaret.

In the midsummer of this year there had fallen on Carlyle and on all his house, a very great and poignant grief, the death of his eldest sister, Margaret. "'The shortest night of 1830'" (*i.e.* night following the longest day, June 21–22,), "that was her last in this world." * She was a bright creature of twenty-seven when she died; and some amiable and beautiful traits of her are recorded by Carlyle in his *Reminiscences*.

In September 1830 there appeared in *Fraser*

* *Reminiscences*, vol. i. pp. 306-307.

his verses entitled "*Cui Bono*," and "Four Fables by Pilpay Junior," and in November following, "Thoughts on History." Other papers of his we do not trace in that year. The following letter is in reply to a request from the new editor, Mr. Macvey Napier, that he would continue to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Dr. Carlyle.

The brother referred to is the late John Aitken Carlyle, who afterwards published a prose translation of Dante's *Inferno*, and who seems already to have had some outlooks and proclivities towards literature :—

"Craigenputtoch, Dumfries,
"November 23rd, 1830.

"My dear Sir,

To Macvey Napier.

"I am much obliged by your favourable reception of the proposition touching my brother, and no less so by your wish that I should write something for you in the *Edinburgh Review*. I have already written in that Review, and should be very happy to write in it again; as indeed there can be no more respectable vehicle for any British man's speculations than it is and has always been. My respected friend your predecessor had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of author and editor, for though

not, as I hope, insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind.

"In what degree the like difficulties might occur between you and me I cannot pretend to guess; however, if you are willing, then I also am willing, to try. Occasionally of late I have been meditating an essay on Byron, which, on appearance of Mr. Moore's second volume, now soon expected, I should have no objection to attempt for you. Of Mr. Moore himself I should say little, or rather, perhaps, as he may be a favourite of yours, nothing; neither would my opinion of Byron prove very heterodox; my chief aim would be to *see* him and show him, not, as is too often the way (if I could help it), to write merely about him and about him. For the rest, though no Whig in the strict sense, I have no disposition to run *amuck* against any set of men or of opinions; but only to put forth certain truths that I feel in me, with all sincerity, for some of

Byron.

which this Byron, if you liked it, were a fit enough channel. Dilettantism and mere toying with truth is, on the whole, a thing which I cannot practise; nevertheless real love, real belief, is not inconsistent with tolerance of its opposite; nay, is the only thing consistent therewith—for your elegant *indifferente* is at heart only *idle*, selfish, and quite *in*tolerant. At all events, one can and should ever *speak quietly*; loud hysterical vehemence, foaming, and hissing, least of all beseems him that is convinced, and not only *supposes*, but *knows*.

"So much to cast some faint light for you on my plan of procedure, and what you have to look for in employing me. Let me only further request that if you, for whatever reason, do not like this proposal, you will without shadow of scruple tell me so. Frankness is best met by frankness; the practice presupposes the approval.

Napoleon.

I have been thinking sometimes, likewise, of a paper on Napoleon, a man whom, though handled to the extreme of triteness, it will be long years before we understand. Hitherto, in the English tongue, there is next to nothing that betokens insight into him, or even sincere belief of such, on the part of the writer. I should like to study the man with

what heartiness I could, and form to myself some intelligible picture of him, both as a biographical and as a historical figure, in both of which senses he is our chief contemporary wonder, and in some sort the epitome of his age. This, however, were a task of far more difficulty than Byron, and perhaps not so promising at present.

"Have the goodness to let me know by your first convenience, what you think of this; not hesitating to say *Fiat*, or *Ne fiat*; and believe me,

"Always faithfully yours,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

Nothing appears to have come either of the Byron or Napoleon scheme.

In January 1831 there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, along with "Luther's Psalm," a story not included in his *Miscellanies*, and never since reprinted, which was, if we are to take Mr. Allingham's assertion *au pied de la lettre*, "the very first thing ever written by Carlyle for publication." It is entitled "Cruthers and Jonson; or the Outskirts of Life. A True Story." In taking leave of his readers after several years' editorship of the magazine, in a valedictory article, Mr. William Allingham, referring to

"Cruthers and Jonson."

the early history of *Fraser*, writes as follows respecting this curious little tale :—

"The story is well worth reading for its own sake, but the peculiar and indeed unique interest of it rests in the fact—which is certain—that it was the very first thing ever written for publication by a pen which has since become world-famous. The incidents, including that of the coffin, are true, preserved fifty years ago, and probably still, in the memories of Annandale folk; the real names, only slightly varied, were Carruthers and Johnston. The evening home-landscape is done visibly by the same hand—and not perhaps with inferior touch—that afterwards painted certain striking pictures of scenery in *Sartor Resartus*. Many of the author's writings were *published* before the tale of 'Cruthers and Jonson,' but it was the first written, and though artless in some respects, it is from first word to last highly characteristic; not least so in the obvious uneasiness of the writer when he ventures upon any of the usual garnishings of the novelist." *

"Peter Nimmo."

Another unreprinted piece, "Peter Nimmo: a Rhapsody," appeared in the following month (February 1831), in the same

*"Some Fifty Years Ago."—*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1879, pp. 798-99.

number as the verses entitled "The Beetle." We subjoin both these productions in an Appendix, as literary curiosities.

Early in this year we find Carlyle, in compliance with Mr. Macvey Napier's request, despatching the manuscript of a paper on Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, which duly appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of March 1831.

"January 20th, 1831.

"My dear Sir,

"This paper on poor Taylor being finished, I may as well send it off. I have studied to conform to your directions in one important point at least—in length; though having been sore afflicted all the way with bad pens, I have written in irregular style, and know not quite accurately how much there is.

"And now I will pray that the next subject you give me may be an English one—at least no German one. On that last business I have said enough for a year or two; and innumerable men, women, and children have taken it up; who must see the surface clearly, and know that there *is* a depth, before you can help to show them *what* it is. I greatly approved of your friend Empson's* acknowledgment that 'Faust'

* "Lord Leveson Gower's *Poems and Translations*," Art. 12, Oct. 1830.

was a wonderful poem, and Lord Leveson Gower a windbag: only he led him far too gently over the coals; he should have roasted him there, and made him not Leveson, but a cinder. It is positively the nearest approach we can make to sacrilege in these days, for a vain young man, not knowing his right hand from his left, to take an inspired work, like this of Goethe's, and mangle it into such an unspeakable hash. Let it either be overlooked, or punished by *Auto-da-fe*.

Lord Leveson Gower.

"I once proposed to Mr. Jeffrey to make a sort of sally on *Fashionable Novels*, but he misunderstood me—thought I meant to *criticise* them; and so the matter dropt for the time. The Pelham-and-Devereux manufacture is a sort of thing which ought to be extinguished in British literature; at least, some one in the half-century, a British reviewer, ought to rise up and declare it extinguishable, and prophesy its extinction. But I fear my zeal has somewhat cooled; and, perhaps, the better method of attack were not to batter but to undermine. The English aristocracy have as much need of instruction as Swing himself.

Fashionable Novels.

"A far finer essay were a faithful, loving, and yet critical, and in part condemnatory delineation of Jeremy Bentham,

Jeremy Bentham.

and his place and working in this section of the world's history. Bentham will not be put down by logic, and should not be put down, for we need him greatly as a backwoodsman; neither can reconciliation be effected till the one party understands and is just to the other. Bentham is a denier; he denies with a loud and universally convincing voice; his fault is that he can *affirm* nothing, except that money is pleasant in the purse, and food in the stomach, and that by this simplest of all beliefs he can reorganise society. He can shatter it in pieces—no thanks to him, for its old fastenings are quite rotten—but he cannot reorganise it; this is work for quite others than he. Such an essay on Bentham, however, were a great task for anyone; for me a very great one, and perhaps rather out of my road.

"My brother speaks of preparing some little paper or other to submit to you. Should this take effect, I dare promise that you *will look* at the performance, and even report that it will not do, or that it will; but shall farther beg you to understand, with all distinctness, that you need stand on *no* ceremony, that I should never see the paper, except in print, and above all, in matters of that kind, can have no friend and no enemy. However, John's resolutions are no

decrees of fate: perhaps such a contingency may never arrive.

"Hoping to hear from you by and bye,

"I remain,

"Faithfully yours,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

Nothing came of "Bentham," or of "Fashionable Novels."

The year 1831 was a memorable epoch and a new departure in Carlyle's literary life. Between January and August of this year he completed his great masterpiece, *Sartor Resartus*—his first great original work of any length or scope.

Sartor Resartus.

Possibly the idea of it may have germinated in his mind in the previous year, and a few jottings may even have been set down (for there is some ambiguity and confusion of dates in his posthumous *Reminiscences** on the subject—a confusion not natural to or usual with him, and for which we hold the editor to be partly responsible); but it was between January and August 1831 that the actual

* See vol. i. pp. 301, 302; vol. ii. p. 46; vol. ii. p. 161. The expression in the "Author's Note of 1868," added to the Library Edition, is most clear and emphatic:—"This questionable little book was undoubtedly written among the mountain solitudes in 1831."

composition of the work was commenced and completed. More respecting *Sartor* anon.

Meantime there had appeared in *Fraser*, March 1831, a paper on "Schiller," followed by two little pieces in verse, "The Sower's Song," and "Tragedy of the Night-Moth," the former in April, the latter in August 1831.

Carlyle's first contribution to the *Westminster Review* was an essay on "The Nibelungen Lied," which appeared in the number for July 1831. As will be gathered from the following letter, Mr. Macvey Napier seems to have been a little chagrined at this paper not being offered to him in the first instance for the *Edinburgh Review*. When two rival editors thus compete for a contributor it is a good sign that the latter is making some headway and beginning to secure an audience.

Essay on "The Nibelungen Lied."

"Dumfries, August 1st, 1831.

"My dear Sir,

"The last sentence of your letter causes me some surprise, and likewise some gratification. If I rightly interpret it in the sense of an expostulation, and little friendly reproach, there must be some game at cross-purposes going on between us, which perhaps a few words of plain speech might put

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

an end to. I have no hesitation, for my own part, in stating what is simply a literal historical fact, that there is no periodical now extant in Britain which I should so willingly write for, and publish *all* my Essayist lucubrations in, as the *Edinburgh Review*. If you really want me to preach in your pulpit, therefore, you have only to say so.

"On the other hand, I am a person that, in all senses of the word, live by writing; and if one honest man seems to have no need of my produce, what can I do but travel on till I find another that does? Had I so much as faintly conjectured that the Essay on the 'Nibelungen Lied' would have been acceptable to you, then to you first should it have been offered. The like I may say of another long paper on a similar subject, which is now also disposed of far less to my mind.* But you may remember I mentioned several subjects in my last letter but one; for example, *Boswell's Johnson*, which work I had (and in that shape or another still have) something to say on. Not hearing from you in reply, what was I to fancy but that my way of

* Probably "German Literature of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries," which appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* in October 1831.

thinking, and my somewhat emphatic way of expressing it, was judged questionable in a Review now almost demi-official, and that you took the politest method of signifying this to me without offence? To me it seemed, for what I could know, highly natural on your part, and, you may believe me, was taken in the friendliest spirit. And now, if I was wrong, here is the ground open for a remedy! I have spoken with the most perfect sincerity; and beg you to understand quite clearly, that if I can publish my thoughts (and I have nothing else worth publishing) in your journal, so honourable in itself, so endeared to me by accidental causes, then am I readier to publish them *there* than *any* where else.

Sir William Hamilton.

You must thank Sir W. Hamilton (to whom I ascribe it) for that highly valuable paper on 'Oxford.'* It is a subject that cries aloud for rectification. The English Universities, and indeed the British, are a scandal to this century. The tone of that paper is exactly what it should be—quiet, but deep, deliberate, unalterable.

"Faithfully yours,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

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* Art. 6, June 1831, "Universities of England—Oxford."

It was about the date (perhaps on the very date) of the above letter that Carlyle made his first public speech at a dinner given in honour of his friend and compatriot, Allan Cunningham. Thus it happened :—

Speech at Dumfries. Dinner to Allan Cunningham.

At the Commercial Hotel, Dumfries, in the summer of 1831, a public banquet was given to Allan Cunningham. Mr. John M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, presided. Mr. Thomas Carlyle was also present, and made his first public speech, proposing the memory of Burns. In some preliminary observations he thus gracefully alluded to their guest : "One circumstance had been stated, and he felt gratified that the chairman had done so. He had certainly come down from his retreat in the hills to meet Allan Cunningham at a time when scarcely any other circumstance could have induced him to move half a mile from home. He conceived that a tribute could not be paid to a more deserving individual, nor did he ever know of a dinner being given which proceeded from a purer principle. When Allan left his native place he was poor, unknown, and unfriended—nobody knew what was in him, and he himself had only a slight consciousness of his own powers. He

Allan Cunningham.

now comes back—his worth is known and appreciated, and all Britain is proud to number him among her poets; we can only say, be ye honoured, we thank you; you have gratified us much by this meeting. It had been said that a poet must do all for himself; but then he must have a something in his heart, and this Mr. Cunningham possessed. He possessed genius, and the feeling to direct it aright. He covets not our silver and gold—is sufficiently provided for within, and needs little from without. It then remains for us" (continued Mr. Carlyle) "to cheer him on in his honourable course, and when he is told that his thoughts have dwelt in our hearts, and elevated us, and made us happy, it must inspire him with renewed feelings of ardour."

This was greeted with immense applause, and the speaker went on to what he had risen to propose, the memory of Burns.*

Sartor being now completed, in the early days of August 1831, Carlyle resolved on a second visit to London, in quest of a publisher for it. Before leaving his native soil he saw his father, if he had only known it, for the last time. He

* See *Life of Allan Cunningham*, by the Rev. David Hogg, Dumfries, 1875, pp. 304, 308-9.

was armed with introductions from Mr. Macvey Napier to Mr. Rees (of Longmans), from Jeffrey to the great Murray, &c.; but was entirely frustrated in all his endeavours. No publisher would buy the manuscript, or even risk the expense of its publication, and this now world-renowned book had to lie by two years and upwards before it could even struggle into print by instalments in the friendly harbourage of *Fraser's Magazine*. The following letter from Carlyle to Mr. Macvey Napier refers to his disappointment on that score:—

Sartor Resartus.

"London, September 5th, 1831.

"My dear Sir,

"I delivered your note to Mr. Rees, from whom I experienced the most courteous reception; but for the rest, found matters much as you represented them. The book-trade, everyone cries, is done; the public has ceased to buy books; which step, as I often answer, seems simply the wisest in that respect the public has taken since I knew it. 'Long enough,' the public hereby exclaims, 'have ye fed me on froth and coagulated water; I will have some more solid nourishment, or starve.'

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

In regard to my own small matters, it seems likely I may still succeed in making some tolerable engagement; most probably with Mr. Murray. Meanwhile, it has been settled that Mrs. Carlyle is to come hither and join me, and we are to pass the winter in London. I am at present scheming out my occupation for the season; and here, among the first items, I come upon an 'Essay on Luther,' which has lain in my head for several years; which I at one time thought of making into a book, but now mean to set forth as a review article, reserving to myself the right to republish it at some future time in a certain projected book of mine, where with much else of that sort it may find its fittest place. I apply to you, in the first instance, to see whether such a thing would be suitable. The whole matter is still only like a chaos in my own head; but the materials are in my possession or within my reach, neither is the will wanting. Please therefore to let me know by your earliest convenience what you think of it; whether such an article would do, and if so, when it would be wanted.

"Faithfully yours,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

His wife joined him, as arranged, towards the

end of September; and they spent the winter of 1831–32 together in London, lodging at Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Lane.* This, it will be remembered, was during the time of the great Reform Bill uproar; the allusion to which in the concluding paragraph of the following letter, is rather curious, viewed in the light of some of Carlyle's later utterances:—

"London, October 8th, 1831.

"My dear Sir,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"I was much obliged by your kind and speedy reply about the paper on Luther. I can sympathise in your distresses, from author and from reader, in regard to the matter of length; both parties are somewhat unreasonable, and the editor, who must stand in the middle and sustain two fires, has no sinecure of it. Indeed, I think it is a thousand pities that writing had ever in any case come to be valued by its *length*; better even, if we must have a universal standard, that it were valued by its *shortness*; for prolixity in word, and still more in thought, may be defined as the characteristic of all bad

* *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. pp. 50, 163.

writing;—not to know the essential from the unessential, is simply not to know the matter in hand, and therefore to delineate it falsely and ill. Poor authors, with booksellers for their Mecænases! Nay, the very weaver does not come and say, 'Here are so many yards of cloth I have woven'; but, 'here are so many yards of *such* cloth.'

"Six-and-thirty pages are a considerable space; yet I doubt whether so much would suffice me in this case. The thing I had in view was some picture of Martin Luther and of his environment —*what* he was, and *how* he was; a matter, as you observe, of perennial moment, and requiring perhaps to be re-interpreted and re-adapted to our new point of vision; of great interest for me therefore, but, at the same time, of great compass and difficulty. At all events, I think it will be prudent to wait a little and reconsider it before starting.

Hope's book on Man is also a subject I might have something to say upon; works of that sort are a characteristic of our era, and appear in great numbers. Godwin has published one (of little merit); Coleridge also has lately set forth a fragmentary Philosophy of Life; and I read a very strange one by Friedrich Schlegel, which he died while

completing. It struck me that by grouping two or three of these together, contrasting their several tendencies, and endeavouring, as is the reviewer's task, to stand peaceably in the middle of them all, something fit and useful might be done. . . . Whether Hope may be worth reviewing, I am doubtful; it seems to be the work of a deep, earnest man, bears traces of long-continued, toilsome, faithful meditation; and yet is perhaps the absurdest book ever printed in any time or place,—the highest culminating point of the mechanical spirit of this age; as it were, the *reductio ad absurdum* of that whole most melancholy doctrine.

"Another matter I had to speak of, by any convenient vehicle: the state of authors at this epoch; the duties, performances, and marvellous position of the author in our system of society; matters which, as I believe, will one day force themselves on the universal attention. As yet, however, all this lies vague enough before me. You shall judge of it when the time comes.

"On the whole, I think I can engage to have *something* to offer you for your December number; though whether on Hope's book, or in what other form, has not yet become clear to me. Will you at all events forward me that wondrous book? Then we shall see what comes of it.

"This is the day when, as the most seem to calculate, the Lords are to *reject* the Reform Bill. London is perfectly quiet, and promises to continue so; the poor Lords can only accelerate (by perhaps a century) their own otherwise inevitable enough abolition; that is the worst they can do; the people and their purposes are no longer dependent on them.

The Reform Bill.

"Believe me always, faithfully yours,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

The next two letters refer to a paper entitled "Characteristics," which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for December 1831:—

"London, November 26th, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am busy with an article intended for you, which I have entitled "Characteristics;" it hooks itself to Hope's book and Schlegel's, but has nothing essential to do with either; Hope's could not be reviewed except with peals of laughter mingled with groans, and he is now in his grave; Schlegel's I left at Craigenputtoch, and cannot find a copy of here; so the titles and some distant allusion are all I meddle with. There are but six pages perfectly ready, the rest vague

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

enough in my head; I am in the aphoristic style, and need an incessant watchfulness to keep from being abstruse. Though I think from twenty to twenty-five pages will hold what is to be said, I dare not confidently promise the piece till about this day three weeks: *then*, however, you may calculate on it, if you will leave me room. I do what in me lies, but am much interrupted here; all out of sorts; my *harness* quite strange to me, therefore my *waygate* smaller. Nevertheless, I hope the thing may prove useful; above all, true, and then it cannot fail to be useful.

Sartor Resartus.

"All manner of perplexities have occurred in the publishing of my poor book, which perplexities I could only cut asunder, not unloose: so the MS., like an unhappy ghost, still lingers on the wrong side of Styx; the Charon of Albemarle Street durst not risk it in his *sutilis cymba*, so it leaped ashore again. Better days are coming, and new trials will end more happily.

"I remain, as ever,

"Faithfully yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

The allusions to "my poor book" in the above, and to "my own little book" in the next letter,

refer to *Sartor Resartus*, and its luckless fate at that time:—

"London,
"December 17th, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"I have, barely within my time, finished that paper ('Characteristics'), to which you are now heartily welcome, if you have room for it. The doctrines here set forth have mostly long been familiar convictions with me; yet it is perhaps only within the last twelvemonth that the public utterance of some of them could have seemed a duty. I have striven to express myself with what guardedness was possible; and, as there will now be no time for correcting proofs, I must leave it wholly in your editorial hands. Nay, should it on due consideration appear to you in your place (for I see that matter dimly, and nothing is clear but my own mind and the general condition of the world) unadvisable to print the paper at all, then pray understand, my dear Sir, now and always, that I am no unreasonable man: but if dogmatic enough (as Jeffrey used to call it) in my own beliefs, also truly desirous to be just towards those of others. I shall, in all sincerity, beg of you to do, without

fear of offence (for in *no* point of view will there be any), what you yourself see good. A mighty work lies before the writers of this time: I have a great faith and a great hope that the *Edinburgh Review* will not be wanting on its part, but stand forth in the van, where it has some right to be. But we shall get to understand these things better, and much else; for I hope to see you soon, and ask and answer to great lengths. We purpose coming home by Edinburgh, perhaps in two months, perhaps much sooner. The book-trade is still dead, or in a state of suspended animation. The aspect of *that* world fills me with shuddering admiration. I rather think I must even stick my own little book in my pocket again, after all. I have various other things *in posse* to write for you, but shall forbear speaking of them till it can be done with readier organs than these.

"The Reform Bill sails with fair wind and full sea. May the heavens grant but this one prayer: that we had done with it.

"I hope soon to hear of you; and am

"Always faithfully yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

Among Carlyle's most frequent visitors at this period at the lodgings in Gray's Inn Lane

were the Basil Montagus, Charles Lamb and his sister, Lord Jeffrey, and John Stuart Mill.

This will be the proper place for inserting the remarkable translation of Faust's famous Curse, already alluded to, which Carlyle contributed to the *Athenæum* in January 1832, and which he never included among his *Miscellanies*.

FAUST'S CURSE.

(From Goethe.)

By Thomas Carlyle.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," said the Corporal, "but it was nothing to this."

"If, through th' abyss of terror stealing,
Those touching sounds* my purpose† stay'd—
Some lingering touch of childish feeling,
With voice of merrier times betray'd,—
I curse the more whate'er environs
The cheated soul with juggling shows,
Those heart's allurements, fancy's sirens,
That bind us to this den of woes.
A curse on all, one seed that scatters
Of hope from death our name to save;
On all as earthly Good that flatters,
As Wife or Child, as Plough or Slave;
A curse on juice of Grapes deceiving,
On Love's wild thrill of raptures first;
A curse on Hoping, on Believing,
And Patience more than all be cursed!" ‡

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* Of the Christmas hymns from the neighbouring church.

† Of suicide.

‡ *Athenæum*, January 7th, 1832.

In the latter part of January, while still lingering on in London, a heavy blow fell on Carlyle in the news of his father's sudden death at Scotsbrig (January 23rd, 1832). For several days until after the funeral he shut himself up from all visitors and intruders, and wrote the beautiful paper which forms the first section of the *Reminiscences* published a few weeks after his own death. In alluding to this solemn event many years afterwards in one of the talks with Mr. Milburn, already referred to, Carlyle said:

Death of Carlyle's father.

"The last time I ever saw my father was on my journey from Craigenputtoch to London. I was on my way to this modern Babylon, with a manuscript in my hand, *Sartor Resartus* by name, which I wished to get into print. I came upon my fool's errand, and I saw my father no more, for I had not been in town many months when tidings came that he was dead. He had gone to bed at night as well as usual, it seemed; but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of Sleep to that of Day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. He was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like

James Carlyle.

Enoch of old, he had walked with God; and at the last he was not, for God took him."

The late Mr. Crabb Robinson records in his *Diary* another visit which he received from Carlyle before the latter left London and returned to Craigenpûttoch:

"February 12th, 1832. Carlyle breakfasted with me, and I had an interesting morning with him. He is a deep-thinking German scholar, a character, and a singular compound. His voice and manner, and even the style of his conversation, are those of a religious zealot, and he keeps up that character in his declamations against the anti-religious. And yet, if not the god of his idolatry, at least he has a priest and prophet of his church in Goethe, of whose profound wisdom he speaks like an enthusiast. But for him, Carlyle says, he should not now be alive. He owes everything to him! But in strange union with such idolatry is his admiration of Bonaparte. Another object of his eulogy is—Cobbett, whom he praises for his humanity and love of the poor! Singular, and even whimsical, combinations of love and reverence these."*

Crabb Robinson.

* *Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson* (London, 1869), vol. iii. p. 2.

Before leaving London Carlyle had made another pleasant acquaintance, which soon ripened into cordial intimacy and friendship.

Leigh Hunt.

"It was on the 8th of February 1832," says Mr. Thornton Hunt, "that the writer of the essay named 'Characteristics' received apparently from Mr. Leigh Hunt a volume entitled *Christianism*, for which he begged to express his thanks. By the 20th of February, Carlyle, then lodging in London, was inviting Leigh Hunt to tea, as the means of their first meeting; and by the 20th of November, Carlyle wrote from Dumfries, urging Leigh Hunt to 'come hither and see us when you want to rusticate a month. Is that for ever impossible?' The philosopher afterwards came to live in the next street to his correspondent, in Chelsea, and proved to be one of Leigh Hunt's kindest, most faithful, and most considerate friends."*

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* From *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, edited by his eldest son. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862. Vol. i. p. 321.

CHAPTER IV.

BACK AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.—EDINBURGH.—FINAL REMOVAL TO LONDON.

In the early days of April 1832 Carlyle and his wife were back at their Craigenputtoch home, after a journey broken several times on the road. They had left London in the last days of the previous March, in which month had appeared in *Fraser* Carlyle's paper on "Schiller, Goethe, and Madame de Stael," and his description of "Goethe's Portrait." These were followed by the essay on "Biography" and on "Boswell's Life of Johnson," written during the sojourn at Ampton Street, in the April and May numbers of the same Magazine.

Shortly after his father's death, and some weeks before finally leaving London, Carlyle had written as follows to Mr. Macvey Napier:—

"London, February 6th, 1832.

"My dear Sir,

"Unexpected occurrences force me to give up the hope of returning by way of your city. I must hasten home, direct into Annandale, and make a visit to Edinburgh afterwards. The hand of Death has been busy in my circle, as I learn that it has been in yours; painfully reminding us that 'here we have no continuing city.' The venerated Friend that bade me farewell, cannot welcome me when I come back. I have now no Father in this land of shadows.

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"I write at present mainly to ask you about some poetical pieces, entitled *Corn Law Rhymes*, and whether a short notice of them would be acceptable for your next number. The author appears to be a middle-aged mechanic, at least poor man, of Sheffield or the neighbourhood; a Radical, yet not without devoutness, passionate, affectionate, thoroughly in earnest. His *Rhymes* have more of sincerity and genuine natural fire than anything that has come in my way of late years: both on himself and his writings, and their social and moral purport, there were several things to be said. I would also willingly do the unknown man a kindness, or

Ebenezer Elliott.

rather a piece of justice; for he is, what so few are, a *man*, and no *clothes-horse*.

"I have given up the notion of hawking my little manuscript book* about any further: for a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day. The bookselling trade seems on the edge of dissolution; the force of puffing can go no farther, yet bankruptcy clamours at every door: sad fate! to serve the devil, and get no wages even from *him!* The poor Bookseller Guild, I often predict to myself, will ere long be found unfit for the strange part it now plays in our European world; and give place to new and higher arrangements, of which the coming shadows are already becoming visible. More of this by another opportunity.

"We have two Saint-Simonian missionaries here; full of earnest zeal; copious enough in half-true, and to me rather wearisome jargon. By-and-by you should have some account of that matter: Southey's in the *Quarterly* was trivial, purblind, and on the whole, erroneous and worthless. I know a man here who could do it, perhaps much to your satisfaction.

"Believe me always,

"Faithfully yours,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

* *Sartor Resartus.*

The paper on "Corn-Law Rhymes" (of which more anon) was accepted, duly written, and published in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1832.

Shortly after his return to Craigenputtoch Carlyle wrote again to his friendly editor in reference to some request or reminder of the latter respecting an essay on Byron, which seems unfortunately never to have been executed. Carlyle's treatment of that ever-fascinating subject, however jaundiced or one-sided, would certainly have been original and interesting:—

"Craigenputtoch, Dumfries,
"April 28th, 1832.

"My dear Sir,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"If it can gratify any wish of yours, I shall very readily undertake that little piece on *Byron*: but it will be *tacente Minervâ*, without inward call; nor indeed am I sure that you have fixed on the right man for your object.

Byron.

"In my mind, Byron has been sinking at an accelerated rate, for the last ten years, and has now reached a very low level; I should say *too* low, were there not a *Hibernicism* involved in the expression. His

fame has been very great, but I see not how it is to endure; neither does that make *him* great. No genuine productive thought was ever revealed by him to mankind; indeed, no clear undistorted vision into anything, or picture of anything; but all had a certain falsehood, a brawling, theatrical, insincere character. The man's moral nature, too, was bad; his demeanour, as a man, was bad. What was he, in short, but a huge *sulky dandy*; of giant dimensions, to be sure, yet still a dandy; who sulked, as poor Mrs. Hunt expressed it, 'like a schoolboy that had got a plain bun given him instead of a plum one'? His bun was nevertheless God's universe, with what tasks are there; and it had served better men than he. I love him not; I owe him nothing; only pity, and forgiveness: he taught me nothing that I had not again to forget.

"Of course, one could not wilfully propose to astonish or shock the general feeling of the world, least of all in a quiet Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. Indeed, I suppose nothing is wanted but a clear legible narrative, with some little summing-up, and outline of a character, such as a deliberate man may without disgrace in after times be found to have written down in the year 1832. Whether you dare venture to

have this spirit traceable in it, I must now leave you to judge; adding only (if that be necessary) that you *are* freely left; that I can in no wise esteem it a slight or a disadvantage, should you see good, as perhaps I might as in your case, to employ some other hand.

"If, on the contrary, you still persist, then be so good as transmit me your copy of *Moore's Life of Byron* (the second volume of which I have never seen), and word along with it, how many *Edinburgh Review* pages three or four of the *Encyclopædia* make. If the parcel can be in Dumfries about Wednesday come a week, it will not have to lie; I shall be going down to Annandale about that time; will return with it hither, and hope to send back your book and the article before you return from London: somewhat earlier if necessary.

"The *Corn Law Rhymes* has given some foolish trouble: it had better stay here yet awhile and go with the rest. So much for business.

"You will find the Literary World of London, and indeed all the worlds of it, in a very wonderful condition; too like what Ephraim Jenkinson described long ago: 'The world, my dear sir, is in its *dotage*.' Heaven send it a speedy recovery, or quiet death!

"Wishing you a happy journey and a happy return,

"I remain

"Always faithfully yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

Death of Goethe.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that the same year which deprived Carlyle of his father by blood and kinship took away from him also the spiritual sire, the patriarch of the world of letters, whom he revered and to whom he owed so much. ("But for him," Carlyle says, "he should not now be alive.") On the 22nd March 1832, died at Weimar, the venerable Goethe, at the ripe age of eighty-three. Carlyle's memorial tribute, entitled "Death of Goethe," appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for June 1832, and was his only contribution to that periodical.

The Essay on *Corn Law Rhymes*, of which we have already heard news, was now finished, and Carlyle despatched it to Mr. Macvey Napier, with the following letter:—

"Craigenputtoch,

"May 28th, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I now forward this story of the *Corn*

Law Rhymes, which has been lying ready for a good while: it will meet you, as you directed, at your return, about the first of June. The little parcel for London contains the *Corn Law Rhymes* themselves, which I borrowed from John Mill for this end, and now desire you to be so kind as transmit to him, through the Messrs. Longman, by the first convenience you have. Here, too, let me request another favour of you about books: to retain from the first money you have to pay me as much as will replace your copy of *Taylor's Historic Survey*, which I never returned, and ought long ago to have given account of, and made apology and all possible amends for. The case was this: I was called, somewhat on the sudden, to send off a book-packet to Weimar, wherein the English translation of *Iphigenia* was to form an item. No *Taylor's Iphigenia* could be had in the London shops, nor elsewhere within my capabilities on so short notice: whereupon, yielding to lawless Necessity, I tied a silk thread round that portion of your book which contained the piece in requisition, and despatched the whole three volumes to my venerated correspondent, by whom doubtless they were welcomed as quite honestly come by. What can I do now but repair my offence; and both for it,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

and my long neglect to acknowledge and repair it, suffer according to your good pleasure?

"I know not whether there is anything in the Signet Library, or otherwise within your reach, about Count Cagliostro: I have long had a curiosity about that "King of Quacks," and can get little satisfaction. The *Memoires de Casanova* is another book I should like to see. And generally, if anything notable rise on your horizon, I shall request you to give me notice; my horizon here, on some sides, is limited enough.

Cagliostro.

"When I shall see you cannot yet be fixed. In winter, at latest, I expect to spend some time in Edinburgh; and will then use all diligence. I am to be busy enough through these summer months; or I might run in, for a day or two in the interim. I hope, at all events, to *write* you something of a more unquestionable character, ere long.

"Most faithfully yours,
"T. CARLYLE."

No; it was not to be. That Essay on *Corn Law Rhymes* (duly printed, as we saw, in the number for July 1832) was destined to be Carlyle's last contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*. Some sputter of correspondence there was with

the still-reigning editor, Napier, in the summer of 1841, as we shall see more fully later on; two letters—one dated in June, offering to write a paper on the "Present Aspects of Poetic Literature in France"—another in July, withdrawing said offer, so that nothing came of it; nor was the correspondence apparently again renewed.

That of the Cagliostro inquiries bore fruit a year or so after in *Fraser*.

The remaining work of this year was all connected with Goethe—a review of "Goethe's Works," contributed to the *Foreign Quarterly* of August 1832, and "The Tale, by Goethe," and "Novelle, translated from Goethe," which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in October and November 1832. Thus a large proportion of Carlyle's literary production of that year, both in the part of it which preceded and in the part of it which followed Goethe's death, had been devoted to the study, translation, and exposition of the great German poet. Carlyle's next and only other express utterance on that subject was in one of his Lectures on *Heroes and Hero Worship* ("The Hero as Poet") some eight years later; and three years later still (1843) he introduced a rhymed translation (his last attempt, we believe, in that line) of Goethe's "Mason Song" in the

Goethe and Carlyle.

Third Book of *Past and Present*,—the same lines with which he closed his address to the Edinburgh students in 1866. The influence of Goethe upon Carlyle was incalculably great during the first ten years of his literary career; nor did he ever cease to regard him as the highest name in modern literature. "The glory," as John Sterling said, "remains, and must always remain, for Mr. Carlyle, of having been the first to inform that half of the civilised world whose speech is English, that Goethe is the man to whom, for fulness joined to fineness of nature, at once for capacity and accomplishment, no other of our age can be compared." To know the mind and method of Carlyle it is certainly indispensable to know something of the mind of his earliest master, and for that reason, if for no other, Carlyle's early translation of *Meister* has been not unwisely retained in the collected edition of his own Works as an integral portion of them.

The winter of 1832–33 Carlyle and his wife passed in Edinburgh, and here will come in most fitly his remaining reminiscences of Sir William Hamilton:

"In the end of 1826 I came to live in Edinburgh under circumstances now and ever memorable to me. From then till the spring of 1828—

and, still more, once again in 1832–33, when I had brought my little household to Edinburgh for the winter—must have been the chief times of personal intercourse between us. I recollect hearing much more of him, in 1826 and onward, than formerly: to what depths he had gone in study and philosophy, of his simple, independent, meditative habits, ruggedly athletic modes of exercise, fondness for his big dog, &c. &c. Everybody seemed to speak of him with favour, those of his immediate acquaintance uniformly with affectionate respect.

Sir William Hamilton.

"I did not witness, much less share in, any of his swimming or other athletic prowesses. I have once or twice been on long walks with him in the Edinburgh environs, oftenest with some other companion, or perhaps even two, whom he had found vigorous and worthy: pleasant walks and abundantly enlivened with speech from Sir William. He was willing to talk of any humanly-interesting subject, and threw out sound observations upon any topic started. If left to his own choice, he circled and gravitated, naturally, into subjects that were his own, and were habitually occupying him;—of which I can still remember animal magnetism and the German revival of it, not yet known of in England, was

one that frequently turned up. Mesmer and his 'four Academicians,' he assured us, had *not* been the finale of that matter; that it was a matter tending into realities far deeper and more intricate than had been supposed, of which, for the rest, he did not seem to augur much good, but rather folly and mischief. Craniology, too, he had been examining, but freely allowed us to reckon that an extremely ignorant story. On German bibliography and authors, especially of the learned kind—Erasmus, Ruhnken, Ulrich von Hutten—he could descant copiously, and liked to be inquired of. On Kant, Reid, and the metaphysicians, German and other, though there was such abundance to have said, he did not often speak; but politely abstained rather, when not expressly called on.

"He was finely social and human in these walks or interviews. Honesty, frankness, friendly veracity, courageous trust in humanity and in you, were charmingly visible. His talk was forcible, copious, discursive, careless rather than otherwise; and, on abstruse topics, I observed, was apt to become embroiled and ravelly, much less perspicuous and elucidative than with a little deliberation he could have made it. 'The fact is,'—he would often say:—and then plunging into new circuitous depths and

distinctions, again on a new grand 'The fact is,' and still again,—till what the essential 'fact' might be was not a little obscure to you. He evidently had not been engaged in *speaking* these things, but only in thinking them, for his own behoof, not yours. By lucid questioning you could get lucidity from him on any topic. Nowhere did he give you the least notion of his not understanding the thing himself; but it lay like an unwinnowed threshing-floor, the corn-grains, the natural chaff, and somewhat even of the straw, still unseparated there. This sometimes would befall, not only when the meaning itself was delicate or abstruse, but also if several were listening, and he doubted whether they could understand. On solid realistic points he was abundantly luminous; promptitude, solid sense, free-flowing intelligibility always the characteristics. The tones of his voice were themselves attractive, physiognomic of the man: a strong, carelessly-melodious tenor voice, the sound of it betokening seriousness and cheerfulness. Occasionally something of slightly remonstrative was in the undertones, indicating, well in the background, possibilities of virtuous wrath and fire; seldom anything of laughter, of levity never anything: thoroughly a serious cheerful, sincere, and kindly voice, with looks

corresponding. In dialogue, face to face, with one he trusted, his speech, both voice and words, was still more engaging ; lucid, free, persuasive, with a bell-like harmony, and from time to time, in the bright eyes, a beaming smile, which was the crown and seal of all to you.

"In the winter 1832-33, Captain Hamilton, Sir William's brother, was likewise resident in Edinburgh; a pleasant, very courteous, and intelligently-talking man, enduring, in a cheery military humour, his old Peninsular hurts, and printing his Peninsular and other books. At his house I have been of literary parties—of one, at least, which I still remember in an indistinct but agreeable way. Of a similar party at Sir William's I have a still brighter recollection, and of his fine nobly simple ways there; especially of one little radiancy (his look and his smile the now memorable part of it) privately addressed to myself on the mode of supping I had selected; supper of one excellent and excellently-boiled potato, of fair size, with salt for seasoning—at an epoch when excellent potatoes yet were. This evening was altogether pleasant, the talk lively and amusing. The Captain, I remember, quizzed me, and obliquely his brother, in a gay good-natured tone, on Goethe's 'Last Will.' The other Edinburgh figures I have

entirely forgotten, except a Mr. ***, newspaper editor, author of some book on the *Highlands*, whom I otherwise knew by sight and rumour (called, at that time, 'Captain Cloud,' from his occasionally fabulous turn), and who died not long after.

"I think, though he stood so high in my esteem as a man of intellect and knowledge, I had yet read nothing by Sir William, nor indeed did I ever read anything considerable of what has sent his name over the world;—having years before, for good reasons of my own, renounced all metaphysical study or inquiry, and ceased altogether (as a master phrases it) to 'think *about thinking*.' One evening I recollect listening to a paper *on Phrenology*, read by him in the Royal Society; in deliberate examination and refutation of that self-styled science. The meeting was very much larger than usual; and sat in the deepest silence and attention, and as it gradually appeared, approval and assent. My own private assent, I know, was complete; I only wished the subject had been more important or more dubious to me. The argument, grounded on cerebral anatomy (osteology), philosophy, and human sense, I remember, went on in the true style of *vires acquirit*; and the crowning finish of it was this: 'Here are two

skulls' (or rather, here *were*, for the experiment was but reported to us), 'two noteworthy skulls; let us carefully make trial and comparison of them. One is the skull of a Malay robber and cut-throat, who ended by murdering his mistress and getting hanged; skull sent me by so-and-so' (some principal official at Penang); 'the other is George Buchanan's skull, preserved in the University here. One is presumably a very bad specimen of a nation reckoned morally and intellectually bad; the other a very good, of a nation which surely reckons itself good. One is probably among the best of mankind, the other among the worst. Let us take our callipers and measure them bump after bump. Bump of benevolence is so-and-so, bump of ideality—— and in result, adding all, and balancing all, your callipers declare the Malay to transcend in goodness the Buchanan, by such and such a cipher of inches. A better man, in intellect and heart, that Malay, if there be truth in arithmetic and these callipers of yours!' Which latter implement, it seemed to me, was finally closed and done for. I said to Sir William next time we met, 'Were I in your place I would decline to say another word on that subject. Malay cut-throat *versus* Buchanan; explain me that; till then I say nothing.'

"In April 1833 we left Edinburgh; next year went to London; and I think Sir William and I never met again. For the next thirty and odd years I rarely came to Edinburgh, and then only in transit, and usually at a season when all my friends (of whom he surely was among the chief there) were out of town. From time to time there passed little mementos between us; sometimes accidental, unintentional, and of a mute nature, which to me were very precious, from a fellow-soldier whom I took to be on the same side with me, and always well assured of my regard as I was of his. In Fife once or twice I heard with regret that his health was failing; once that he *had been* lately within reach of where I now was, but had left and was gone. We were to meet in this world no more."*

The year 1833 was a memorable enough one in Carlyle's life, and it was the last complete year of his sojourn at Craigenputtoch. To the *Foreign Quarterly Review* he contributed the essay on Diderot, which appeared in the April number; to *Fraser*, in May, a second paper on History, under the title of "*Quæ Cogitavit*," and in the

* *Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.*, by John Veitch, M.A. London: Blackwood, 1869), pp. 123-127. The *Reminiscences* are dated "Chelsea, 19th February 1868."

numbers for July and the following month that marvellously picturesque "Count Cagliostro: in Two Flights," which we saw him incubating, or chewing the cud of, some time back, in one of his letters to Mr. Macvey Napier.

In June 1833 there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* the earliest published portrait of Carlyle—one of the admirable series of portraits (all excellent likenesses, but with more or less of a dash or *soupçon* of caricature) by Croquis (otherwise Daniel Maclise, a name also not afterwards unknown to fame). The original sketches or drawings of these portraits (called afterwards the "Fraser Gallery"), including that of Carlyle, now form a part of the Forster Collection at the South Kensington Museum.

Maclise's portrait of Carlyle in *Fraser*.

The page of letter-press which, as usual, accompanied this early Maclise portrait by way of notice, is so curious that it seems worth reproducing here. It was probably written by the famous Dr. Maginn.

"GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

"THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.

"Here hast thou, O Reader! the-from-stone-printed effigies of Thomas Carlyle, the thunder-wordoversetter of Herr Johann Wolfgang von

Goethe. These fingers, now in listless occupation supporting his head, or clutching that outward integument which with the head holds so singular a relation, that those who philosophically examine, and with a fire-glance penetrate into the contents of the great majority of the orb-shaped knobs which form the upper extremity of man, know not with assured critic-craft to decide whether the hat was made to cover the head, or the head erected as a peg to hang the hat upon ;—yea, these fingers have transferred some of the most harmonious and mystic passages,—to the initiated, mild-shining, inaudible-light instinct—and to the uninitiated, dark and untransparent as the shadows of Eleusis—of those forty volumes of musical wisdom which are commonly known by the title of *Goethes Werke*, from the Fatherlandish dialect of High-Dutch to the Allgemeine-Mid-Lothianish of Auld Reekie. Over-set Goethe hath Carlyle, not in the ordinary manner of language-turners, who content themselves with giving, according to the capacity of knowingness or honesty within them, the meaning or the idea (if any there be) of the original book-fashioner, on whom their second-hand-penmongery is employed; but with reverential thought, word-worshipping even the articulable clothing wherein the clear and

ethereal harmony of Goethe is invested, Carlyle hath bestowed upon us the *Wilhelm Meister*, and other works, so Teutonical in raiment, in the structure of sentence, the modulation of phrase and the roundabout, hubble-bubble, rumfustianish (*hübble-bübblen rümfüstianischen*), roly-poly growlery of style, so Germanically set forth, that it is with difficulty we can recognise them to be translations at all.

"Come, come, some reader will impatiently exclaim,—quite enough of this! A whole page of imitative Carlylese would be as bad as the influenza. In human English, then, Thomas Carlyle,—like Dionysius of Syracuse, among the ancients, and Milton and Johnson among the moderns,—formerly instilled the *prima stamina* of knowledge into the minds of ingenuous youth; but for some years past has retired from what Oppian calls feeding the sheep of the muses, to the rural occupations of a Dumfriesshire laird, in a place rejoicing in the melodious title of Craigenputtoch, an appellation which must have delighted his ear, from its similarity in harmonious sound to the poetical effusions of the bards he loves. Here he occupies his leisure hours in translating Goethe, or in corresponding with the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Morning Post*, or the *Examiner*,—in all, donner-

und-blitzenizing it like a north-wester. To his credit be it spoken, he gave a Christian and an honourable tone to the articles of the *Edinburgh*; but he came too late. He has a more congenial soil in *Regina*, where he expounds, in the most approved fashion of the Cimbri and the Teutones, his opinions on men and things, greatly to the edification of our readers. Of his contributions to the forty-eight feet of diurnal or septimanal literature which are set before the industrious eyes of the readers of newspapers, we know nothing.

"He is an honourable and worthy man, and talks the most unquestionable High Fifeshire. Of our German scholars, he is clearly the first."

Thus the peaceful, wise, and thrifty life at Craigenputtoch went on, diversified by few incidents, and disturbed by few visitors, when a memorable event occurred to break the solitary monotony of Carlyle's secluded existence. To the lonely farm there came one day in August 1833, armed with a letter of introduction, a visitor from the other side of the Atlantic—a young American, then almost unknown to fame, by name Ralph Waldo Emerson. The meeting of these two remarkable men was thus described by the younger of them, many years afterwards :—

Emerson at Craigenputtoch.

"I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtoch. It was a farm in Nithsdale, in the parish of Dunscore, sixteen miles distant. No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute a man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-farm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour, which floated everything he looked upon. His talk, playfully exalting the familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lonely the man, 'not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore;' so that books inevitably made his topics.

"He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. *Blackwood's* was the 'sand magazine'; *Fraser's* nearer approach to possibility of life was the 'mud magazine'; a piece of road near by that marked some failed enterprise was 'the grave of the last sixpence.' When too much praise of any genius annoyed him, he professed hugely to admire the talent shown by his pig. He had spent much time and contrivance in confining the poor beast to one enclosure in his pen, but pig, by great strokes of judgment, had found out how to let a board down, and had foiled him. For all that, he still thought man the most plastic little fellow in the planet, and he liked Nero's death, '*Qualis artifex pereo!*' better than most history. He worships a man that will manifest any truth to him. At one time he had inquired and read a good deal about America. Landor's principle was mere rebellion, and *that* he feared was the American principle. The best thing he knew of that country was, that in it a man can have meat for his labour. He had read in Stewart's book, that when he inquired in a New York hotel for the Boots, he had been shown across the street, and had found Mungo in his own house, dining on roast turkey.

"We talked of books. Plato he does not

read, and he disparaged Socrates; and, when pressed, persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading had been multifarious. *Tristram Shandy* was one of his first books after *Robinson Crusoe*, and Robertson's *America* an early favourite. Rousseau's *Confessions* had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted.

"He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy.

"He still returned to English pauperism, the crowded country, the selfish abdication by public men of all that public persons should perform. 'Government should direct poor men what to do. Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors. My dame makes it a rule to give to every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house. But here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and

nobody to bid these poor Irish go to the moor and till it. They burned the stacks, and so found a way to force the rich people to attend to them.'

"We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down, and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carlyle's fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true, and cognisant of the subtile links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future. 'Christ died on the tree: that built Dunscore kirk yonder: that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence.'

"He was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar's appreciation. London is the heart of the world, he said, wonderful only from the mass of human beings. He liked the huge machine. Each keeps its own round. The baker's boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all the Londoner knows, or wishes to know, on the subject. But it turned out good men. He named certain individuals, especially one man of letters, his

friend, the best mind he knew, whom London had well served." *

Sartor Resartus.

In November of this year *Sartor Resartus* (the stone which the builders had rejected) began, after two years' slumber, to startle the London literary world from its usual composure and serenity, by its appearance in monthly instalments in the friendly refuge of *Fraser's Magazine.* There it continued to struggle into existence in piecemeal fashion for several successive months until August of the following year (being intermitted only in January and May.† After its completion some fifty copies were separately and privately struck off from the magazine type, "for friends." These are now rarely to be met with. An American edition was issued at Boston in 1835, with a Preface by Emerson; but in England it was not published as a book in regular form until 1838, after the *French Revolution* had begun to make a stir.

Meantime, while *Sartor* was still in progress

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* *English Traits*, by R. W. Emerson. § First Visit to England.

† *Sartor Resartus.* In Three Books.—*Fraser's Magazine*, November and December, 1833 (vol. vii. pp. 581-592, 669-684); February, March, April, June, 1834 (vol. ix. pp. 177-195; 301-313; 443-455; 664-674); July, August, 1834 (vol. x. pp. 77-87; 182-193).

through the magazine, Carlyle had decided to break up his establishment at Craigenputtoch, and was contemplating and arranging for his final removal to London, whither he proceeded in May 1834 to prepare the way and to seek a house. He soon fixed on a house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, (No. 5),—one of a row of modest but substantial Queen Anne houses, built in 1709; and the choice was at once approved and ratified by his wife. Here they settled then in the early summer of 1834; here they continued to live together until she died; and here Carlyle afterwards lived on alone to the end of his life.

Final settlement in London.

Half a century ago Chelsea had much more of a country aspect, and was a much quieter, more secluded and picturesque place than it is now. Its latter character, of picturesqueness, it has not even yet wholly lost; but the noise and squalor that now mar and disfigure it make it a much less desirable place of residence than when Carlyle first fixed his choice upon it.

Chelsea in 1834.

But we will let him describe the house and the neighbourhood himself rather (as they were then); which he did in his own graphic and inimitable style, in one of the most charming of his letters that has yet come to light,

addressed to his old Edinburgh friend Sir William Hamilton, almost immediately after his settlement there :—

"5, Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London,
"July 8th, 1834.

"My dear Sir,

"The hope of ever seeing you at Craigenputtoch has now vanished into the infinite limbo. We have broken up our old settlement, and, after tumult enough, formed a new one here, under the most opposite conditions. From the ever-silent whinstones of Nithsdale to the mud-rattling pavements of Piccadilly there is but a step. I feel it the strangest transition; but one uses himself to all.

To Sir William Hamilton.

"Our upholsterers, with all their rubbish and clippings, are at length handsomely swept out of doors. I have got my little book-press set up, my table fixed firm in its place, and sit here awaiting what Time and I, in our questionable wrestle, shall make out between us. The house pleases us much; it is in the remnant of genuine *old* Dutch-looking Chelsea; looks out mainly into trees. We might see at half a mile's distance Bolingbroke's Battersea; could shoot a gun into Smollett's old house (at this very time

getting pulled down), where he wrote *Count Fathom*, and was wont every Saturday to dine a company of hungry authors, and then set them fighting together. Don Saltero's coffee-house still looks as brisk as in Steele's time; Nell Gwynn's boudoir, still bearing her name, has become a gin-temple, not inappropriately; in fine, Erasmus lodged with More (they say) in a spot not five hundred yards from this. We are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses, good, bad, indifferent.

"Of London itself I must not begin to speak. I wish you would come and look at it with me. There is a spare bed here, ample room and verge enough; and, for welcome, I wish you would understand that to be for you infallible at all times.

"Literature seems dying of thin diet and flatulence, but it is not quite so near dead as I had calculated. In all human things there is the strangest vitality. Who knows how long even bookselling may last? Ever, too, among these mad Maëlstroms swims some little casket that *will* not sink. God mend it!

"Mrs. * * * often speaks of you, but seems to have no recent news. She has got much deeper into the vortex than when I saw her last; dines with Chancellors; seems to sit berattled all day with the sound of door-knockers and carriage-

wheels, and the melody of drawing-room commonplace, perennial as that of the spheres: for the rest, a most lovable loving woman, to whom I could wish a better element.

"There is some uncertain talk here about founding a new periodical, on another than the bibliopolic principle, with intent to show Liberalism under a better than its present rather sooty and ginshop aspect. I was asked whether your co-operation might be possible. I answered, Possible. If it go on, you will let me write to you farther about it.

"Meanwhile, I am actually going to write a book, and perhaps publish a booklet already written: the former is my enterprise till perhaps spring next. Wish me well through it.

"Will you ever send me a sheet of Edinburgh news? It were *very* welcome from your hand. Pray tell Moir also where I am, and give my hearty love to him. Think kindly of me; there are few in Scotland I wish it more from.

"With kind regards to Lady Hamilton, in which my wife, were she here at the moment, would cordially unite,

"I remain,

"My dear Sir William,

"Yours most faithfully,

"T. CARLYLE."

What the "booklet already written" was, unless, as seems most probable, it is another reference to the unfortunate *Sartor*, we are at a loss to imagine. The book he is "actually going to write," is *The French Revolution: A History*, which was in fact commenced very shortly after his settlement at Chelsea.

Death of Edward Irving.

Here at Cheyne Row Edward Irving paid his first and his last visit in October 1834. At his departure on horseback Carlyle "watched him till at the corner of Cook's Grounds he vanished, and never saw him more." Irving died at Glasgow in December following, and a memorial paper on his death from the pen of his best and wisest friend appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for January 1835.

The misfortune that befel the manuscript of the first volume of *The French Revolution* is duly related in detail in the ensuing chapter, which is devoted to the consideration of that work. In January and February 1837, a few months before the actual publication of this *magnum opus*, Carlyle, who had been entirely silent for the two preceding years, while engaged upon it, contributed his story of "The Diamond Necklace," and his essay on "Mirabeau," the former to *Fraser's Magazine* and the latter to the *London*

and Westminster Review, to which he also contributed in the following April a paper entitled "Parliamentary History of the French Revolution," which immediately heralded the appearance of the great work itself.

CHAPTER V.

"THE FRENCH REVOLUTION," ETC. (1837–39).

WITH his settlement in London one period in the progress of Carlyle's mind may be said to have closed. He had passed through a severe mental crisis, in the course of which he had found consolation and new life in study of the new thought of Germany. Had it not been for Goethe, he declared to Crabb Robinson in 1832, he would not then have been alive. The results of his German studies he had put before the world in a series of essays, which are, as John Sterling justly said, "the most important ever contributed by one man to periodical literature." *Sartor Resartus* was the culminating point in his earlier mental history. Written in his thirty-sixth year, it contained his mature convictions on first principles as applicable to the individual,

and it sounded the note of preparation for the larger application of them to social and political movements. The third book of *Sartor Resartus* contains Carlyle's views upon modern society, its evils, and the mode of curing them. All that he wrote subsequently was either in amplification of the principles there laid down, or in application of them to particular men or events. It is not, of course, meant that there was at any time a definite break in the progress of Carlyle's mind; there was only an unfolding. And this process was so gradual that the two lines of interest, the personal and the social, appear side by side even in his earliest writings. Thus in the essays entitled "Characteristics" and "Signs of the Times," there is a definite move towards the larger ground, which was not, however, at that time, fully occupied. In *Sartor Resartus* the interest is divided between the experiences of an individual soul, and the musings of a philosopher on man and on society. But with that book autobiography ends. Once the curtain has been raised upon the stormy progress of a soul to the haven of the 'Everlasting Yea,' and when the curtain falls, no more is said on that episode. His own struggle having ended in triumph, complete but sad, Carlyle then turned his attention to the struggles of mankind.

Having formed the deepest convictions as to what are the permanent elements necessary for the welfare of the race, he proceeded to illustrate his doctrines in the great field of history. And this was exactly the method by which such a mind as Carlyle's could produce the most influence. His studies in the higher mathematics, and his successful writings on that science, show that, had he so chosen, he could have been one of the most profound of thinkers upon first principles. But he early passed from the study of mathematics to the study of men, and no sooner had he done so than he caught fire. In the whole range of literary history it would be difficult to find another instance of one who so completely possessed both the logical and intuitional faculty, and who passed so triumphantly from the method of the one to that of the other. From the time when Carlyle ceased his mathematical studies and began to concern himself specially with biography and history, he abandoned the method of cold analysis, and achieved insight into his subject by sympathising with it and loving it. For a man of this mental temper history offered the best possible means of illustrating and enforcing his beliefs. He could not state them in shapely propositions, but he would show their working in the life of man.

The French Revolution was, of all other historical events, the most likely to attract Carlyle's attention. He was born just as Napoleon's "whiff of grapeshot" blew the last remnants of it into space. The Napoleonic wars were coincident with his youth; Waterloo was fought when he was verging on his twentieth year. It was the general feeling that the Revolution had closed an era in history. Accordingly, as early as 1829, we find Carlyle writing on Voltaire, the precursor of the Revolution, and in 1833, just a year before his final removal to London, he completed the essay on Diderot. Later in the same year he went deeper into the Revolutionary period, and produced that remarkable piece of work entitled, "Count Cagliostro: in Two Flights."* In many respects this is one of the most characteristic of Carlyle's writings. It is full of those mannerisms which were now grafted permanently on to his literary style. It abounds in quotations from the mythical "Herr Sauerteig," and the use of German idioms is frequent. Some sentences are a quarter of a page long; others are broken off in the first clause. Every-

Count Cagliostro.

* *Fraser's Magazine*, Nos. 43, 44 (July and August 1833).

where are interrogations, exclamations and apostrophes, and the imperative mood is pressed into constant service. Short as the sketch is, it is in its power, its insight, its contrasts, its grouping, and its humour, a fit introduction to the great History that was to follow.

French Revolution begun.

No sooner had Carlyle settled finally in London than he applied himself in earnest to write a narrrative of the French Revolution. He studied his subject deeply for some three years, throwing off meantime essays on "The Diamond Necklace," "Mirabeau," and the "Parliamentary History of the French Revolution." The work progressed slowly, and when at last the manuscript of the first volume was complete, a disaster befell it which will in future be spoken of as one of the worst "calamities of authors." For a long time the story was very imperfectly known, and several different versions of it have from time to time appeared in print. Of these one of the earliest is probably that of Emerson, as told by him to "January Searle."* "When," said Emerson, "Carlyle had finished the volume of the *Bastille*

MS. of First Volume burnt.

* *Emerson, His Life and Writings.* By January Searle, 1855.

of the *French Revolution*, he left the MS. on his study-table, and his servant lit the fire with it. Carlyle said nothing, but sat down again, like a brave man, and rewrote it. It was Sir Isaac Newton's heroism revived." Of this account all that is true is that the MS. was burnt and re-written. In detail it is quite incorrect, as is the following professedly authentic statement which appeared in the *Times* of 12th February 1881:—

Mythical versions of the story.

"*To the Editor of The Times.*

"SIR,—As an authentic version of the burning of the manuscript of the first volume of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution* may be of interest to your readers, I send you the account of this incident, which was given by Mrs. Carlyle to a friend of mine many years ago.

When Mr. Carlyle had completed the first volume, Mr. J. S. Mill called on him and stated that he had heard he was engaged in writing the history of the French Revolution, adding that he had himself intended to write on that subject, and that he would be glad to see what was already done, in order that he might judge of the advisability of commencing the work or not. Mr. Carlyle readily lent his manuscript.

But it happened shortly afterwards that Mr. Mill's cook had occasion to bake some cakes, and finding the precious manuscript lying about, she concluded that she might turn it to good account, and accordingly, partly as fuel, and partly as lining for the cake-tins, she used up the whole of the manuscript. 'Mr. Carlyle never keeps notes,' said Mrs. Carlyle, 'but gets all his materials ready, works till he has everything in his head, and then winds it out like silk from a reel.' Horrified at the accident, Mr. Mill and Mrs. Taylor called on the great historian. 'Such a thing never happened before,' said Mr. Mill. 'Yes, though,' answered Mr. Carlyle, 'Newton and his dog Diamond.' 'True, but Newton went mad over it.' 'Well, well, we shall hardly be so bad as that,' said Carlyle; and he soon afterwards began again at the beginning, scarcely saying a word about his misfortune at the time, but afterwards, as the work progressed, grumbling about it often.

Mythical story of the cake-tins.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours, &c.

"F. W. R.

"Scottish Club, February 8th."

A contradiction of the statements in this

letter appeared in the *Times* a few days afterwards, signed by Miss Harriet Mill, who, if anyone does, may be supposed to know the true facts of the case. Carlyle himself appears to have told the story at some length to Mr. Milburn, in one of his conversations with that gentleman some twenty years ago. In this account all names were suppressed. It is so very characteristic that it is here quoted in full:—"A sad story enough, sir, and one that always makes me shudder to think of. I had finished the first volume of the book called *The French Revolution: a History*; and as it lay in manuscript, a friend desired that he might have the reading of it; and it was committed to his care. He professed himself greatly delighted with the perusal, and confided it to a friend of his own, who had some curiosity to see it as well. This person sat up, as he said, perusing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting himself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the manuscript carelessly upon the library table, and hied to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket or for the grate. So Betty, the housemaid, thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking round for something suitable for her purpose,

Carlyle's own account of the disaster.

and finding nothing better than it, she thrust it into the grate, and, applying the match, up the chimney, with a sparkle and roar, went *The French Revolution*: thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did, more than half a century ago. At first they forbore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story, and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow. I was as a man beside himself, for there was scarcely a page of manuscript left. I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts, and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page was finished. Thus was it, sir, for many a weary day, until at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandered along over acres of roofs; I saw a man standing upon a scaffold engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself, 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into

the regions of the inane?' And then I bethought me, and I said to myself, 'Poor fool *thou*, rather, that sittest here by the window winning and complaining! What if thy house of cards falls? Is the Universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home perhaps for generations. Men will be born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and, mayhap, true Valour, Prudence, and Faith shall be nursed by its hearth-stone. Man! symbol of Eternity imprisoned into time! it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in which can have worth or continuance! Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful!' So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself up to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a Captain in the Royal Navy—and an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it—the man that wrote stories about Dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in Search of their Fathers; and it seemed

Captain Marryat's novels.

to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet he must certainly bear the palm from everyone save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time *The French Revolution* got finished; as all things must, sooner or later."

Another visitor at Cheyne Row reports as follows:—"Sitting one evening in the drawing-room of the house in Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, self and Carlyle were in conversation upon general subjects, when I remarked, 'I have heard that the manuscript of the *French Revolution* was destroyed before going to the printers. Was that so?" *Carlyle:* 'Ay, ay, it was so.' *Myself:* 'What did you do under the circumstances?' *Carlyle:* 'For three days and nights I could neither eat nor sleep, but was like a daft man.' *Myself:* 'But what did you do at last?' *Carlyle:* Well, I just went away into the country;' and here he burst out into a fit of loud laughter, and then said, 'I did nothing for three months but read Marryat's novels;' and after a serious pause he remarked 'I set to and wrote it all over again;' but in a melancholy tone concluded, 'I dinna think it 's the same; no, I dinna think it 's the same.'"

This is the direct contrary of what Carlyle is

reported to have said to Mr. Thomas Aird, as related in a recent paper in *Chambers's Journal* (October 16th, 1880):—"In passing his *French Revolution* through the press, his patience was sorely tried, a misfortune having befallen him similar to that which befell Isaac Newton. Carlyle had lent the manuscript of the first volume to John Stuart Mill, who carried it to Mrs. Taylor, the lady whom he afterwards married. By some strange accident it was left exposed, and a stupid servant lighted the fires with it. When the author heard of this misfortune, he was like a man beside himself, as there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. Sitting down at the table, he strove to collect his thoughts, and began to rewrite, but only to run his pen through each page as it was finished. Doggedly persevering, however, Carlyle finished the volume at last, after five months' labour. To Thomas Aird, who met him in Dumfriesshire afterwards, he said that in his opinion *the second effort was better than the first.*"

Carlyle has left a written account of this strange incident in his *Reminiscences*. He records how Mill called to break the news of the dire mishap to himself and his wife. "How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my

unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He stayed three mortal hours or so; his departure quite a relief to us. . . . We sat talking till late; 'shall be written again,' my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out 'Feast of Pikes' (vol ii.), and then went at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks reading Marryat's novels; tried, cautious—cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more; and, in short, had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience." How the MS. came actually to be lost has never been made clear, if, indeed, anyone really knows. It was at Mrs. Taylor's house that it disappeared, and the supposition that it was used by the housemaid to light the fire is adopted because the most stringent search never availed to recover it.

The burnt volume re-written.

On its publication at last in 1837, the book immediately achieved a great success. John Stuart Mill did everything in his power to make up for the suffer-

John Stuart Mill and Carlyle.

ing that had been inflicted on his friend. He had at one time intended himself to write a history of the French Revolution, and much of the material he had collected proved of the greatest service to Carlyle. In his Autobiography Mill says:—"One other case occurred during my conduct of the Review" (the *London and Westminster*), "which similarly illustrated the effect of taking a prompt initiative. I believe that the early success and reputation of Carlyle's *French Revolution* were considerably accelerated by what I wrote about it in the Review. Immediately on its publication, and before the commonplace critics, all whose rules and modes of judgment it set at defiance, had time to pre-occupy the public with their disapproval of it, I wrote and published a review of the book, hailing it as one of those productions of genius which are above all rules, and are a law to themselves. Neither in this case nor in that of Lord Durham do I ascribe the impression which I think was produced by what I wrote, to any particular merit of execution: indeed, in at least one of the cases (the article on Carlyle) I do not think the execution was good. And in both instances I am persuaded that anybody, in a position to be read, who had expressed the same opinion at

Mill's notice in the *Westminster Review.*

the same precise time, and had made any tolerable statement of the just grounds for it, would have produced the same effect." * That Mill's notice of *The French Revolution* was not one of his finest pieces of writing is perfectly true. It was thrown off somewhat hastily, and in occasional turns of the sentences it shows that the critic had caught just a little of the manner of the writer he was reviewing. As a piece of sympathetic criticism, however, the essay is full of merit. The relation of Carlyle to other great historians, and the particular views of history which he adopted, have seldom been expounded with greater clearness than by Mill in the opening passages of his article :—" This is not so much a history as an epic poem; and notwithstanding, or even in consequence of this, the truest of histories. It is the history of the French Revolution, and the poetry of it, both in one; and on the whole *no work of greater genius, either historical or poetical, has been produced in this country for many years.*" . . . . . " To anyone who is perfectly satisfied with the best of the existing histories, it will be difficult to explain wherein the merit of Mr. Carlyle's book consists. If there be a person who, in

* *Autobiography.* By John Stuart Mill (London, 1873), p. 217.

reading the histories of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon (works of extraordinary talent, and the works of great writers), has never felt that this, after all, is not history, and that the lives and deeds of his fellow-creatures must be placed before him in quite another manner, if he is to know them, or feel them to be real beings, who once were alive, beings of his own flesh and blood, not mere shadows and dim abstractions; such a person, for whom plausible talk *about* a thing does as well as an image of the thing itself, feels no need of a book like Mr. Carlyle's; the want which it is peculiarly fitted to supply does not yet consciously exist in his mind. That such a want, however, is generally felt, may be inferred from the vast number of historical plays and historical romances, which have been written for no other purpose than to satisfy it. Mr. Carlyle has been the first to show that all that is done for history by the best historical play—by Schiller's *Wallenstein* for example, or Vitet's admirable trilogy—may be done in a strictly true narrative, in which every incident rests on irrefragable authority; may be done merely by an apt selection and a judicious grouping of authentic facts." . . . "Another very celebrated historian, we mean Gibbon—not a man of mere science and analysis, like Hume,

but with some (though not the truest or profoundest) artistic feeling of the picturesque, and from whom, therefore, rather more might have been expected—has with much pains succeeded in producing a tolerably graphic picture of here and there a battle, a tumult, or an insurrection. His book is full of movement and costume, and would make a series of very pretty ballets at the Opera-house, and the ballets would give us fully as distinct an idea of the Roman Empire, and how it declined and fell, as the book does. If we want that we must look for it anywhere but in Gibbon. One touch of M. Guizot removes a portion of the veil which hid from us the recesses of private life under the Roman Empire, lets in a ray of light which penetrates as far even as the domestic hearth of a subject of Rome, and shows us the government at work making that desolate; but no similar gleam of light from Gibbon's mind ever reaches the subject; *human life*, in the times he wrote about, is not what he concerned himself with." . . . "What Schiller must have done, in his own mind, with respect to the age of Wallenstein, to enable him to frame that fictitious delineation of it, Mr. Carlyle, with a mind which looks still more penetratingly into the deeper meaning of things than Schiller's, has done with respect to the

French Revolution. And he has communicated his picture of it with equal vividness; but he has done it by means of real, not fictitious incidents. And therefore is his book, as we said, at once the authentic History and the Poetry of the French Revolution. It is indeed a favourite doctrine of Mr. Carlyle, and one which he has enforced with great strength of reason and eloquence in other places, that all poetry suitable to the present age must be of this kind: that poetry has not naturally anything to do with fiction, nor is fiction in these days even the most appropriate vehicle and vesture of it; that it should, and will, employ itself more and more, not in inventing unrealities, but in bringing out into ever greater distinctness and impressiveness the poetic aspect of realities. For what is it, in the fictitious subjects which poets usually treat, that makes those subjects poetical? Surely not the dry mechanical *facts* which compose the story; but the *feelings*—the high and solemn, the tender or mournful, even the gay and mirthful contemplations which the story, or the manner of relating it, awaken in our minds. But would not all these thoughts and feelings be far more vividly aroused if the facts were *believed*; if the men, and all that is ascribed to them, had actually *been*; if the whole were no

play of imagination, but a truth? In every real fact, in which any of the great interests of human beings are implicated, there lie the materials of all poetry; there is, as Mr. Carlyle has said, the fifth act of a tragedy in every peasant's death-bed; the life of every heroic character is a heroic poem, were but the man of genius found, who could *so* write it! Not falsification of the reality is wanted, nor the representation of it as being anything which it is not; only a deeper understanding of what it is; the power to conceive, and to represent, not the mere outside surface and costume of the thing, nor yet the mere logical definition, and *caput mortuum* of it—but an image of the thing itself in the concrete, with all that is loveable or hateable, or admirable, or pitiable, or sad, or solemn, or pathetic, in it, and in the things which are implied in it. That is, the thing must be presented as it can exist only in the mind of a great poet: of one gifted with the two essential elements of the poetic character—creative imagination, which from a chaos of scattered hints and confused testimonies, can summon up the Thing to appear before it as a completed whole: and that depth and breadth of feeling which makes all the images that are called up appear arrayed in

whatever, of all that belongs to them, is naturally most affecting and impressive to the human soul."

It was not, however, only with the historical method adopted by Carlyle that Mill found himself in sympathy; he entirely concurred in Carlyle's view as to the meaning of the Revolution.

"Differing partially from some of Mr. Carlyle's detached views, we hold his theory of the Revolution to be the true theory; true as far as it goes, and wanting little of being as complete as any theory of so vast and complicated a phenomenon can be. Nay, we do not think that any rational creature, now that the thing can be looked at calmly, now that we have nothing to hope or to fear from it, can form any second theory on the matter. Mr. Carlyle's view of the Revolution is briefly this: That it was the breaking down of a great Imposture; which had not always been an imposture, but had been becoming such for several centuries." "The whole scheme of society and government in France had become one great Lie: the places of honour and power being all occupied by persons whose sole claim to occupy them was the pretence of being what they were not, of doing what they did not, nor even for a

single moment attempted to do. All other vileness and profligacy in the rulers of a country were but the inevitable consequences of this inherent vice in the condition of their existence. And, this continuing for centuries, the government growing ever more and more consciously a Lie, the people ever more and more perceiving it to be such, the day of reckoning, which comes for all impostures, came for this: the Good would no longer obey such rulers, the Bad ceased to be in awe of them, and both together rose up and hurled them into chaos."*

John Sterling in a later number of the same Review pays similar enthusiastic tribute to the genius shown in this work, with which Carlyle's name came definitely before the public for the first time. He says: "Of all books in the English language which the present age has given birth to, it is that which, most surprising and disheartening men at first sight, seems afterwards, so far as can be judged from the very many known experiments, the most forcibly to attract and detain them. The general result appears to be an eager, wide ebullience of the soul, issuing in manifold meditations, and,

John Sterling on Carlyle's *French Revolution.*

* *London and Westminster Review*, April 1837.

in an altered and deepened feeling of all human life. The book has made no outward noise, but has echoed on and on within the hearts of men. Instances might be cited, without probably one exception, of persons of the most oddly diverse characters, and of kinds and degrees of cultivation no less unlike, from, as it were, the grass beneath our feet and the hidden flowers in cold green nooks, to the pine and oak of amplest growth above our heads—all equally, though most differently, affected by that electric blaze. . . . *This history is, in fact, a genuine breathing epic. Complete and fixed in its design, it thrills with life-blood through and through.* It shows how the most golden fancy, and the most vivifying imagination, may be exercised, in all their glory and fullest flood, within the bounds of the literally true, of that which was transacted in the lives of our fathers, and which filled with its jar and smoke, and diurnal apparitions, the pages of hundreds of newspapers." *

Of the French criticisms of Carlyle it is our intention to speak later on; but here, following the laudatory notices of the two English critics, may be inserted M. Taine's account of the effect

* *London and Westminster Review*, October 1839 (vol. xxxiii. pp. 59, 60); *Essays and Tales*, by John Sterling (London, 1848), vol. i. pp. 364-366.

upon himself of a perusal of *The French Revolution.*

M. Taine on Carlyle's *French Revolution.*

"Even history—that of the French Revolution—is like a delirium. Carlyle is a Puritan *seer*, before whose eyes pass scaffolds, orgies, massacres, battles, and who, besieged by furious or bloody phantoms, prophesies, encourages, or curses. If you do not throw down the book from anger or weariness, you will lose your judgment; your ideas depart, nightmare seizes you, a medley of contracted and ferocious figures whirl about in your head; you hear the howls of insurrection, cries of war; you are sick; you are like those listeners to the Covenanters, whom the preaching filled with disgust or enthusiasm, and who broke the head of their prophet, if they did not take him for their leader."*

It has been said that few men besides Carlyle have so perfectly combined the logical and intuitional faculty; and in the same way very few historians have possessed Carlyle's enormous power of taking pains, his absolute accuracy of research, combined with his unrivalled powers of style, his magnificence of imagery, and his perhaps unique faculty of presenting effective

* *History of English Literature.* By H. A. Taine. Translated from the French by H. Van Laun (Ed. 1872), vol. ii. p. 438.

groups by working up all the details of a picture. Numerous as have been the criticisms of *The French Revolution*, both in England, France, and America, we are not aware that the substantial accuracy of the narrative has ever, in any material point, been impeached. One instance, indeed, there was of error, and that a remarkable one. Its prompt correction, as soon as discovered, was a signal illustration of Carlyle's conscientious accuracy. In the first edition of *The French Revolution*, published in three volumes in 1837, there appeared, at the end of Chapter VI. ("Do thy Duty") of Book V. in the third volume, an account of the sinking of the French war-ship *Vengeur* during a battle in June 1794, between the French and English fleets, commanded respectively by Villaret-Joyeuse and Lord Howe. The passage, which is one of the most vigorous in the whole work, runs as follows:—"Nevertheless, what sound is this that we hear, on the 1st of June 1794; sound as of war-thunder, borne from the Ocean too, of tone most piercing? War-thunder from off the Brest waters: Villaret-Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there; and are belching fire. The enemies of human nature are on their own

Sinking of the *Vengeur* episode.

element; cannot be conquered; cannot be kept from conquering. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking westward through the battle-smoke: six French ships taken, the battle lost; what ship soever can still sail, making off! But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* ship, she neither strikes nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft, from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the Sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolour that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and, with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts '*Vive la République*,'—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying '*Vive la République*' along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity! Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unconquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man: let Despots and Slaves and all people know this, and only them that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it." So the story stood for some time, Carlyle citing as his authorities for it, "Barrère (*Choix des Rapports* xvi. 416-21); Lord Howe (*Annual Register* of 1794, p. 86), &c."

Early, however, in November 1838, there appeared a letter in the *Sun* newspaper from Admiral Griffiths, declaring the whole story to be "a ridiculous piece of nonsense." He had not, said Admiral Griffiths, thought it necessary to contradict the tale as long as it was circulated only on the other side of the Channel; but he considered it right to come forward when "two English authors of celebrity, Mr. Alison in his *History of Europe during the French Revolution*, and Mr. Carlyle in his similar work, give it the confirmation of English authority." No sooner did Carlyle see a copy of this letter of Admiral Griffiths, in the *Examiner* of the 18th November 1838, than he took immediate steps to sift the matter to the bottom. Admiral Griffiths had been present in the naval action in which the *Vengeur* took part, as fourth lieutenant on board the English ship *Culloden*, and his evidence came therefore, with authority. Carlyle communicated with him, and the Admiral supplied from his own recollections of the scene a specific account of the end of the *Vengeur*. Next Carlyle addressed himself to "a distinguished French friend, well acquainted with these matters," requesting him to circulate Admiral Griffiths's letter, and to whom he said:—"Except other evidence than I yet have, or know where to procure, be adduced,

I must give up the business as a cunningly devised fable, and in my next edition contradict it with as much energy as I asserted it. *You* know with how much reluctance that will be; for what man, indeed, would not wish to believe it?" Confirmatory evidence was not, however, forthcoming; and in a letter contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*,* Carlyle recounts how he was driven to the conviction that the story was "a majestic piece of *blague*," an invention of Barrère, hung out "dexterously, like the Earth itself, on *Nothing*, to be believed and venerated by twenty-five million sons of Adam for such a length of time, the basis of it all the while being simply Zero and Nonentity." He concludes the essay by saying: "The thing a Lie wants, and solicits from all men, is not a correct natural history of it, but the swiftest possible extinction of it, followed by entire silence concerning it." Accordingly the following passage was added after that above cited, in the second edition of *The French Revolution*, published in 1839, and all subsequent editions have thus contained both the lie and the refutation of it. "Reader! Mendez Pinto, Münchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar have been great; but they are

* July 1839, No. 115 (vol. xx. pp. 76-84).

not the greatest. O Barrère, Barrère, Anacreon of the Guillotine! must inquisitive pictorial History, in a new edition, ask again, 'How *is* it with the *Vengeur*,' in this its glorious suicidal sinking; and, with resentful brush, dash a bend-sinister of contumelious lamp-black through thee and it? Alas, alas! The *Vengeur*, after fighting bravely, did sink altogether as other ships do, her captain and above two hundred of her crew escaping gladly in British boats; and this same enormous inspiring Feat, and rumour 'of sound most piercing,' turns out to be an enormous inspiring Non-entity, extant nowhere save, as falsehood, in the brain of Barrère! Actually so. Founded, like the World itself, on *Nothing*; proved by Convention Report, by solemn Convention Decree and Decrees, and wooden '*Model of the Vengeur*'; believed, bewept, besung by the whole French People to this hour, it may be regarded as Barrère's masterpiece; the largest, most inspiring piece of *blague* manufactured for some centuries, by any man or nation. As such, and not otherwise, be it henceforth memorable."*

One other small error in Carlyle's *French*

* *The French Revolution: a History.* In Three Volumes. Second Edition. 1839. (Book V. chap. vi. of vol. iii., pp. 300-301.)

Revolution is interesting on account of the notice taken of it by Charles Dickens. The fourth chapter of the sixth book of the third volume is entitled "Mumbo-Jumbo." It is that in which is described the masquerading in the "Jardin National, whilom Tuileries Garden," on the 8th June 1794, when "Mahomet Robespierre, in sky-blue coat and black breeches, frizzled and powdered to perfection, bearing in his hand a bouquet of flowers and wheat-ears . . . takes a torch, Painter David handing it; mouths some other froth-rant of vocables, which happily one cannot hear; strides resolutely forward, in sight of expectant France; sets his torch to Atheism and Company, which are but made of pasteboard steeped in turpentine. They burn up rapidly; and, from within, there rises 'by machinery,' an incombustible Statue of Wisdom, which, by ill hap, gets besmoked a little; but does stand there visible in as serene attitude as it can. And then? Why, then, there is other Processioning, scraggy Discoursing, and—this *is* our Feast of the *Être Suprême*; our new Religion, better or worse, is come!" And here the historian pauses and adds: "Look at it one moment, O Reader, not two. The shabbiest page of Human Annals: or is there, that thou

Dickens and "Mumbo-Jumbo."

wottest of, one shabbier? Mumbo-Jumbo of the African woods to me seems venerable beside this new Deity of Robespierre; for this is a *conscious* Mumbo-Jumbo, and *knows* that he is machinery." It is concerning this passage that Dickens writes in a letter (1851):—"I observe, reading that wonderful book *The French Revolution* again, for the five-hundredth time, that Carlyle, who knows everything, don't know what Mumbo-Jumbo is. It is not an Idol. It is a secret preserved among the men of certain African tribes, and never revealed by any of them, for the punishment of their women. Mumbo-Jumbo comes in hideous form out of the forest, or the mud, or the river, or where not, and flogs some woman who has been backbiting, or scolding, or with some other domestic mischief disturbing the general peace. Carlyle seems to confound him with the common Fetish; but he is quite another thing."*

It is commonly said by thinkers of the Empirical school that Carlyle was not "a philosophical historian." Using the word "philosophical" in one sense, the accusation—for such the statement becomes with disciples of that school—is well founded. Philosophical

* *Life of Charles Dickens*, by John Forster, vol. ii. p. 409.

Carlyle certainly was not in the sense in which Buckle was philosophical; but there is an idea, a principle, in all his historical works which it is always his aim to elucidate. He certainly does condense history into biography, believing that the history of the world is to be found in the lives of its great men. But while he always keeps his attention occupied with men, he never, on the other hand, loses sight of the universal tendencies which men illustrate. It is never his desire to give *only* an accurate account of facts, or a perfect delineation of a character; he desires always to trace great laws in the actions of men, and to show that in national, as in individual life, suffering always attends injustice. In his conclusion that the French Revolution was the culmination of a long struggle between young Democracy and now effete Feudalism, he had the assent of all thinkers, even of one so opposite to himself as the late John Stuart Mill. At this time he had got beyond the Radicalism of his early days, and the lesson which *The French Revolution* taught was that democracies must be nobly led and guided, or their energy will be almost wholly destructive. He recognised that all virtue had gone out of the governing classes in France long before the Revolution; but he interpreted the cry of the French and of all

democracies to be, not "Let us have no leaders," but "Let us have better leaders." In this sense Carlyle's *French Revolution* formed a fit prelude to the writings which immediately followed it—those on the troubles of England.

In style the book closely enough resembles *Sartor Resartus*. There is the same command of language, and the same profusion of imagery—qualities which, as far as outward form is concerned, entitle Carlyle, of all English writers, to rank next to Shakespeare. There is the same power of comparison, the same keen eye for character, the same wide choice of epithets to denote its phases. There is invective, sarcasm, humour, and buffoonery; and here and there, in the midst of the wildest passion, a sudden breaking off to mourn, in a pathetic aside, over the flight of time and the hard lot of man. Throughout the work constant use is made of the "historic present." Everywhere the sympathy of the author is so complete that he identifies himself with each character, whom he by turns apostrophises, reproves, or comforts. So perfect is this sympathy that it communicates itself to the reader, who, when he closes the book, feels that he has known the characters of the drama. Danton and Mirabeau, and Camille Desmoulins and

Marie Antoinette, and Charlotte Corday are no longer names; they are friends. And so overmastering is the interest of the story, that it is only by an effort that the supreme intellectual feat implied in the creation of such a work can be realised. To consult all authorities, however insignificant, which could throw light on the events, to keep the thread of narrative and chain of circumstances distinct in the mind, and weld all into one well-balanced piece of artistic work, nowhere marred by undue insistance on trivial points, or insufficient examination of important ones—this could be accomplished only by the possessor of an unexampled historic imagination. It is small wonder that such a history as this was hailed by the leading minds of England and America as the production of a man of great genius. It is said that Sir William Hamilton, having taken up the book at three o'clock in the afternoon, was so fascinated by it that he could not lay it down till four the next morning. Walter Savage Landor, too, pronounced the book to have been the best published in his time. It permanently established Carlyle's fame, which had long been growing, and there was no further necessity for 'able-editors' of newspapers to inform their readers that the new author was "not to be confounded with

found in the Itinerary of a merchant of the Greek colony of Marseilles. This person, in his professional career, sailed up the Elbe, and had the first peep at the progenitors of Luther, of Shakespeare and Milton, and Newton, Watt, and Washington. He described the Duits, Tuits, or Teutoni, as a quiet, respectable, and inoffensive people; a singular character enough for barbarians, and which if true (and we doubt not it is) distinguishes the race at once, and in its very origin, from the cruel and mischievous barbarians of America and Asia. The next mention of the Germans is at a long interval, in the celebrated invasion by them of France, Spain, and Italy, under the name of Cimbri and Teutoni, 102 years before Christ; when, after defeating several Roman armies, they were defeated in their turn with the slaughter of 200,000 men by Marius. Dating from this first attack of the Germans on the Roman Empire, they may be said to have persevered in their assaults upon it for six hundred years, until they finally subdued it. Mr. Carlyle seemed disposed to fix the first seat of the German nation in the countries lying on the shores of the Black Sea; and, trusting to the great number of Sanskrit words to be found in their language, even to ascribe to them an Oriental origin. For this hypothesis

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Mr. Carlile, now deceased, who was a confident and avowed champion of infidelity."

French translation of the book.

In 1865–66 a French translation of the book appeared at Paris, the joint production of Elias Regnault and Odysse Barot. It is the only work of Carlyle which has, as far as we can ascertain, been introduced to French readers; though all or nearly all his works have appeared in a German dress.

CHAPTER VI.

LECTURING (1837–1840).

The French Revolution, notwithstanding its ostensible success, and the fact that it passed through two editions in two years, seems to have brought its author very little pecuniary advantage. During these early years in London the household in Cheyne Row was often pinched for want of ready money, and in the summer of 1837 Carlyle adopted a new form of activity, viz. that of lecturing. As has been already seen, he was not without some training as an orator. It is said that as a child at Ecclefechan he used to please his father, and to astonish the older men of the village, by the ready way in which he remembered and could repeat the sermons he had heard. As a student, too, he had read discourses

before his Professors and fellow-collegians; and in his *Reminiscences* he records the pleasure which their congratulations gave him. Later on, as we saw, he made a more public appearance at Dumfries, on the occasion of the banquet to Allan Cunningham. Now, however, he determined to address himself directly to the most intellectual circles in London. It was not without much effort that he could bring himself to speak before a large audience. To a friend he said, later on, that when he was going to deliver one of his lectures he felt as though he were about to be hanged.

Slight as was the notice taken of these lectures by the newspapers of the time, they nevertheless created a profound impression, leavening the minds of a select few rather than attracting any large share of popular attention. Everything was new about the lecturer. His appearance, his strange Scotch sing-song dialect, the entire independence of his mind, his originality and earnestness, took the London world completely by surprise.

First Course of Lectures, 1837.

The subject of his first Course of Lectures, —six in number, delivered in Willis's Rooms—was "German Literature." The first Lecture was thus noticed in the *Spectator* of May 6th, 1837:—

"*Mr. Thomas Carlyle's Lectures.*

"Mr. Carlyle delivered the first of a Course of Lectures on German Literature, at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday, to a very crowded and yet a select audience of both sexes. Mr. Carlyle may be deficient in the mere mechanism of oratory; but this minor defect is far more than counterbalanced by his perfect mastery of his subject, the originality of his manner, the perspicuity of his language, his simple but genuine eloquence, and his vigorous grasp of a large and difficult question. No person of taste or judgment could hear him without feeling that the lecturer is a man of genius, deeply imbued with his great argument.

"The most important branch of the first lecture was a history and character of the German people. He described them as the only genuine European people, unmixed with strangers. They have, in fact, never been subdued; and considering the great, open, and fertile country which they inhabit, this fact at once demonstrates the masculine and indomitable character of the race. They have not only not been subdued, but have been themselves by far the greatest conquerors in the world. The first mention made of the Germans in history dates three hundred years before Christ, and is to be

found in the Itinerary of a merchant of the Greek colony of Marseilles. This person, in his professional career, sailed up the Elbe, and had the first peep at the progenitors of Luther, of Shakespeare and Milton, and Newton, Watt, and Washington. He described the Duits, Tuits, or Teutoni, as a quiet, respectable, and inoffensive people; a singular character enough for barbarians, and which if true (and we doubt not it is) distinguishes the race at once, and in its very origin, from the cruel and mischievous barbarians of America and Asia. The next mention of the Germans is at a long interval, in the celebrated invasion by them of France, Spain, and Italy, under the name of Cimbri and Teutoni, 102 years before Christ; when, after defeating several Roman armies, they were defeated in their turn with the slaughter of 200,000 men by Marius. Dating from this first attack of the Germans on the Roman Empire, they may be said to have persevered in their assaults upon it for six hundred years, until they finally subdued it. Mr. Carlyle seemed disposed to fix the first seat of the German nation in the countries lying on the shores of the Black Sea; and, trusting to the great number of Sanskrit words to be found in their language, even to ascribe to them an Oriental origin. For this hypothesis

(on which, however, he was far from relying, like some German scholars and antiquaries) we cannot discover a shadow of foundation, and think the Germans may be more safely left where the Greeks and Romans first found them —in the region north and east of the Rhine, including Scandinavia, their own rough, but, as far as the culture of man is concerned, auspicious soil and climate. This was the opinion of Tacitus, who described them as 'an indigenous race, the original natives of the country, without any intermixture of adventitious settlers from other nations.' Of this author's celebrated essay on the manners of the Germans, half truth, and half eloquent and ingenious romance, Mr. Carlyle gave a most spirited and accurate description. Tacitus had never seen the Germans; he wrote about them in his study at Rome, and took his account of them from officers who had served against them, or merchants who traded amongst them. What he narrated was pleasant and respectable gossip, but neither critical nor accurate. The Romans were struck with the family likeness which pervaded the whole German nation. They had the same form and features, 'stern blue eyes, ruddy hair, and large and robust bodies,'—powerful only in their then rude state in 'sudden efforts'; but

since disciplined by civilization into a constancy of labour which the masters of the ancient world never attained, or dreamt of. The fair hair and blue eyes, and clear ruddy complexions of the German race, so familiar to us, must certainly have appeared a strange phenomenon to the black-haired, dark-eyed, and swarthy-complexioned inhabitants of the South of Europe; and the distinction between themselves and such a people would scarcely have appeared less wide than between either and the Negro or Calmuc. The grand characteristic of the Teutonic intellect was expressed by Mr. Carlyle by the word *valour*; by which, of course, he meant, not mere animal courage, common to all races of men, but that cool, dogged, onward, indomitable perseverance, under good and evil repute—under circumstances untoward or propitious, by which alone great things are ultimately achieved. His examples of individual cases were Kepler and his calculations, Milton and his *Paradise Lost*. Of national examples he gave the conquest of England, the settlement of America by the conquerors of England—the conquest of India and the colonization of the new continent of Australia, by the same people. About one hundred and twenty millions of this great and powerful race (about one seventh part

of the whole species) is now spread over the earth,—by far the largest aggregate of human beings, with the same genius, similar manners and institutions, and essentially the same language, of which the history of man affords any example. It is pretty clear that, in progress of time, they must either occupy or hold rule over the greater portion of the earth. But the influence of the Germans has been by no means confined to the examples we have given. The French, the Spaniards and Italians, seem to owe all that is masculine and durable in their character to their conquest by and intermixture with the Gothic race. We are not quite sure, indeed, but that the breed has been in some cases even improved by crossing and transplanting—as in the instances of the English and Americans compared with the pure Germans, and the French compared with their part progenitors the Germans and the Scandinavians. Wherever the German influence has not extended, as among the Sclavonic nations, society is still in a languid and semi-barbarous state. It is remarkable, indeed, that before the Teutonic race began to influence the destinies of mankind, no permanent elements for the progression of our species had been established. Arts, sciences, and political institutions made rapid

advancement, and either underwent as rapid a decline, or became stationary. The advancement of Tyrian, Carthaginian, Greek, and Roman civilization, was but an affair of a few centuries; and the civilization of the people of the East seems to have stood stock still for at least thirty ages. Widely different is the case with the nations of German origin. With them it has continued to advance without material check for fifteen hundred years. We can, indeed, set no bounds to the progress of those who have invented, and what is better than inventing, who are capable of using, the printing-press, the steam-engine, fire-arms, the compass, and representative government.

"After what we have already said of Mr. Carlyle, it is almost superfluous to add that we heartily wish all success to his ingenious, instructive, and interesting prelections."

It is much to be regretted that no more of these Lectures were reported, and it is noteworthy, as showing how little was known of Carlyle even at this time, that throughout the above report, wherever his name occurs, it is spelt in the original newspaper like that of the cathedral city of Cumberland. Writing of this Course of Lectures, Mr. James Grant said: "It was well attended by the fashionables of the

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West End; and though they saw in his manner something exceedingly awkward, they could not fail to discern in his matter the impress of a mind of great originality and superior gifts." *

Second Course of Lectures, 1838.

The year after Carlyle delivered a Second Course of Lectures on the "History of Literature; or, the Successive Periods of European Culture," at the Literary Institution in Edward Street, Portman Square. The following report is taken from the *Examiner* of Sunday, May 6, 1838. It is of particular interest as containing one of the very few criticisms Carlyle ever uttered on Greek literature and genius.

First and Second Lectures.

"Mr. Carlyle commenced his new series of Lectures last Monday, and gave the second on Friday. He again *extemporises*; he does not read. We doubted, on hearing the Monday's Lecture, whether he would ever attain in this way the fluency as well as depth for which he ranks among celebrated talkers in private; but Friday's discourse relieved us. He 'strode away' like Ulysses himself; and had only to regret, in common with his audience, the limits to which the one hour confined him. He touched, however, in his usual masterly way,

* *Portraits of Public Characters*, by James Grant, vol. ii. p. 152.

what may be called the mountain-tops of his subject—the principal men and themes. We had Troy, Persia, and Alexander;—Philip, 'a managing, diagrammatic man';—the Greeks in general, whose character he compared with the French (greatly, as it appears to us, to the underrating of it, though we like the French, too;—he gave fairer play to them, however, as he proceeded);—the Greek religion, which he looks upon as originating in the 'worship of heroes,' ultimately 'shaped by allegory,' with Destiny at the back of it ('a great dumb black divinity that had no pity on them, and they knew not what it was, only that it pitied neither gods nor men');—Prometheus, a 'taciturn' sort of personage, 'who does not knowingly *howl* over any trouble';—Homer, whose individuality was undone by Wolff in the year 1780,* but whose aggregate (the Homeric poets) Mr. Carlyle thinks unequalled by any subsequent poets in the world;—the 'musical belief' in all strenuous and beautiful things, with which they were inspired;

* "Carlyle said he read carefully Homer and the controversy some years ago, and was quite convinced that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written at different ages—the *Odyssey* by one man, the *Iliad* not; and he likes the *Odyssey* best. He thinks anyone mad who holds the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to be written by one man."—*Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters, and a Memoir.* Edited by his Wife. London, 1869, vol. i. p. 233.

—the necessity of a similar thorough faith to constitute true poetry always;—Ulysses, 'bobbing' up and down from the billows of all sorts of calamity, 'shaking his rags, and stalking away, mighty';—the completeness and plastic universality of the Greek language, 'as fit for all subjects, high and low, as French is for chat';—Æschylus, a 'gigantic' man, not entirely civilized, whose poetry is 'as if the rocks of the sea had begun to speak to us, and tell what they had been thinking of from eternity';—Sophocles, the harmoniser, perhaps weakener, of the musical strength of Æschylus;—Euripides, its degenerator into scepticism and critical consciousness; and last, not least startling, Socrates,* whom, though Mr. Carlyle did him credit as to good life and intention, he beat about the head and ears as Mr. Hazlitt once did a plaster-cast of the Emperor Alexander, and as though he was the representative of all the logical and moral *twaddle* that takes a masculine success out of nations. We confess we cannot take this view of the admired of Plato, and of Milton, and all ages; nor think that any such 'foremost men of all the world' (to use a favourite term of Mr.

* It will be remembered that Emerson in his account of Carlyle's conversations at Craigenputtoch (*supra*, p. 125) says, "he disparaged Socrates."

Carlyle's) have such little '*significancy*' in them, or were so little intended to affect the improvement of coming time. Mr. Carlyle was heartily greeted with applause at the close of his first week's eloquence; and we doubt not has now found the secret (whatever it is) of speaking with like triumphant volubility to their conclusion."

The third Lecture, in which the speaker dealt with Rome, is also full of interest. The *Examiner* of May 13th 1838 reports of it as follows:—

Third Lecture.

"We attended the third of these Lectures on Monday. An unexpected accident prevented our presence at the fourth, the day before yesterday; but we hope in future to give our notices, such as they are, without omissions. Mr. Carlyle described the earliest character of Rome as consisting in a spirit of steady agricultural *thrift*, a quality which he considered 'the germ of all other virtues'; meaning, we presume (for he sometimes gives his auditors too great credit for making the most of his sententious brevity), the inclination to turn every little power we possess to its utmost, in a right direction; but his allusions to the *Dutch* and Scotch hardly tended to do justice to the higher part of his inferences on this point. This thrifty faculty in the Romans became turned into the 'steady spirit

of conquest,' for which they soon grew famous,—all 'by method' and the spirit of 'the practical'; and the lecturer made some striking remarks on the vulgar objection to the early Romans, as thieves and robbers. He said they were only a tribe of a superior character, gradually, and of necessity, forcing the consequences of their better knowledge upon the people around them. The Carthaginians, he considered, in comparison with the Romans, as a mere set of money-hunters, with 'a Jewish pertinacity' affecting their whole character. He then noticed the spirit of Cæsar's Commentaries, which showed 'the triumph of civil knowledge and regulated valour over barbarism';—'the brief, nervous, and *commanding* character of the Latin language';—the poor un-epical character of Æneas, 'a suit of armour without a man inside it,'—praising Virgil nevertheless for his music, and a certain 'Roman breadth of writing *enamelled*';—Horace, full of a graceful worldliness and good sense, tending, like all worldliness, to melancholy;—Ovid (if we mistake not, for we hardly caught the name), whom we think he greatly undervalued, as exhibiting nothing but consciousness and conceit;—Seneca, who with an excess of consciousness and a sort of honest cant between worldliness and a wish to

be philosophic, exaggerated in all things, and declaimed himself into a notion of being a Stoic in the midst of luxuries;—and lastly, Tacitus, the last of the Romans, born in a most un-Roman time, and great by contradicting it. Does not our lecturer, now and then (we ask the question with great hesitation of so deep a thinker), tend to confound consciousness with conceit?—things not unlikely indeed to go together, but not of necessity so doing; for consciousness, *per se*, though implying self-deference, does not at all imply self-esteem. It may be accompanied, for obvious reasons, with something quite the reverse. Tacitus, Mr. Carlyle's last of the Romans, was full of consciousness, as a writer. We regretted, and were somewhat surprised to hear nothing, in this part of the lecture, of Lucretius, Plautus, &c., Catullus and *Cicero*: but whatever Mr. Carlyle may omit, he is sure abundantly to make up in *thought's worth* by what he does say." 4. Lect.

Of the fifth and sixth Lectures we find the following account in the *Examiner* of May 20th, 1838:—

Fifth and Sixth Lectures.

"If Mr. Carlyle did not interest us so much in what he does say, we should be inclined to quarrel with him for what he omits; and indeed the same reason tells that way too; for it is tantalising

to hear him utter so many curious and primitive things on any one point or man, and then leave out so many other prominent subjects. Thus, in a history of 'European Culture,' it is unpleasant to miss, almost entirely, such men as Ariosto, merely because their greatness was of another and inferior sort to that of Dante. (We hope Boccaccio and Petrarca were not omitted in the Lecture which we were prevented from attending.) It is as if, in a description of Italy, we had been told only of Mount Vesuvius and the cypress-trees, and nothing of the vines and olives; which latter, besides being beautiful in themselves, show more of the 'culture' of the land than the mountain-tops. With all our acknowledgments too of Dante's unrivalled superiority as the chief poet of Italy, and his fitness to stand in the same primeval line with Homer and Shakespeare (if on a principle of extremes meeting in a circle we may call Shakespeare primeval), Mr. Carlyle appears to us disposed to over-rate the habitual kindliness of his nature; for though, of course, not destitute of great kindliness on occasions strongly calling for it (as in the famous episode of Paolo and Francesca, justly designated by the lecturer as of unapproachable excellence), yet spleen was obviously the ruling habit with him, and even

the inspirer of his poem, which has a good deal of Hell, not only in its Purgatory, but in its very Heaven; where, by the way, one of his blessed spirits is St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition. Mr. Carlyle forced us into no irreverent smile when he adduced as an instance of Dante's honest simplicity and kindness the fact of his having put several of his 'friends into Hell!'—as if nothing but a regretted and tearful sense of justice could have compelled him to do so; whereas by many writers, and not unkindly ones, such a proceeding would be held a very equivocal proof of friendship, especially in a spirit so bitter. We were also not a little surprised to hear what the lecturer said of the principles of 'divine justice' as exhibited in that atrabilarious, and to say the truth, not a little presumptuous poem; which certainly 'dealt damnation round the land' to a degree which it requires the far diviner justice of charitable allowance to excuse. Dante is, in truth, a man of so discordant a sort of greatness, that he can only be accounted for on the supposition of his being the offspring of two persons of diametrically opposite natures—a fierce, saturnine father, for instance, and a gentle mother. Unfortunately the complexion of the father prevailed; though the mother's milk was not wanting. How

sweetly, upon the bitter memory of Dante (which chiefly occupied Monday's lecture) came in the more Catholic one of Cervantes, that true 'prose Shakespeare,' who, seeing really through all things (as far as man hitherto can see) ended in being in good heart and hope with everything, and was as glad of the sky and the daylight, and the night too, and the mountains, and the little green fields, *as Nature herself is*; and could discern, like Shakespeare, the 'soul of goodness in things evil,' not bidding it 'go and be d——d' (for that is about the amount of Dante's sublimation of his spleen and pride), but keeping everything in that healthy state of good-humour and tolerance, which is the best means of advancing the world, if the world is to be advanced, or of reconciling it to its share of evils, if unalterable. Mr. Carlyle spoke beautifully of Cervantes and his fortunes, with an estimation of the heroical cheerfulness of his character, which was a charming set-off to his predilections in favour of Dante, and which it is a pity the indignant old Florentine partisan could not have heard. It was also delightful to hear him speak of Mahomet as 'no impostor,' but as a sincere and 'great genius' struggling, 'in the midst of sensuality and corruption,' to substitute what he devoutly believed to be a better and more God-honouring faith than

that which existed among his countrymen. These admissions, at once subtle and large-hearted, are the highest evidences of a true Christian wisdom, and are among the many proofs of good and great discernments of all sorts which beget for Mr. Carlyle the affectionate respect of his hearers."

"SEVENTH AND EIGHTH LECTURES.

(*Examiner*, May 27th, 1838.)

Seventh Lecture.

"The chief subject on Monday was Luther, with incidental notices of Erasmus and Ulric Hutten. Mr. Carlyle sometimes touches on very delicate ground, especially considering the nature of his audience, who, being two-guinea ticket-purchasers, consist for the most part of what may be called the aristocratic-intellectual—still, however, with a leaning to the liberal side, as may be supposed from their going to hear him. And, truly, we suspect it would not be easy to match the audiences which this gentleman has brought together, either on this or the former occasion, for a union of what is ordinarily called respectability with selectness of taste and understanding. In noticing the corruptions of the Catholic Church, which produced the Reformation, it was impossible not to see the inevitable application to the corruptions of other churches;

and when the lecturer pronounced the rapid decline of any ruling system of faith to be identical with the *worldliness* of its professors, an involuntary and expressive depth of silence fell upon the room. Mr. Carlyle did his usual justice to what was great and noble in the character of Luther; nor did there seem a necessity for any stronger mention of his faults than the good-natured one given in a passing way, till the lecturer became hard upon poor feeble-bodied Erasmus, who had the candour, at any rate, to confess that he had not courage enough to be a martyr. If not to be aware of the weak points of such a man as Erasmus would be injurious to the final spirit of Christianity, or mildness and brotherly love, surely it becomes at least equally imperative not to forget the rough drawbacks on the character of Luther.

Eighth Lecture.

"The chief persons noticed in Friday's Lecture were Alfred the Great, who 'saw in the elements of government around him those points which were constituted to endure';—Shakespeare, upon the 'deep serene' of whose all-reflecting intellect Mr. Carlyle talked most Catholic Shakespeareanism during the chief part of his hour;—John Knox, whom he defended with more zeal (we think) than success from the charge of

unnecessary severity of manners;—and Milton, whom he startled, yet not displeased his audience, with likening, on the fiercer and ambitious side of his yet noble character, to his own 'Satan!' It is certainly useful to the interests of truth to have these matters set right; and we could not help thinking what the ghost of Milton, with a 'Well, if you come to that,' might have answered, on the same score, to the eulogiums on the characters of the great German and Scotch reformers."

At the ninth and tenth Lectures of the Course the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis was present; and he thus reports his impressions in a letter to Sir Edmund Head, dated London, June 2, 1838:—

Sir G. C. Lewis on Carlyle's Lectures.

"I have heard two Lectures of Carlyle's on the Literature of England and France in the eighteenth century. He is interesting and even instructive to hear; though he belongs to a class whose business it is to deny all accurate knowledge, and all processes for arriving at accurate knowledge, and to induce mankind to accept blindly certain mysterious dicta of their own."*

* *Letters of the Rt. Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bart.* London, 1870, pp. 101-102.

Let us now see what these "mysterious dicta" were, so far as they are preserved for us in the *Examiner* of June 3rd, 1838:—

"NINTH AND TENTH LECTURES.

Ninth Lecture.

"The French nation and its literature occupied Lecture the Ninth. Something national, perhaps, in spite of the wideness of his philosophy, inclines Mr. Carlyle, as we think, to underrate both the French in general and their great *litterateur*, Voltaire; though at the close of his objections to both (mixed with praise too) he seemed to doubt whether he had quite done them justice, especially Voltaire. The French, as a nation, 'go together,' he says; which the Italians unluckily do not (Napoleon said that if they did, they would again be at the head of the world); but it is a physical or animal going together, not that of any steady final purpose. There has been hitherto too much truth in this. Mr. Carlyle acknowledged the wit and extraordinary talents of Voltaire, but said there was nothing final or to great purpose even in him; that all modern scepticism was mere contradiction, which discovered no new truth; and that Voltaire knew absolutely nothing of Christianity. The truth in these statements appears

to us to be mixed with implied deductions not quite so true. Voltaire was certainly a puller-down, and no builder; and modern scepticism has been chiefly made up of contradiction; but this pulling down and this contradiction appear to have been necessary to the due development of Christianity itself, and to the clearing away of a quantity of pestilential stuff which bigots and men of the world were insisting we should take for it. And Voltaire's Christianity in the meantime, though he was greatly mistaken in thinking that his criticisms on the historical letter of it, and its violations, contained the final philosophy of the matter, was better than he supposed it; for, as Mr. Carlyle acknowledges, he had a kind heart, and was 'beneficent;' and few things have been more Christian than his conduct in the famous cases of Calas and Sirven. To say that the French genius has evinced 'nothing original,' seems to us most extraordinary; and agreeably to this dictum we cannot but think the lecturer greatly undervalued (though he praised them too) the hearty thinking of Montaigne (whom he scarcely said more of than that he was an 'honest sceptic'); the excessive unction of the humour of Rabelais (whom we nevertheless, for our parts, loathe and riot in by turns); the very original,

surely, and world-influencing egotism of Rousseau; and even the uncompromising and unimaginative scepticism of Bayle, who, we confess, does not at all appear to us a 'dull' writer, though he often wastes a great deal of bookishness upon points not worth his dialectics. Then what of Molière? What of Marot? What of *Claude*, the most beautifully ideal of landscape painters?

Tenth Lecture.

"In his Friday's Lecture Mr. Carlyle came back into England; and after being eloquent on 'silence,' and telling us that 'speech is what you are hearing now, but eternity is silent—all great things are silent'—proceeded to show us that there may be also very good things in speech, though what he said was at the expense of 'logic,' which he handled very unceremoniously as a thing that in vain attempted to equalise itself with mathematics,—showing (in a very striking way) how impossible it was for words, to which people attach different meanings, ever to come to any certain conclusion upon the highest points. He spoke of modern England, in comparison with other nations, as chiefly remarkable for being in 'earnest.' Watt with his machinery was in earnest; Whitfield with his Methodism was in earnest

(*Methodism* should rather have been associated with Wesley); Johnson with his belief, or his attempts at belief, was in earnest; Hume with his scepticism was in earnest. He assigned 'formalism' as the character of the age of Queen Anne; characterised Addison as its 'lay-preacher' (which is what Mandeville said of him, though in less reverent words,—a 'parson in a tye-wig'); underrated Steele, we think, as a mere satellite of Addison (Steele created all the characters in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, &c. with Sir Roger at the head of them, and wrote all the affecting stories); and pronounced, as Hazlitt and others have done, Swift to be the greatest man of that period. There was 'sympathy in his indignation.' Pope, to our surprise, he did but barely mention; and Dryden he thought a greater genius than his age allowed him to show himself;—an opinion we must doubt. In Dryden, complexion—the physical—predominated greatly over all other faculties, though united indeed with a robust and harmonious good sense; but he wanted imagination and sentiment for the higher order of genius. The lecturer concluded, at some length, with admirable accounts of Johnson and Hume, overrating the former, perhaps, out of a respect for his sufferings and religious zeal, and under-

rating the anti-bigoted good done by the latter, in dislike of a scepticism that ends in nothing. The audience were greatly delighted with his lively and panegyrical account of Boswell, 'a conceited Scotch gentleman, with stuff enough in him to go and make acquaintance with, and worship, the great, huge, shaggy, dusty, plebeian pedagogue, Johnson, sitting in his garret.'"

"LECTURE ELEVEN.

(*Examiner*, June 10th, 1838.)

Eleventh Lecture.

"There has been but one of these lectures during the past week, owing to Whit-Monday; and there remains but one more, which will take place on Monday next. On Friday Mr. Carlyle dilated against the sceptics, and against that general condition of cultivated society during the latter half of the last century, which demanded a 'proof' for whatever was to be believed, whether in religion or morals. This state of things terminated in 'Werterism,' which was the height of scepticism, and which 'proved' its folly (like all unfit things) by its melancholy and bad ending; and Werterism was put an end to by the French Revolution, which rose up 'a truth clad in hell-fire,' to show the reigning

fashion of disbelief that something would insist upon being believed at all events, and that the leaders of mankind could not eternally go on with nothing but mockery and selfishness. We regret that we can give but a very brief notice of this lecture, which was one of the most interesting of the series, and showed the denouncer of a disbelieving condition of society to be himself, at any rate, in high eloquent condition of belief of some sort; though what that is, most of his hearers will perhaps wait with some anxiety to be told; since at one minute he seems to think that morality, or doing that which we think right, is sufficient for all social purposes; and the next (in the confidence of his virtue, which we most heartily believe in) he startles unmetaphysical listeners with ridiculing the notion that virtue is sufficient to make men happy. What then, it will be asked him, is the object of society itself, or the existence of anything? And in truth, in his very expositions of the insufficiency of logic to settle questions of belief and disbelief, a lecturer must needs get hampered with the very triumph of his arguments; for he is mounted in the same chariot of reasoning, and whither is it to lead him? Wherever it does, we can answer for it that Mr. Carlyle's audience, who seem to

increase in numbers every time, will be happy to attend so earnest and interesting a companion."

"CONCLUSION OF MR. CARLYLE'S LECTURES.

(*Examiner*, June 17th, 1838.)

Twelfth Lecture.

"We regret that we can speak of Mr. Carlyle's concluding lecture by report only, which characterises it as the most interesting of the series. He described the effect which 'Werterism' had had upon himself, and the antidote which he found to it in the author's subsequent work, *Wilhelm Meister*; which he accordingly recommended as containing the best hints for the government of unsettled faiths. In taking leave of his audience he betrayed a degree of emotion the more striking from that tone of seeming indifference or neutralisation which, more or less, mixes itself up with the manner of the most earnest Scotchman; and the emotion was very manifestly responded to by an audience accustomed to have the first elements of thought and feeling awakened by so thoughtful and sincere a speaker.

"The chief interest of the last and most interesting of Mr. Carlyle's Lectures was autobiographical. The lecturer stated that he owed

to Goethe his conversion from Werterism, that favourite aversion of his, which he has for several lectures been belabouring. He found in *Wilhelm Meister* that the letters of several young persons, who had written for happiness, were tossed aside unanswered, and this struck him as very strange, seeing a 'recipe for happiness' was just the thing he wanted, and had at that time been for some time seeking. The seriousness of Goethe's character convinced him that there was some deep meaning in this which he did not see, and at last he began to perceive that happiness was not the right thing to seek; that man has nothing to do with happiness, but with the discharge of the work given him to do. The spiritual perfection of his nature, a mystic and nameless aim, but which, though no man could explain it, and it was better left unexplained, they were lonely pitiable who had not glimpses of it,—which heroic martyr spirits of old times had called 'the cross of Christ,' and which Goethe himself had called 'the worship of sorrow,'—this, Mr. Carlyle began to apprehend, was the true object of search, and the proper end and aim of life. In adverting to the future prospects of literature, Mr. Carlyle augured much good from the perception of this by the great German writers—Goethe, whom he compared to a rock, hard and eternal, but covered

over with green, soft grass, and flowers; Jean Paul Richter, 'a tangled forest, clueless and thorny, but full of beautiful leaves and blossoms, and deep springs of thought'; and Schiller, a soul panting to be free, not merely politically, but also mentally and morally, and which always reminded him of 'a world half made.' The spread of the works of these writers, and the appearance of a like spirit in this country and elsewhere, were omens of a bright dawn to come, but as yet 'it was the twelfth hour of the night.' The lecturer concluded by feelingly saying farewell to his hearers, and thanking them. 'When I think,' said he, 'what you are and what I am, I feel that you have been very kind to me.'

One of the Lectures of this course was attended by the late Charles Sumner, then in London on a visit. He thus writes to a friend in America:—

Charles Sumner at a Lecture of Carlyle's.

"I heard Carlyle lecture the other day; he seemed like an inspired boy: truth and thoughts that made one move on the benches came from his apparently unconscious mind, couched in the most grotesque style, and yet condensed to a degree of intensity, if I may so write. He is the Zerah Colburn of thought, child-like in manner and feeling, and yet reaching by intuition points and extremes of ratiocination which

others would not so well accomplish after days of labour, if indeed they ever could."*

Third Course of Lectures, 1839.

"The Revolutions of Modern Europe" was the title of the third Course of Lectures given twelve months later. They were six in number, and were delivered every Wednesday and Saturday (from 1st May 1839) from three to four o'clock, in the afternoon, in the same rooms as the previous year's Course, in Edward Street, Portman Square. The reports which follow are taken from the *Examiner*, the first appearing in the number of that journal for May 5, 1839 :—

"Mr. Carlyle was attended with his usual select audience (though in numbers larger than usual) of literature and fashion, and, assisted with a few memoranda, delivered one of those extempore effusions, full of simple words and strong thoughts, which, together with his writings, have now established his fame as a man of large heart and profound understanding. The first Lecture was on 'Europe till the Sixteenth Century—Catholicism—Monarchism—Institution and Innovation—and the beginnings of Protestantism.' We do not profess, in these

* *Memoirs and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By E. L. Pierce. Vol. i. p. 318.

brief notices, to give even a summary of what is said, but simply to recur to the impressions we received from the points that chiefly struck us, and to induce others to go and hear for themselves, and learn the delights of thinking and divesting themselves of mere commonplaces, under the influence of a master. Tory, Whig, and Radical may alike profit; and while most good things receive comfort, the respective prides of small knowledge, presumption, and despair itself too, may well be checked. Mr. Carlyle, though assuredly no papist, objects to Catholicism only when it ceases to be believed in to salutary purpose by its professors, and is made a worldly tool of, or a tyranny. In the ornamental part of it, notwithstanding what we may venture to call his Scottish predilections, he sees the poetry which hastens to invest with beauty everything that has a good in it; and in Monarchism, he does not refuse justice to that natural and indestructible loyalty in the human mind, which, inclining him to look up to something superior to himself, and beginning with the elevation of the strongest man in barbarous ages, recognises the man who unites strength with 'cunning,' or mental ability, as the ages advance, and will finally, we presume, be loyal

First Lecture.

to the great lights of the world, as Mr. Carlyle himself is to Goethe, and to the memory of Dante.

"In the latter case may we venture to think him a little *ultra*?—not indeed towards the poetry of the great saturnine Italian, but towards the saturnineness itself, and to the supposed necessity of making it permanently respected, as a thing more 'significant' than the *splendida bilis* of any other great man. So it was, indeed, at the moment; and so it remains, as far as it helped to colour the infernal pictures in which it vented its spleen. *Au reste*, we conceive that nature intended no more ultimate regard for it than for any other morbid excess, whether in so great a man as Dante, or in so little a one as Calvin of Geneva, or John Balfour of Burley. It may be good for the world that the biliary vessels of a genius, or a demagogue, should be occasionally swollen too big, and provoke him beyond the impulse of people's ordinary secretions; but disease is disease, and must be recognised simply for what it is in the long run, together with the visions to which it gives rise by the way; otherwise the blue of the firmament itself would turn yellow in our eyes, and an unhealthy and saturnine strength prevail throughout the universe more than a cheerful

one. We are recommended to become as 'little children,' not as jaundiced great men.

"In speaking of the Jews the lecturer noticed 'the intense sincerity of their belief in *spite* of all contradiction;'—a word which conveyed perhaps more truth than he intended at the moment. What nation so famous for being 'stiff-necked' the other way when it suited their humour! The Jews always appeared to us (not to speak it 'offensively,' as they say in Parliament) the concentrated essence of the venom of oriental heat; but then, kindred to this heat, and in gentlest family opposition to it (far more than in the microcosm of Dante!) grew a honey, of 'exquisitest name,' which is at length filling the mouths of the world with the sweet taste of charity and universal beneficence.

"Mr. Carlyle, among the many striking things which he utters, fit to make his hearers reflect upon them for months afterwards, says of a good like Christianity, and in depreciation of 'logic,' that it is not a thing for the mind to 'reason about,' but to see 'what good is in it.' Doubtless there is a great deal of truth in this; only we would submit, in behalf of logic, that if of little use in establishing the best of things, it is a helper towards saving them from the worst,

—from corruption and superstition; and that we must instinctively 'reason about' the best things, in the very process of seeing what is good in them.' Another very striking remark, which must have instantly carried conviction with it to everybody, was, that '*no man believes exactly the same as his father did*'; a truth which, like all others of so great and universal a kind, is calculated to do the greatest good to such as reflect upon it, making them at once pious to those who have gone before them, out of the very difference which they see must take place towards themselves among those who come after,—and by the same reason rendering them so modestly diffident in the anticipated presence of the latter, as to turn their own immediate opportunities to the best and kindest advantage, between their considerations of both."

"SECOND AND THIRD LECTURES.

(*Examiner*, May 12th, 1839.)

"In his first Lecture Mr. Carlyle, in a set of general and broad allusions, with some detail on the institutions of Catholicism and Monarchism, spread, as it were, the ground colours of his object. The second lecture, which was on 'Protestantism, Faith in the Bible, Luther, Knox, and Gustavus Adolphus,' was devoted chiefly to the

Second Lecture.

downfall of Catholicism on account of its worldliness, and the character of the great Protestant Reformer. There is frequently a noble homeliness, a passionate simplicity and familiarity of speech in the language of Mr. Carlyle, which gives startling effect to his sincerity, and is evidently received by his audience, especially the fashionable part of it (as one may know by the increased silence), with a feeling that would smile if it could, but which is fairly dashed into a submission, grateful for the novelty and the excitement, by the hard force of the very blows of truth. Thus, in describing the 'lie' which the Papal tyranny had become by dint of its own obvious disbelief and worldliness (and which, by implication, all other churches become when obviously worldly, —a formidable and *felt* deduction), he said, it had come to be 'one of the most melancholy spectacles which so august a thing (as any sovereign representative of a faith) could possibly offer. None but hypocrites and formalists have any longer anything to do with such an anomaly. Good men get out of it. It is quite a secondary kind of man that gets at the head of it. If the world be a lie, and everything present and future a juggle, then *that* may be a truth, but not otherwise. There is nothing more to be said of

it. It must be altered, '*a thing like that.*' The effect of hearty convictions like these, uttered in such simple, truthful words, and with the flavour of a Scottish accent (as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalized by German philosophy and his own intense reflections and experience), can be duly appreciated only by those who see it. Every manly face among the audience seems to knit its lips, out of a severity of sympathy, whether it would or no; and all the pretty church-and-state bonnets seem to thrill through all their ribbons.

"Beautiful was Mr. Carlyle's account of poor, suffering, jovial, potent, triumphant Martin Luther, with his first misgivings, his hypochondriacal contests with the devil (which 'any doctor's apprentice can now account for'), his hatred of all which he thought lying, his love of whatever he thought true, his music, the poetry of his heart, and his description of the 'little bird sitting on the pear-tree at sunset, singing with a heart that had no misgiving, though eternity was above and around it, for God was there also.' It is passages such as these, he said, which are like 'little windows, through which we see into the serene depths of Luther's soul.'

"These truths, which are the reasoning of

feeling, went at once to the bosoms of the lecturer's audience. Not so the doubtful conclusions into which the very largest exercise of his 'logic' sometimes betrays him, as when he pronounces a victory in battle to be a 'judgment of God,' and when in his Third Lecture (which was chiefly on Puritanism and Cromwell), he hampered himself with denouncing falsehood in Charles I., and allowing it in his successful adversary—Cromwell. Had Mr. Carlyle taken pains to draw a distinction, he doubtless might have done so, and it is a pity on these occasions he does not; for the meat, thus blown hot and cold, becomes a little too strong for tender minds, and indeed does not leave them quite assured of the impartiality of his own; and this, in so earnest an advocate of the truth, is awkward. In one respect, all judgments and all triumphs may be said to be 'God's judgments;' and thus the new victory which perhaps comes and overturns the old one, is a new God's judgment severing the former one. We need not show to what such arguments apparently tend. So in a 'successful' man like Cromwell, a certain indulgence in the use of lying becomes a necessity, a 'thing he can't do without,' &c., while in poor decapitated Charles, the natural

Third Lecture.

weapon of the weak is to have been a mere sin and vice, and such as deserved its punishment. Not that Mr. Carlyle is ultimately intolerant to this victim of a father's king-craft and the rising light of the age. He never is to anything, in a hard, inhuman sense. He is too wise and kind a man. But, as we have just observed, we think it is due from him to his audience to explain himself on occasions like these, and not to run the chance of their going away with mistaken impressions.

"Most unprejudiced (though he said what he could, too, for the Scottish Kirk) was his account of Puritanism, which would have made this world 'a planet all over brambles;' and capitally well he painted both Prynne and Laud (who, by the way, were the same kind of men, thrown by chance on two different sides). To Strafford we cannot help thinking he did even too much honour, as, with all his energy, he wanted some portions of the secret of success—the art of conciliation and a respect for other people's self-love. And Cromwell himself he certainly over-reached; for after all, in what did *he* succeed, except in making himself for a short time an unhappy prince? And why did our philosophical lecturer, who sees nothing enduring in a Napoleon compared with a book,

say not a syllable of such intellectual master-spirits as Vane and Milton? On the other hand take sentences like the following:—

"'Both sides mean something that is right, in all battles.'

"'All revolutions are the utterance of some one long-felt truth in the minds of men.'

"'No one thing can entirely assert itself on its own one single principle, apart from objections and admissions on the part of truths common to all.'

"'There is nothing that man ever once believed that has not had a truth in it.'

"Mr. Carlyle's audiences appear to increase in number every time."

"FOURTH AND FIFTH LECTURES.

(*Examiner*, May 26th, 1839.)

Fourth Lecture.

"We are sorry we missed the greater part of the Fourth Lecture, which was on the 'English Restoration, Europe till 1789, Voltaire and Arkwright.' We heard the lecturer, however, break up the wretched administration in France under Cardinal Dubois, like so much tinsel-paper, or an old bonnet; or rather like an old hair-powder box, in which the powder was poisoned—at once the lightest and the guiltiest thing in the world. Voltaire we cannot think he

does justice to. We admit all that is to be said against him as a man who rather pulled down than knew how to build up; and Mr. Carlyle does not deny his merits either, on that very score; but he holds him to have had no sympathies—to have been a 'mere scoffer;' whereas surely he had sympathies with the pleasurable and the good-natured; and the appellation of 'mere scoffer' is hardly thankful towards the advocate of the Calas family and others, sometimes not without serious hazard. That he was a 'Frenchman all over' we grant; but a Frenchman, with all his faults, has infinite social virtues, and is no small constituent part of the great human family. Mr. Carlyle, however, knows all this as well as we do; and could say it better, if he were in the mind. We forget about Arkwright somehow; which is wrong, considering he was the inventor, or perfecter, of 'spinning jennies,' and the cause of Peels, and other mechanical great men, whom the Tories (when they are angry at their not 'working well') describe as having 'balls of cotton in their bosoms instead of hearts.' Never shall we forget, however, what Mr. Carlyle said of the melancholy spectacle of a human being willing to labour but forced to starve—'a thing not endurable, or which ought not to be endur-

able, to human eyes;' and such calamity as does not occur to a beast of the field.

Fifth Lecture.

"The Fifth Lecture (on the 'French Revolution, Faith in the Rights of Man, Girondism, France till 1793, Mirabeau, and Roland') was 'full of matter.' A new Duke, as good and wise as he of *As You Like It*, would have been glad to 'cope' with our philosopher on this subject. The French Revolution he described as the catastrophe of many past centuries, the fountain of many that are to come, the crowning phenomenon of our modern time. Bayle said of himself, that he was a Protestant, 'because he protested against all beliefs;' Mr. Carlyle is a Protestant of a very different sort from that; he protests only against pretended beliefs; and he considers the French Revolution, much and bitter fault as he has to find with it, as a consummation of Protestantism in that respect. Luther, he says, protested against a false priesthood; Cromwell (putting, we suppose, the man, and the *sword*, for the spirit of the time that wielded it) against a false priesthood and kingship; the French Revolution against a false priesthood, kingship, and *noblesse*. It was the general fearful protestation of a great nation against whatsoever was false in its arrange-

ments, and a determination to have them rectified. 'A great price it was,'—cries our candid out-speaking *man of no party* (for such he is, and let his great truths be listened to accordingly):—'a great price it was, but for a thing absolutely needed; for cost what it may, men must, and will, return to reality,—to fact, and truth; they cannot live upon *shams*.' The French Revolution began appropriately in bankruptcy. 'When a *delusion* has no money in its purse, it *must* die. No one will pull a trigger or write a pamphlet for it. Nature has said,—'Go!' Unfortunately, the French thought that a Constitution was a thing, not to grow, but to be 'made.' The faith in that extempore, full-grown creation of new habits, ideas, and securities, was the product of a sceptical logic on the one hand (believing in very proportion to its notion that it believed nothing), and of a sentimental political economy on the other (taking the self-complacency for the deed). But it was the universal faith of France; the soul of that great movement. Hope was the universal feeling; all men believed that a millennium was at hand, if one constitution were 'made.' The Federation of the Champ de Mars was 'a strange outbreak of childlike hope in this sort': —the constitution *was* made, 'and sworn to, as

no made constitution can ever hope to be again, and it lasted simply eleven months.' This is the reign of Constitutionalism, called more strictly Girondism. The 'Girondists' were analogous to the Presbyterians, the 'Montagne' to the Independents, of Cromwell's time. There are two similar parties in all revolutions. The character of Louis was that of a man 'innocent and pitiable, but inert, without will; incapable of being saved.' The lecturer gave a slight sketch of the progress of things under him, till the Bastille fell, 'and the women brought him to Paris.' The 'strongest man' of the eighteenth century was Mirabeau, 'a very lion for strength,—unsubduable—who could not be beaten down by difficulty or disaster, but would always rise again: *an instinctive man*,—better than a premeditative; your professional benefactor of mankind being always a questionable person.' Mirabeau would have been the Cromwell of the French Revolution, had he lived. 'A gigantic heathen was he, who had swallowed all formulas; a man whom we must not love, whom we cannot hate, and can only lament over, and wonder at.' Up to this point, concluded Mr. Carlyle, the French Revolution resembled the English in its course; but the rest of it was altogether peculiar, unlike any-

thing in history for a thousand years and more.

Sixth Lecture.

"The concluding Lecture (on 'Sansculottism, France till 1795, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Napoleon, Results and Prospects') added little new to the one just noticed, but was perhaps the most interesting of the series, from the number of portraits painted. Mr. Carlyle excused the French emigrant *noblesse*, as men who could not think otherwise than they did in domestic politics from habit and breeding, but strongly condemned them for calling in foreign aid and quitting their country. If they were compelled in this, it was only by their own want of patriotism. Claiming to be worthy, they should have shown how they could still interest their country and stand by it; 'if unworthy and nobody would stand by them,' they had, to be sure, 'nothing to do for it but to go.' He defended the Queen, who was accused of being the centre of all the intrigues, and thought her life the most tragical on record;—a mistake of memory surely. Poor Marie Antoinette was indeed greatly to be pitied, and her end was most tragical and affecting. Most touching was Mr. Carlyle's story of the needle she borrowed of the gaoler's wife, the night before her death, that she

might mend her clothes, and be decently dressed at the scaffold. But up to the Revolution, surely her life had been gay and happy, perhaps happier than most; and considering the allotments of fate, that black counterpoise at the close of it might only have been proportioned to the previous brightness. If not the centre, too, of the intrigues, perhaps she was not unjustly supposed to be the centre of the *levity* of the French court; but who shall blame a born, bred, and handsome Princess for that, who flourished at such a period, and had such a handicraft husband and sprightly courtiers? The lecturer, we think, was too hard upon the Girondists, in accusing them of being actuated in their 'elegant extracts' of constitutionalism by nothing but vanity. They have their right to excuses of breeding and education, as well as Papists and Puritans, and elegance may be pardoned as well as homeliness. They knew how to die as well as rougher men; and they had more to part with. Not the less, however, do we believe with Mr. Carlyle, that the sterner virtues of such men as Danton were required, in the then state of France, to overawe interference, and give a conscious strength to every man that had an arm; and so well did the lecturer defend that homely old hero of the Revolution, one of

its supposed 'wretches,' that his audience, though from their fashionable aspect supposed to be three parts Tory, heartily responded to the manly call upon their sympathies. '*Poor* Marat' also, even he, with all that was repulsive in him, found sympathy, because he himself was not without it; and justice was done to the supposed reprobate but real 'formalist' and moral pedant, Robespierre, who was nevertheless ultimately given up as a 'miserable screech-owl fanatic,' that had a face that Mirabeau described as that of a 'cat lapping vinegar.' 'Let my name be blasted,' said Danton, 'so that France be free.' 'That is a virtue,' said Mr. Carlyle, 'which goes higher than many a lauded virtue. Clean-washed decency may stand rebuked beside it.' We wish we could agree as heartily with what he said respecting 'sin' and 'God's judgment' &c., which, to our notions, is more like the talking of his Scottish ancestors than his own candid philosophy, and neither can, nor ought to have, any sort of effect, but to make people wonder at its melancholy gratuitousness. Something of the like retrospective prejudice seems to lurk at the bottom of his extreme exaltation of Cromwell, whose tears and groans might receive quite another treatment from him, if his lurking turn for a dash of masculine fun

were uppermost. Napoleon was depreciated in proportion because he seemed to have 'no sympathies;' qualities, truly, in which great soldiers have never been apt to abound. But we should do great injustice to these Lectures if we did not conclude by saying that where Mr. Carlyle piqued the understanding to differ with him now and then, through its very desire to have the pride and pleasure of agreeing with him in all things, he obtained its admiration a hundred-fold at all other times; nor can we now take leave of the series of Lectures this year, without wishing there was an autumn as well as a spring course, to set the heads of his hearers thinking, and their hearts swelling with the love of truth and their species."

Fourth and last Course, 1840.

In the next year, 1840, on six days of the month of May, Carlyle delivered the Course of Lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship." In these he travelled over much of the same ground as that occupied in the Lectures already given. This was the only Course of Lectures ever published, and in book form attained a popularity greater than that of any preceding work of the author. These last great utterances were given extemporaneously and without an abstract, notes, or a reminder of any kind—utterances not beautiful

to the flunkey-mind, or valet-soul, occupied mainly with the fold of the hero's necktie and the cut of his coat. Flunkeydom, by one of its mouth-pieces, thus speaks of them :—" Perhaps his Course for the present year, which was on Hero-Worship, was better attended than any previous one. The average attendance was estimated at three hundred. They chiefly consisted of persons of rank and wealth, as the number of carriages which each day waited the conclusion of the lecture to receive Mr. Carlyle's auditors, and to carry them to their homes, conclusively testified. The locality of Mr. Carlyle's lectures has, I believe, varied every year. The Hanover Rooms, Willis's Rooms, and *a place in the north of London, the name of which I forget*, have severally been chosen as the places whence to give utterance to his profound and original trains of thought.

" A few words will be expected here as to Mr. Carlyle's manner as a lecturer. In so far as his mere manner is concerned, I can scarcely bestow on him a word of commendation. There is something in his manner which, if I may use a rather quaint term, must seem very uncouth to London audiences of the most respectable class, *accustomed as they are to the polished deportment**

* Shade of Mr. Turveydrop, senior, hear this man!

which is usually exhibited in Willis's or the Hanover Rooms. When he enters the room and proceeds to the sort of rostrum whence he delivers his lectures, he is, according to the usual practice in such cases, generally received with applause; but he very rarely takes any more notice of the mark of approbation thus bestowed upon him, than if he were altogether unconscious of it. And the same seeming want of respect for his audience, or, at any rate, the same disregard for what I believe he considers the troublesome forms of politeness, is visible at the commencement of his lecture. Having ascended his desk, he gives a hearty rub to his hands, and plunges at once into his subject. He reads very closely, which, indeed, must be expected, considering the nature of the topics which he undertakes to discuss. He is not prodigal of gesture with his arms or body; but there is something in his eye and countenance which indicates great earnestness of purpose, and the most intense interest in his subject. *You can almost fancy, in some of his most enthusiastic and energetic moments, that you see his inmost soul in his face.* At times, indeed very often, he so unnaturally distorts his features as to give to his countenance a very unpleasant expression. On such occasions you would imagine that he was suddenly seized with some

violent paroxysms of pain. *He is one of the most ungraceful speakers I have ever heard address a public assemblage of persons.* In addition to the awkwardness of his general manner, he 'makes mouths,' which would of themselves be sufficient to mar the agreeableness of his delivery. And his manner of speaking, and the ungracefulness of his gesticulation, are greatly aggravated by his strong Scotch accent. Even to the generality of Scotchmen his pronunciation is harsh in no ordinary degree. Need I say, then, what it must be to an English ear?"

It was in June of this year, a few weeks after the conclusion of the final Course of Lectures, that Carlyle took an active part in founding the London Library, with which his name was afterwards for many years so honourably associated as President. To further the establishment of the new Library a meeting was held on the 24th June at the Freemasons' Tavern, when Lord Lyttelton proposed the second resolution, which was to the effect that the proposed Library would satisfy a want not contemplated by the British Museum. The *Examiner* of June 28th, 1840, thus reports the speech made by Carlyle in seconding the resolution:—

"Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who was received with

loud cheering, came forward to second the resolution. He said:

Speech at Freemasons' Tavern, June 24th, 1840.

"'It would not become us, who are yet only struggling for existence, are merely nascent, and have nothing but good hopes and a good purpose, to commence by casting any censure on the British Museum. Accordingly, we mean no censure by this resolution. We will leave the British Museum standing on its own basis, and be very thankful that such a library does exist in this country. But, supposing it to be managed with the most perfect skill and success, even according to the ideal of such an institution, still I will assert that this other library of ours is requisite also. In the first place, by the very nature of the thing, a great quantity of people are excluded altogether from the British Museum as a reading-room. Every man engaged in business is occupied during the hours in which it is kept open, and innumerable classes of persons find it extremely inconvenient to attend the British Museum Library at all. But granting that they could all go there, I would ask any literary man, any reader of books, any man intimately acquainted with the reading of books, whether he can read them to any purpose in the British Museum? A book is a kind of thing that requires a man to

be self-collected. He must be alone with it. A good book is the purest essence of a human soul. How can a man take it in a crowd, with bustle of all sorts going on around him? The good of a book is not the facts that can be got out of it, but the kind of resonance that it awakens in our own minds. A book may strike out of us a thousand things, may make us know a thousand things, which it does not know itself. For this purpose I decidedly say that no man can read a book well with the bustle of three or four hundred people about him. Even forgetting the mere facts which a book contains, a man can do more with it in his own apartment, in the solitude of one night, than in a week in such a place as the British Museum.

"'Neither with regard to circulating libraries are we bound to utter any kind of censure: circulating libraries are what they can be in the circumstances. I believe, if a man had the heroism to collect a body of great books, to get together the cream of the knowledge that exists in the world, and let it be gradually known that he had such a library, that he would find his advantage in it in the long run; but it would be only in the long run; he must wait ten or twenty years, perhaps a lifetime; he must be a kind of martyr. You cannot expect

a purveyor of circulating literature to be that. The question for such a person to ask is not "Are you wanting to read a wise book?" but, "Have you got sixpence in your pocket to pay for the reading of any book?" Consequently, he must have an eye to the prurient appetite of the great million, and furnish them with any kind of garbage they will have. The result is melancholy—making bad worse; for every bad book begets an appetite for reading a worse one. Thus we come to the age of pinchbeck in literature, and to falsehood of all kinds.

"'So, leaving all other institutions and the British Museum and the circulating libraries to stand, I say that a deservedly good library of good books is a crying want in this great London. How can I be called on to demonstrate a thing that is as clear as the sun? London has more men and intellects waiting to be developed than any place in the world ever has assembled. Yet there is no place on the civilized earth so ill-supplied with materials for reading for those who are not rich. I have read an account of a public library in Iceland, which the King of Denmark has founded there. There is not a peasant in Iceland that cannot bring home books to his hut better than men can in London. Positively it is a kind of disgrace to us, which

we ought to assemble and put an end to with all convenient despatch.

"'The founding of a Library is one of the greatest things we can do with regard to results. It is one of the quietest of all things. But there is nothing that I know of at the bottom more important. Everyone able to read a good book becomes a wiser man. He becomes a centre of light and order, and of just insight into the things around him. A collection of good books contains all the nobleness and wisdom of the world before us. Every heroic and victorious soul has left his stamp upon it. This collection of books is the best of all universities. For the university only teaches how to read the book. You must go to the book itself for what is in it. I call it a church also. Every devout soul that ever lived speaks out of it. It is a church, but with no quarrelling; no church-rates'—(*the remainder of the sentence was drowned in cheers and laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Carlyle sat down*)."

Mr. James Grant on Carlyle's speech.

Poor Mr. James Grant, whose remarks on Carlyle's manner as a lecturer, have already afforded us some amusement, was present at this meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, and he thus set down his impressions of Carlyle's speech on that occasion:—

"I was present some months ago, during the delivery of a speech by Mr. Carlyle at a meeting held in the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of forming a Metropolitan Library; and though that speech did not occupy in its delivery more than five minutes, he made use of some of the most extraordinary phraseology I ever heard employed by a human being. He made use of the expression 'this London,' which he pronounced 'this Loondun,' four or five times. Now this is a phrase which must have been affected; *the most illiterate man* in 'this London' *would have said*, 'in such a place as London,' 'this great and populous place,' 'this vast metropolis,' or used some other expression possessing a little more euphony than 'this London';—a phrase which grated grievously on the ears even of those of Mr. Carlyle's own countrymen who were present, and which must have sounded doubly harsh in the ears of an Englishman, considering the singularly broad Scotch accent with which he spoke."* Your *ears*, did you say, my poor friend? Of what kind *your* "ears" were, is sufficiently apparent!

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* *Portraits of Public Characters.* Vol. ii. pp. 157-58.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN STERLING. — HARRIET MARTINEAU. — CORRESPONDENCE.

HAVING now dealt with *The French Revolution*, and with certain matters appertaining to it, in a separate Chapter, and having also chronicled, as far as the imperfect records accessible would allow us, what we have considered as a distinct and important epoch in the life of Carlyle—his successive appearances as a public lecturer, which immediately followed the completion of the first of his three great historical works, and extended over four years,—we must now go back a little in date and resume the main thread of our narrative.

In December, 1837, Carlyle wrote a very remarkable letter to a correspondent in India, Major David Lester Richardson, in acknowledgment of his *Literary Leaves, or Prose and Verse*,

Facsimile Dispatch in Autograph Mirror No 20 (V. 12. 13) July 8. 1865.

published at Calcutta in 1836. The *Literary Leaves* contain among other things an article on the Italian Opera (taking much the same view of its nugatory and trivial character as Carlyle does in his well-known paper on that subject), and a sketch of Edward Irving. These papers no doubt pleased Carlyle, and perhaps led him to entertain a rather exaggeratedly high opinion of the rest of the book, which, by the bye, the present writer saw still on his shelves—one of the items in his "poor and indeed almost pathetic collection of books"—on visiting him at Cheyne Row in the winter of 1868. But here is the letter:—

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London,
"19th December 1837.

"My dear Sir,

Carlyle to Major Richardson.

"Your courteous gift, with the letter accompanying it, reached me only about a week ago, though dated 20th June, almost at the opposite point of the year. Whether there has been undue delay or not is unknown to me; but at any rate on my side there ought to be no delay.

"I have read your volume—what little of it was known to me before, and the much that was not known—I can say, with true pleasure. It

is written, as few volumes in these days are, with fidelity, with successful care, with insight and conviction as to matter, with clearness and graceful precision as to manner: in a word, it is the impress of a mind stored with elegant accomplishments, gifted with an eye to see, and a heart to understand;—a welcome, altogether recommendable book. More than once I have said to myself and others, How many parlour firesides are there this winter in England, at which this volume, could one give credible announcement of its quality, would be right pleasant company! There are very many, *could* one give the announcement: but no such announcement *can* be given; therefore the parlour firesides must even put up with ———, or what other stuff chance shovels in their way, and read, though with malediction all the time. It is a great pity; but no man can help it. We are now arrived seemingly pretty near the point when all criticism and proclamation in matters literary has degenerated into an inane jargon, incredible, unintelligible, inarticulate as the cawing of choughs and rooks;—and many things, in that as in other provinces, are in a state of painful and rapid transition. A good book has no way of recommending itself except slowly, and as it were accidentally from hand to hand. The man

that wrote it must abide his time. He needs, as indeed all men do, the *faith* that this world is built not on falsehood and jargon, but on truth and reason; that no good thing done by any creature of God, was, is, or ever can be *lost*, but will verily do the service appointed for it, and be found among the general Sum-total and All of Things after long times, nay after all Time, and through Eternity itself. Let him 'cast his bread upon the waters,' therefore, cheerful of heart; 'he will find it after many days.' I know not why I write all this to you; it comes very spontaneously from me. Let it be your satisfaction, the highest a man can have in this world, that the talent intrusted to you did not lie useless, but was turned to account, and proved itself to be a talent; and the 'publishing world' can receive it altogether according to their own pleasure, raise it high on the house-tops, or trample it low into the street-kennels; that is not the question at all; the *thing* remains precisely what it was after never such raising and never such depressing and trampling; there is no change whatever in *it*. I bid you go on, and prosper.

"One thing grieves me: the tone of sadness, I might say of settled melancholy, that runs through all your utterances of yourself. It is

not right, it is wrong; and yet how shall I reprove you?

"You feel yourself an exile, in the East; but in the West too it is exile; I know not where under the sun it is not exile. Here in the Fog-Babylon, amid mud and smoke, in the infinite din of 'vociferous platitude,' and quack outbellowing quack, with Truth and Pity on all hands ground under the wheels,—can one call it a home, or a world? It is a waste chaos, where we have to swim painfully for our life. The utmost a man can do is to swim there like a man, and hold his peace. For this seems to me a great truth, in any exile or chaos whatsoever, that sorrow was *not* given us for sorrow's sake, but always and infallibly as a lesson to us from which we are to learn somewhat; and which, the somewhat once *learned*, ceases to be sorrow. I do believe this, and study in general to 'consume my own smoke'—not indeed without very ugly out-puffs at times! Allan Cunningham is the best; he tells me that always as one grows older, one grows happier: a thing also which I really can believe.

"But as for you, my dear Sir, you have other work to do in the East than grieve. Are there not beautiful things there, glorious things; wanting only an eye to note them, a hand to

record them? If I had the command over you, I would say, Read *Paul et Virginie** then, read the *Chaumière Indienne*; gird yourself together for a right effort, and go and do likewise or better! I mean what I say. The East has its own phases; there are things there which the West yet knows not of; and one Heaven covers both. He that has an eye let him look! I hope you forgive me this style I have got into. It seems to me on reading your book as if we had been long acquainted in some measure; as if one might speak to you right from the heart. I hope we shall meet some day or other. I send you my constant respect and good wishes; and am and remain,

"Yours very truly always,

"T. CARLYLE."

Life of John Sterling.

A great deal of information respecting Carlyle's manner of living and personal history during these earlier years in London may be gleaned incidentally from his *Life of John Sterling*, a book which, from the

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Paul and Virginia.

* It has been vaguely whispered in a memoir of Carlyle published many years ago in a long-defunct journal that Carlyle once, in his early years of journey-work, translated this book in whole or in part:—"Edinburgh booksellers still hint to you of minor translations, such as that of *Paul and Virginia*, in which Carlyle had a share; but they may be safely left to the researches of future Boswells."—*The Critic*, June 14, 1851 (vol. x. p. 277).

nature of it, is necessarily in part autobiographical. We do not propose, however, to attempt so superfluous a task as the analysis of a book so well known and so easily procurable; though it will not pass without due mention and record in its proper place.

Sterling's Review of Carlyle's Works.

Sterling's famous notice of Carlyle in the *London and Westminster Review* (already alluded to and quoted in our chapter on the *French Revolution*), an essay in which the genius of Carlyle was first adequately recognised, and which awakened real pleasure and gratitude in the subject of it, appeared in October 1839. Sterling gives thirteen axioms or theses, which, "as a hint and foretaste of what is written in his works, it may be said that Mr. Carlyle thus teaches:—

1839 Oct. Vol 33 p. 1–68.

"1.

"The Universe, including Man as its Chief Object, is all a region of Wonder and mysterious Truth, demanding, before all other feelings, Reverence, as the Condition of Insight.

"2.

"For he who rejects from his Thoughts all that he cannot perfectly analyse and comprehend, all that claims veneration, never will meditate on the primary fact of Existence. Yet what is

so necessary to the Being of a Thing, so certainly the deepest secret in it, as Being itself? All else in an object—all qualities and properties viewed without reference to this, which is their root and life, cannot, rightly speaking, be understood, though they may be counted, measured, and handled.

"3.

"Religion therefore is the highest bond between Man and the Universe. The world rises out of unknown sacred depths before the soul, which it ever draws into contemplation of it. It repels the man into entire ignorance only when he fails to acknowledge the unfathomable Depth which he and it belong to.

"4.

"But at best we are immensely ignorant. Around us is a fulness of life, now vocal in a tone, now visible in a gleam, but of which we never can measure the whole compass, or number and explore the endless forces.

"5.

"Yet, to him who looks aright, the divine substance of all is to be seen kindling at moments in the smallest, no less than in the grandest thing that is—for Existence is itself divine, and awakens in him who contemplates, a sense of

divinity such as men of old were fain to call prophetic.

"6.

"This sense of the Divine, penetrating and brightening a man's whole nature, attuning his utterance, and unfolding into images that blaze out of the darkness of custom and practice, and shape themselves into a completeness of their own—this is Poetry—the highest Form of the God-like in Man's being, the freest recognition of the God-like in All.

"7.

"As there is a poetic Light dormant in all Things, to which the Music of our Feelings gives the signal of awakening—so especially is this true of man, in whom dwells the Knowledge of Existence as well as the Fact.

"8.

"Thus the seer finds in his brethren, of every age and land, the most perplexing, indeed, startling, woful, but also the highest, fairest, amplest, all-suggestive figures of his life-long vision.

"9.

"But to know and understand even Man is not for man the foremost task. We are made,

by the craft of Nature—of him whom Nature clothes, veils, and manifests—chiefly to be ourselves makers. To work, to do, is our calling —that for which we were called forth to be.

"10.

"Knowledge and Strength, in their highest and most harmonious energy, are the reward only of the noblest effort. But all who toil in any work, when the work is not a mere winnowing of chaff, are doing humanly, worthily.

"11.

"Therefore, to trace men and their ways through the dusky mazes of the Past, and among all the confusions of our own time,—to see what they are doing, and how, and why—is itself a work fit for a thoughtful and affectionate mind, and will not be without fruit either for them or him.

"12.

"But in this survey of all things round us, and in the experience of ourselves, which we shall certainly gain if we attempt such devout and sympathetic observation, Evil, Grief, Horror, Shame, Follies, Errors, Frailties of all kinds, will needs press upon the eye and heart. And

thus the habitual temper of the best will rather be strenuous and severe than light and joyous.

"13.

"A cutting sorrow, a weary indignation, will not be far from him who duly weighs the world. But in unswerving labour for high ends, in valour and simplicity, in truth with himself and with all men, there shall still be a sustaining power. So shall he have faith in a good ever present, but bleeding and in mourners' garments, among the sons of men. And by perseverance to the end, life may be completed bravely and worthily, though with no bacchanalian triumph."

The following are some of Sterling's remarks on *Sartor Resartus*:—

John Sterling on *Sartor Resartus*.

"Among the works of Mr. Carlyle, there is one fiction—*Sartor Resartus, the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh.* This consists of two intertwisted threads, though both spun off the same distaff, and of the same crimson wool. There is a fragmentary, though, when closely examined, a complete biography of a supposed German professor, and, along with it, portions of a supposed treatise of his on the philosophy of clothes. Of the three books, the first is preparatory, and

Sterling's Essay on Carlyle.

Archdeacon Hare informs us that "the Essay on Carlyle was meant to be a just tribute to a friend, whom for some years he had honoured and loved with an ever increasing affection and admiration." He adds some remarks on the subject from one of Sterling's own letters:—"I shall not do it at all completely; but I do not know anyone else who would be likely to do it, and would do it better. An essay on him by Maurice would be of very great value, far beyond anything I can hope to do; but I may perhaps bring out some points that he would not touch upon." "It has cost me trouble," he writes later on, "and given me knowledge, but will, I fear, satisfy few or none, and disturb many. Those who do not understand it will of course dislike it; and perhaps those who do may still more bitterly disapprove it. But, though I expect to lose friends and gain enemies, I am glad of having spoken out what seems to me true. It was written because I thought myself bound to stand up, when no one else would, on behalf of views which I believe, and think important. But it was also written in the midst of distractions of all kinds, and under frequent pains and languors, which necessitated strong explosions of will to control them, such

as can hardly have failed to give an over-violent, harsh, and altogether excessive character both to the style and opinions."*

Of Carlyle's literary prospects and doings, and of the aspect of the Chelsea interior in those years, Harriet Martineau affords us in her Autobiography a pleasant glimpse, hardly at all tinged (at least as regards the principal figure in her picture) with the spirit of detraction and malice that mar and distort her descriptions of most of her celebrated contemporaries:—

Harriet Martineau on Carlyle.

"No kind of evening was more delightful to me than those which were spent with the Carlyles. About once a fortnight a mutual friend of theirs and mine drove me over to Chelsea, to the early tea-table at No. 5 Cheyne Row—the house which Carlyle was perpetually complaining of and threatening to leave. I never believed that, considering the delicate health of both, they could ever flourish on that Chelsea clay, close to the river; and I rejoiced when the term of lease had nearly expired, and my friends were looking out for another house. If they were living in a

* *Essays and Tales by John Sterling, Collected and Edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by Julius Charles Hare.* In Two Volumes. London: J. W. Parker, 1848. (Vol. i. pp. 132-133.)

'cauldron' and a 'Babel,' it seemed desirable that they should find an airy quiet home in the country, near enough to London to enjoy its society at pleasure. Carlyle went forth, on the fine black horse which a friend had sent him with sanitary views, and looked about him. Forth he went, his wife told me, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the World in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of London. All their friends were on the look-out; and I, from my sick chamber at Tynemouth, sent them earnest entreaties to settle on a gravelly soil; but old habit prevailed, and the philosopher renewed the lease, and set to work to make for himself a noise-proof chamber, where his fretted nerves might possibly obtain rest amidst the London 'Babel.' I like the house for no other reason than that I spent many very pleasant evenings in it; but it has now become completely associated with the marvellous talk of both husband and wife. There we met Mazzini. . . . Another *vie manquée* was before my eyes at the Carlyles'. John Sterling was then in the midst of his conflicts of all sorts,—with bad health, with the solemn pity and covert reprobation of orthodox friends and patrons, and with his own restless excitement about authorship. I cannot say that I

knew him at all; for I never heard the sound of his voice. When we met at the tea-table, he treated me like a chair; and so pointed was his rude ignoring of me, that there was nothing to be done but for Carlyle to draw off apart with him after tea, while the rest of us talked on the other side of the room. . . . . Another memorable head was there now and then. Leigh Hunt was there, with his cheery face, bright, acute, and full of sensibility. . . . I remember one evening when Horne was there (the author of *Orion*, &c.), wishing that the three heads —Hunt's, Horne's, and Carlyle's—could be sketched in a group. Horne's perfectly white complexion, and somewhat coxcombical curling whiskers, and determined picturesqueness, contrasted curiously with the homely manliness of Hunt's fine countenance, and the rugged face, steeped in genius, of Carlyle. I have seen Carlyle's face under all aspects, from the deepest gloom to the most reckless or most genial mirth; and it seemed to me that each mood would make a totally different portrait. The sympathetic is by far the finest, in my eyes. His excess of sympathy has been, I believe, the master-pain of his life. He does not know what to do with it, and with its bitterness, seeing that

John Sterling.

human life is full of pain to those who look out for it; and the savageness which has come to be a main characteristic of this singular man is, in my opinion, a mere expression of his intolerable sympathy with the suffering. He cannot express his love and pity in natural acts, like other people; and it shows itself too often in unnatural speech. But to those who understand his eyes, his shy manner, his changing colour, his sigh, and the constitutional *pudeur* which renders him silent about everything that he feels the most deeply, his wild speech and abrupt manner are perfectly intelligible. I have felt to the depths of my heart what his sympathy was in my days of success and prosperity and apparent happiness without drawback; and again in sickness, pain, and hopelessness of being ever at ease again: I have observed the same strength of feeling towards all manner of sufferers; and I am confident that Carlyle's affections are too much for him, and the real cause of the 'ferocity' with which he charges himself, and astonishes others. It must be such a strong love and honour as his friends feel for him that can compensate for the pain of witnessing his suffering life. When I knew him familiarly, he rarely slept, was wofully dyspeptic, and as variable as possible in

Harriet Martineau and Carlyle.

mood. When my friend and I entered the little parlour at Cheyne Row, our host was usually miserable. Till he got his coffee, he asked a list of questions, without waiting for answers, and looked as if he was on the rack. After tea, he brightened and softened, and sent us home full of admiration and friendship, and sometimes with a hope that he would some day be happy. It was our doing,—that friend's and mine,—that he gave Lectures for three or four seasons. He had matter to utter; and there were many who wished to hear him; and in those days before his works had reached their remunerative point of sale, the earnings by his Lectures could not be unacceptable. So we confidently proceeded, taking the management of the arrangements, and leaving Carlyle nothing to do but to meet his audience, and say what he had to say. Whenever I went, my pleasure was a good deal spoiled by his unconcealable nervousness.

His nervousness in lecturing.

Yellow as a guinea, with downcast eyes, broken speech at the beginning, and fingers which nervously picked at the desk before him, he could not for a moment be supposed to enjoy his own effort; and the lecturer's own enjoyment is a prime element of success. The merits of Carlyle's discourses were, however, so great that

he might probably have gone on year after year till this time, with improving success, and perhaps ease: but the struggle was too severe. From the time that his Course was announced till it was finished, he scarcely slept, and he grew more dyspeptic and nervous every day; and we were at length entreated to say no more about his lecturing, as no fame, and no money or other advantage, could counterbalance the misery which the engagement caused him. I remember being puzzled for a long time as to whether Carlyle did or did not care for fame. He was for ever scoffing at it; and he seemed to me just the man to write because he needed to utter himself, without ulterior considerations. One day I was dining there alone. I had brought over from America twenty-five copies of his *Sartor Resartus* as reprinted there;* and, having sold them, I had some money to put into his hand. I did put it into his hand the first time; but it made him uncomfortable, and he spent it in a pair of signet-rings for his wife and me (her motto being 'Point de faiblesse,' and mine 'Frisch zu!'). This would never do; so,

* This was apparently before the work had been published in book form in England.—Ed.

having imported and sold a second parcel, the difficulty was what to do with the money. My friend and I found that Carlyle was ordered weak brandy and water instead of wine; and we spent our few sovereigns in French brandy of the best quality, which we carried over one evening, when going to tea. Carlyle's amusement and delight at first, and all the evening after, whenever he turned his eyes towards the long-necked bottles, showed us that we had made a good choice. He declared that he had got a reward for his labours at last; and his wife asked me to dinner, all by myself, to taste the brandy. We three sat round the fire after dinner, and Carlyle mixed the toddy while Mrs. Carlyle and I discussed some literary matters, and speculated on fame and the love of it. Then Carlyle held out a glass of his mixture to me with, 'Here,—take this. It is worth all the fame in England.' Yet Allan Cunningham, who knew and loved him well, told me one evening, to my amazement, that Carlyle would be very well, and happy enough, if he got a little more fame. I asked him whether he was in earnest; and he said he was, and, moreover, sure that he was right—I should see that he was. Carlyle's fame has grown from that day; and on the whole his health and spirits seem

to be improved, so that his friend Allan was partly right. But I am certain that there are constitutional sources of pain (aggravated, no doubt, by excess in study in his youth) which have nothing to do with love of fame, or any other self-regards.

Collected *Miscellanies.*

"In 1837 he came to me to ask how he should manage if he accepted a proposal from Fraser to publish his pieces as a collection of 'Miscellanies.' After discussing the money part of the business, I begged him to let me undertake the proof-correcting — supposing, of course, that the pieces were to be simply reprinted. He nearly agreed to let me do this, but afterwards changed his mind. The reason for my offer was that the sight of his proofs had more than once really alarmed me,—so irresolute, as well as fastidious, did he seem to be as to the expression of his plainest thoughts. Almost every other word was altered, and revise followed upon revise. I saw at once that this way of proceeding must be very harassing to him; and also that profit must be cut off to a most serious degree by this absurdly expensive method of printing. I told him that it would turn out just so if he would not allow his 'Miscellanies' to be reprinted just as they stood, in the form in which people

had admired, and now desired to possess them. As might be expected, the printing went on very slowly, and there seemed every probability that this simple reprint would stand over to another season. One day, while in my study, I heard a prodigious sound of laughter on the stairs; and in came Carlyle, laughing loud. He had been laughing in that manner all the way from the printing-office in Charing Cross. As soon as he could, he told me what it was about. He had been to the office to urge on the printer, and the man said, 'Why, sir, you really are so very hard upon us with your corrections! They take so much time, you see!' After some remonstrance, Carlyle observed that he had been accustomed to this sort of thing,—that he had got works printed in Scotland, and . . . 'Yes, indeed, sir,' interrupted the printer, 'we are aware of that. We have a man here from Edinburgh; and when he took up a bit of your copy, he dropped it as if it had burnt his fingers, and cried out, "Lord, have mercy! have you got that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done,—with all his corrections!"' Carlyle could not reply for laughing, and he came to tell me that I was

A fit of laughter.

Carlyle's corrections.

not singular in my opinion about his method of revising."*

Sir Walter Scott.

In January 1838 Carlyle's paper on Sir Walter Scott (one of the most delightful and readable of his Essays) appeared in the *London and Westminster Review*, occasioned by Lockhart's then newly-published *Life of Scott*; and at the other end of the same year (December 1838) a paper on *Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs*—perhaps one of the least known and read of his review articles. It may be worth while to mention that the last-named paper was signed "S. P." on its original appearance in the Review. Whether this signature was intended for the initials of one of the many *noms-de-guerre* which Carlyle was so fond of inventing, whether it was meant as a mystification, or whether it had any purpose or significance at all, we are not prepared to say. We merely record the fact.

In this year (1838) *Sartor Resartus*, which had already run through two editions in America, did at last get itself published as a book in England,*

* *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*, vol. i. pp. 377-386. It is not a little interesting and curious to compare with the above Carlyle's not altogether unkindly but extremely sarcastic description and estimate of Harriet Martineau, as given in his *Reminiscences* (vol. ii. pp. 212-13).

† *Sartor Resartus; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. In Three Books.* London:

seven years after it was written, four years after its first publication by instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*, and when it had been for three years procurable as a volume in the United States. So singular a fate has perhaps rarely attended a book of such high merit and originality.

Sartor Resartus.

Carlyle's Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, contributed to various Reviews and Magazines from 1827 onwards, and all or nearly all of which have been already referred to in their chronological sequence (which had also, we believe, been previously republished in book form, either wholly or in part, in America), were first collected in England in 1839, in a four-volume edition. This is the book to which Harriet Martineau alludes in the passage quoted above. Of the little pieces in verse ("Fractions," as Carlyle afterwards called them) only "The Tragedy of the Night-Moth," is given in this edition; the other pieces were added, however, in the second and all subsequent editions. The fourth and last volume closes with the paper on *Varnhagen von Ense*, and with a characteristic Petition on

First Collected Edition of *Miscellanies.*

Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street, 1838, pp. xii. 310.

Prefixed are six pages of "Testimonies of Authors," dated at the end "London, June 30, 1838."

the Copyright Bill, which had originally appeared in the *Examiner* of April 7, 1839.

About this time was made the curious discovery already referred to in reference to the falsehood of the commonly-received account of the Sinking of the *Vengeur*, which elicited a paper from Carlyle, printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for July 1839. We have already given particulars of this matter in the Chapter on *The French Revolution*.

Chartism.

Chartism was written at this time; a new departure for Carlyle, and the precursor of much that was to follow in the next decade of his life. The little booklet (which barely exceeded a hundred pages in length) made no small stir at the time, and passed into a Second Edition in 1840.* Probably no previous or subsequent production of Carlyle's is now less read. Of this work John Sterling writes in a letter to a friend :—

"His *Chartism*, full as it is of inconsistencies and fallacies, has yet, besides his usual merits, one to me very striking peculiarity. All the phrases about the ultimate coincidence of Right and Might, and everything touching on the

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* *Chartism.* By Thomas Carlyle. Second Edition. London: James Fraser, Regent Street, 1840, pp. 113.

ground of Ethics, is here, for the first time in his works, so guarded and explained, as to present not the slightest apparent sanction of immorality. This change has given me more pleasure than anything I remember to have noticed in a book for this long time past."

In 1840 appeared also the Second Collected Edition of the *Miscellanies*, this time in five volumes, and much more handsomely printed than the first edition. That five-volume edition is still, or was till very lately, a favourite with collectors. It included the letter on the "Sinking of the *Vengeur*," and (for the first time) the seven other Fractions, chiefly in verse, which follow the "Tragedy of the Night-Moth."

We go back a little, with the reader's permission, to domestic and personal adventures. In August 1839 we have a pleasant glimpse of Carlyle enjoying a period of well-earned repose and relaxation at Templand (near Thornhill in Dumfriesshire) where his wife's mother, Mrs. Welsh, then resided. "This piece of the Universe called Nithsdale, in this section of Eternity called August 1839, is very beautiful; doubly beautiful to me whose head has long simmered half-mad with brick wildernesses, dust, smoke, and loud-roaring confusion that meant little." So

To Thomas Aird.

he writes to Thomas Aird, the poet, in a letter not otherwise specially interesting, dated "Templand, 5th August, 1839."

Before introducing the letter which is now to follow, it should be mentioned that the person to whom it has reference, Mr. James Dodds, was a young Scotchman, whose early projects were crossed by adversity. After an erratic youth he had bound himself apprentice to a solicitor, and as he neared the completion of his term made the Scottish bar the goal of his ambition. Poverty, however, still dogged his steps, and in hope of ekeing out his means of livelihood he began to think of writing for the press. Having confided his difficulties to a cousin and fellow-student, this friend sent his letter, without his knowledge, to Carlyle, from whom in due course he received the following reply:—

James Dodds.

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
"5th February 1840.

"Dear Sir,

"It would surely be a duty and a luxury to help a young man struggling in such difficulties, outward and inward, as those of your cousin. Unfortunately, however, there seems nothing, or very little, beyond barren

sympathy and wishes, that I could offer in the way of help. A man is not so easily *helped*; the help that would avail such a man as your cousin seems to be must come from within rather than from without.

"As to this project of writing for the periodical press, I must say, in the first place, that there is yet no evidence of your cousin's having acquired a faculty to write what would be successful or useful there. Then, secondly, my concern with that department of things was always in the utmost degree *exoteric*, and for a good many years back has altogether ceased; so that any furtherance of mine could advance him but a little way, if at all. And then, alas! thirdly, that it is doubtful to me whether the highest conceivable 'success' in that course might not be for your cousin an *evil* in place of a blessing. I speak advisedly in this matter. There is no madder section of human business now weltering under the sun than that of periodical literature in England at this day. The meagrest bread-and-water wages at any honest, steady occupation, I should say, are preferable for a young man, especially for an ambitious, excitable young man. I mistake much if your cousin were not wise to stick steadfastly by his Law and what benefits it will

yield him; studying, of course, in all ways, to perfect and cultivate himself, but leaving all literary glory, &c. &c., to lie in the distance, an obscure possibility of the future, which he might attain, perhaps, but also could do very well without attaining. In another year, it seems, his official salary may be expected to increase into something tolerable; he has his mother and loved ones within reach; he has, or by diligence can borrow and have, some books worth reading; his own free heart is within him, to shape into humble wisdom, or mar into violent madness; God's great sky is over him, God's green, peaceable earth around him. I really know not that he ought to be in haste to quit such arrangements.

"Nevertheless, if he persist in the purpose to write, which, in my ignorance of the details of his situation, I know not that he should absolutely avoid doing, let him by all means try it. If he turn out to have the fit talent, he will decidedly find an editor; if not, it is better in all ways that he do not find one. I will, with great readiness, forward his paper to the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine*, who is my bookseller, and have it looked at. I would offer it to any other editor whom your cousin might suggest, provided I knew such editor; but except Mr.

Tait of Edinburgh, whom I did once know, I can think of no other much worth applying to, if, indeed, these be worth it! They will make short work of the business, and answer truly, 'This thing seems *fit* for *us*; this thing seems not fit!' That is all they will answer.

"In conclusion, I should say that your cousin ought decidedly to try for some other subject to start with than criticism on Shakespeare. Doubtless *he* must know best what he has the call to write upon, if he have really an *inward* call. But the thing he will have the chance to write entertainingly upon will be something *he* specially himself has seen; not probably Shakespeare, I should say, which all the world these two centuries has been doing its best to see. Excuse this abruptness. Heaven knows I would gladly help your cousin, if I could. τλῆτε φίλοι! For the present I subscribe myself

"Yours truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

This is one of the earliest instances (and not one of the least beautiful) that has yet come to light of Carlyle's untiring readiness, in the midst of his own toil and suffering (of which, perhaps, until the publication of his *Reminiscences*, only those nearest to him had any adequate,

and few others more than a remote conception), to help on weary wayfarers who were beginning the journey of life, and of his unfailing kindness in clearing the difficulties and solving the doubts of correspondents entirely unknown either to him or to fame, and in extending to them a prompt and appropriate word of advice, encouragement, warning, or sympathy, wherever he had reason to believe their communications were frankly, loyally, and genuinely made. Abundant further proofs and instances of all that remain to be adduced at a later stage of our narrative.

"Program" or *Programme?*

Here, meanwhile, is another letter to Thomas Aird, which we this time give entire, curious as exhibiting the first instance of an orthographical heresy, in which Carlyle persisted ever afterwards (notably in his *Friedrich*) of the analogous Greek mode of spelling "Program" like anagram, monogram, epigram, telegram,—discarding the received French style of *Programme* (two last letters clearly a superfluity, and false to etymology). We don't know whether it is through some ludicrous involuntary association with a certain "Elijah Pogram," not unknown in fiction, which the word in its new-fangled form oddly resembles, but for ourselves, though approving of it

theoretically, we have never had the courage to adopt this fashion of writing the word. But here is Carlyle's letter.

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
"1st May 1840.

"DEAR MR. AIRD,

Carlyle to Thomas Aird.

"Accept many thanks for your long kind letter; a welcome proof of your remembrance of us. When you read the enclosed Program,* and think that my day of *execution* ('Do not hurry, good people; there can be no sport till I am there!') is fixed for Tuesday next, you will see too well the impossibility of writing any due reply. Alas, I am whirling; the sport of viewless winds! It is the humour I always get into, and cannot help it. Some way or other in four weeks more we shall be through the business; and hope not to resume it in a hurry. For lecturing, as indeed for worldly felicity in general, I want two things, or perhaps one of them, either of them would bring the other with it and suffice—health and impudence. We must do the best we can, and 'be thankful' always, as an old military gentleman used to say,

* Of *Lectures on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History.* No. 1, Tuesday, 5th May 1840.

'that we are not in Purgatory.' We noticed Gordon's promotion, with pleasure, in the *Herald*. I have never heard a word from the man himself; he will suit the business well, and the business him;—a good honest soul as is in all Scotland or any other land. You are happy to be in green quiet places: for me, ah me! I am here in the whirlwind of every kind of smoke, dust, din, and inanity; 'I can't get out!' We shall meet if we can this summer; but it is uncertain, like all things.

"Yours always,

"T. CARLYLE.

"P.S,—My wife is now pretty well; improving always with the progress of the sun. We had the coldest March and the hottest April I can remember."

The Lectures on Heroes were published, as we have seen, early in the year after their delivery,* this fourth and last Course being the only one that appeared in print.

In the summer of 1841 Carlyle renewed his correspondence with Mr. Macvey Napier, who

* *On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History.* Six Lectures. Reported, with Emendations and Additions. By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser, 1841, pp. 393.

These Lectures were delivered on Tuesday, 5th May; Friday, 8th May; Tuesday, 12th May; Friday, 15th May; Tuesday, 19th May; and Friday, 22nd May 1840.

still sat on the editorial throne of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the following letter he suggests and offers to prepare an article on Contemporary Poetry and Fiction in France:—

"Chelsea, June 21, 1841.

"My dear Sir,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"For a good while past it has occasionally seemed to me as if I might do worse than, some time or other, write an essay on that notable phenomenon, consisting of George Sand, Abbé Lamennais, &c. with their writings; what Goethe well names the 'Literature of Desperation.' I find enormous temporary mischief, and even a radical perversion, falsity, and delirium in it, yet withal the struggle towards an indispensable ulterior good. The taste for it among Radical men, especially among Radical women, is spreading everywhere: perhaps a good word on it in these circumstances were worthy of uttering? For several reasons, especially at the present moment, your Review rather than another were the place for such a thing. I do not know of late years how you go on at all; but I think, if you gave me elbow-room, I might produce a useful and pleasant piece, not entirely discordant with your general

tendencies. At all events, I will ask you to write me as soon as possible a word on this project. I hope very shortly to get away into my native region for some months: if, on closer practical inspection, the thing seemed feasible and suitable, I might take the necessary books with me, and occupy some portion of my leisure with it there.

"Believe me ever,

"Very truly yours,

"T. CARLYLE."

Unforeseen difficulties and impediments intervened, however, and compelled the abandonment, as announced in the letter that follows, of a project which had been favourably enough received by the Editor to whom it was submitted.

"Ecclefechan, July 12, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,

To Mr. Macvey Napier.

"Your courteous and obliging letter reached me before I left town. For the last fortnight I have been wandering to and fro, and could not till a few days ago make any definite reply. Arriving here, I find myself disappointed of the house I had counted on occupying, in this native region of mine, till winter; find myself

disappointed of several things; and, on the whole, not likely to continue here much longer than a month; but again to wander, and to spend my summer season differently from what I had expected. One of the things that fall to the ground in consequence is that project of an article on the present aspects of Poetic Literature in France. It returns, alas, to the state of a hope or wish; and cannot, I fear, become a fact, for the present! You must pardon me for having troubled you with it. My excuse is that of Melbourne on the Corn Laws; that of many men in the like circumstance; 'sons of Time,' and subjects more or less of chance which Time brings!

If I ever do write the article, if it do not die in the mere condition of a wish, as so much does with us, I will offer it to you; and have you and your terms and capabilities in view while writing it.

"With many thanks for the past, many wishes for the future,

"I remain

"Yours very truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

CHAPTER VIII.

PREFACE TO EMERSON'S ESSAYS — CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. CHALMERS, CHARLES DICKENS, AND OTHERS.

EMERSON'S pilgrimage to Craigenputtoch in the summer of 1833 will not have been forgotten by the reader; nor his friendly introduction of *Sartor Resartus* to the American public two or three years later. In 1841 an occasion happened for a graceful return of these courtesies on the part of Carlyle. In the interval of years which had elapsed, Emerson had become a man of mark and note in his own country, respecting whose utterances, too, some curiosity was gradually beginning to awaken here in England. Possibly by Carlyle's suggestion, certainly with his concurrence, the "teacher of starry wisdom high serene" (as John Sterling apostrophised him in the Dedica-

Carlyle's Preface to Emerson's *Essays*.

tion to *Strafford*) was to be presented before an English public, and secure if he could an English audience, by a London re-issue of his *Essays*,* under the auspices and through the medium of Mr. James Fraser, the publisher and proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine*. Carlyle at any rate consented, if he did not volunteer, to write a Prefatory Introduction to the volume, which is one of the most interesting and important of his scattered and uncollected writings. Thus it runs:—

Carlyle's Preface to Emerson's *Essays*.

"To the great reading public, entering Mr. Fraser's and other shops in quest of daily provender, it may be as well to state, on the very threshold, that this little reprint of an American book of Essays is in no wise the thing suited for them; that not the great reading public, but only the small thinking public, and perhaps only a portion of these, have any question to ask concerning it. No editor or reprinter can expect such a book ever to become popular here. But, thank Heaven, the small thinking public has now also a visible existence among us, is visibly enlarging itself. At the present time it can be

* *Essays*. By R. W. Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts. With Preface by Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser, 1841, pp. xiii. 137.

predicted, what some years ago it could not be, that a certain number of human creatures will be found extant in England to whom the words of a man, speaking from the heart of him, in what fashion soever, under what obstructions soever, will be welcome;—welcome, perhaps, as a brother's voice, to 'wanderers in the labyrinthic Night!' For these, and not for any other class of persons, is this little book reprinted and recommended. Let such read, and try; ascertain for themselves, whether this *is* a kind of articulate human voice, speaking words, or only another of the thousand thousand ventriloquisms, mimetic echoes, hysteric shrieks, hollow laughters, and mere *in*articulate mechanical babblements, the soul-confusing din of which already fills all places? I will not anticipate their verdict; but I reckon it safe enough, and even a kind of duty in these circumstances, to invite them to *try*.

"The name of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not entirely new in England: distinguished travellers bring us tidings of such a man; fractions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious here; fitful hints that there is, in New England, some spiritual notability called Emerson, glide through Reviews and Magazines. Whether these hints were true or not true,

readers are now to judge for themselves a little better.

"Emerson's writings and speakings amount to something:—and yet hitherto, as seems to me, this Emerson is perhaps far less notable for what he has spoken or done, than for the many things he has not spoken and has forborne to do. With uncommon interest I have learned that this, and in such a never-resting locomotive country too, is one of those rare men who have withal the invaluable talent of sitting still! That an educated man of good gifts and opportunities, after looking at the public arena, and even trying, not with ill success, what its tasks and its prizes might amount to, should retire for long years into rustic obscurity; and, amid the all-pervading jingle of dollars and loud chaffering of ambitions and promotions, should quietly, with cheerful deliberateness, sit down to spend *his* life not in Mammon-worship, or the hunt for reputation, influence, place, or any outward advantage whatsoever: this, when we get notice of it, is a thing really worth noting. As Paul Louis Courrier said: '*Ce qui me distingue de tous mes contemporains c'est que je n'ai pas la prétention d'être roi.*' 'All my contemporaries;'—poor contemporaries! It is as if the man said: Yes, ye contemporaries, be it known to you, or let it remain unknown, There

is one man who does not need to be a king; king neither of nations, nor of parishes or cliques, nor even of *cent-per-annums*; nor, indeed, of anything at all save of himself only. 'Realities?' Yes, your dollars are real, your cotton and molasses are real; so are Presidentships, Senatorships, celebrations, reputations, and the wealth of Rothschild: but to me, on the whole, they are not the reality that will suffice. To me, without some other reality, they are mockery, and amount to *zero*, nay, to a negative quantity. ETERNITIES surround this God-given life of mine: what will all the dollars in creation do for me? Dollars, dignities, senate-addresses, review-articles, gilt coaches or cavalcades, with world-wide huzzaings and parti-coloured beef-eaters never so many: O Heaven, what were all these? Behold, ye shall have all these, and I will endeavour for a thing other than these. Behold, we will entirely agree to differ in this matter; I to be in your eyes nothing, you to be something, to be much, to be all things:—wherefore, adieu in God's name; go ye that way, I go this!——Pity that a man, for such cause, should be so distinguished from *all* his contemporaries! It is a misfortune partly of these our peculiar times. Times and nations of any strength have always privately held in them

many such men. Times and nations that hold none or few of such, may indeed seem to themselves strong and great, but are only bulky, loud; no heart or solidity in them;—*great*, as the blown bladder is, which by and by will collapse and become small enough!

For myself, I have looked over with no common feeling to this brave Emerson, seated by his rustic hearth, on the other side of the Ocean (yet not altogether parted from me either), silently communing with his own soul, and with the God's World it finds itself alive in yonder. Pleasures of Virtue, Progress of the Species, Black Emancipation, New Tariff, Eclecticism, Locofocoism, ghost of Improved-Socinianism: these with many other ghosts and substances are squeaking, jabbering, according to their capabilities, round this man; to one man among the sixteen millions their jabber is all unmusical. The silent voices of the Stars above, and of the green Earth beneath, are profitabler to him,—tell him gradually that these others are but ghosts, which will shortly have to vanish; that the Life-Fountain these proceeded out of does not vanish! The words of such a man, what words he finds good to speak, are worth attending to. By degrees a small circle of living souls eager to hear is

gathered. The silence of this man has to become speech: may this too, in its due season, prosper for him!—Emerson has gone to lecture, various times, to special audiences, in Boston, and occasionally elsewhere. Three of those Lectures, already printed, are known to some here; as is the little pamphlet called *Nature*, of somewhat earlier date. It may be said, a great meaning lies in these pieces, which as yet finds no adequate expression for itself. A noteworthy though very unattractive work, moreover, is that new periodical they call *The Dial*, in which he occasionally writes; which appears indeed generally to be imbued with his way of thinking, and to proceed from the circle that learns of him. This present little volume of *Essays*, printed in Boston a few months ago, is Emerson's first book. An unpretending little book, composed probably, in good part, from mere Lectures which already lay written. It affords us, on several sides, in such manner as it can, a direct glimpse into the man and that spiritual world of his.

"Emerson, I understand, was bred to Theology; of which primary bent his latest way of thought still bears traces. In a very enigmatic way we hear much of the 'universal soul,' of the &c. &c.: flickering like bright bodiless Northern

Streamers, notions and half-notions of a metaphysic, theosophic, theologic kind, are seldom long wanting in these *Essays*. I do not advise the British Public to trouble itself much with all that; still less, to take offence at it. Whether this Emerson be 'a Pantheist,' or what kind of Theist or *Ist* he may be, can perhaps as well remain undecided. If he prove a devout-minded, veritable, original man, this for the present will suffice. *Ists* and *Isms* are rather growing a weariness. Such a man does not readily range himself under *Isms*. A man to whom the 'open secret of the universe' is no longer a closed one, what can his *speech* of it be in these days? All human speech, in the best days, all human thought that can or could articulate itself in reference to such things, what is it but the eager stammering and struggling as of a wondering infant—in view of the Unnameable! That this little book has no 'system,' and points or stretches far beyond all systems, is one of its merits. We will call it the soliloquy of a true soul, alone under the stars, in this day. In England as elsewhere the voice of a true soul, *any* voice of such, may be welcome to some. For in England as elsewhere old dialects and formulas are mostly lying dead; some dim suspicion, or

Pantheist or *Pot*-theist?

clear knowledge, indicates on all hands that they are as good as dead ;—and how can the skilfulest *galvanizing* make them any more live? For they are dead: and their galvanic motions, O Heavens, are not of a pleasant sort!—That one man more, in the most modern dialect of this year 1841, recognises the oldest everlasting truths: here is a thing worth seeing, among the others. One man more who knows, and believes of very certainty, that Man's Soul is still alive, that God's Universe is still godlike, that of all Ages of Miracles ever seen, or dreamt of, by far the most miraculous is this age in this hour; and who with all these devout beliefs has dared, like a valiant man, to bid chimeras, '*Be* chimerical; disappear, and let us have an end of you!'—is not this worth something? In a word, while so many Benthamisms, Socialisms, Fourrierisms, *professing* to have no soul, go staggering and lowing like monstrous mooncalves, the product of a heavy-laden moonstruck age; and, in this same baleful 'twelfth hour of the night,' even galvanic Puseyisms, as we say, are visible, and dancings of the sheeted dead,—shall not any voice of a living man be welcome to us, even because it is alive?

"For the rest, what degree of mere literary talent lies in these utterances, is but a secondary

question; which every reader may gradually answer for himself. What Emerson's talent is, we will not altogether estimate by this book. The utterance is abrupt, fitful; the great idea not yet embodied struggles towards an embodiment. Yet everywhere there is the true heart of a man; which is the parent of all talent; which without much talent cannot exist. A breath as of the green country,—all the welcomer that it is *New*-England country, not second-hand but first-hand country,—meets us wholesomely everywhere in these *Essays*: the authentic green Earth is there, with her mountains, rivers, with her mills and farms. Sharp gleams of insight arrest us by their pure intellectuality; here and there, in heroic rusticism, a tone of modest manfulness, of mild invincibility, low-voiced but lion-strong, make us too thrill with a noble pride. Talent? Such ideas as well in this man, how can they ever speak themselves with *enough* of talent? The talent is not the chief question here. The idea, that is the chief question. Of the living acorn you do not ask first, How *large* an acorn art thou? The smallest living acorn is fit to be the parent of oak-trees without end,—could clothe all New England with oak-trees by and by. You ask it, first of all: Art thou a living acorn? Certain, now, that thou art not a dead mushroom, as the most are?

"But, on the whole, our book is short; the Preface should not grow too long. Closing these questionable parables and intimations, let me in plain English recommend this little book as the book of an original veridical man, worthy the acquaintance of those who delight in such; and so: Welcome to it whom it may concern!

"T. CARLYLE."

"London, 11th August 1841."

The Mr. James Dodds already referred to, to whose cousin and namesake Carlyle had written respecting him in 1840, as we saw, now entered into direct correspondence with Carlyle, who addressed to him in September 1841 the following letter:—

"London, 21st September 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,

To James Dodds.

"The truthful genial temper manifested in your letter cannot but increase the interest I felt in you. It will be good news in all time coming to learn that such a life as yours unfolds itself according to its promise, and *becomes* in some tolerable degree what it is capable of being. The problem is your own, to make or to mar; a great problem for you, as the like is for every man born into this world.

"You have my entire sympathy in your denunciation of the 'explosive' character. It is frequent in these times; and deplorable wherever met with. Explosions are ever wasteful, woful; central fire should not explode itself, but lie silent, far down, at the centre, and make all good fruits *grow*. We cannot too often repeat to ourselves, 'Strength is seen not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens.'

"You can take comfort in the meanwhile, if you need it, by the experience of all wise men, that a right heavy burden is precisely the thing wanted for a young strong man. Grievous to be borne; but bear it well; you will find it one day to have been verily blessed. 'I would not for any money,' says the brave Jean Paul in his quaint way, 'have had money in my youth.' He speaks a truth there, singular as it may seem to many.

"By the way, do you read German? It would be well worth your while to learn it; and not impossible, not even difficult, even where you are, if you so resolved. These young obscure years ought to be incessantly employed in gaining knowledge of things worth knowing, especially of heroic human souls worth knowing; and you may believe me, the obscurer such years are, it is apt to be the better. Books are

needed, but yet not many books; a few well read. An open, true, patient, and valiant soul is needed; that is the one thing needful.

"I have no time here, in this immeasurable treadmill of a place, to answer letters. But you may take it for a new fact, that if you can, as you say, write *without* answer, your letters shall be altogether welcome! If at any time a definite service can be done by answering, doubt not I shall make time for it. I subscribe myself, in great haste,

"Yours, with true wishes and hopes,

"T. CARLYLE."*

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* Three other letters to Dodds (among the kindest and wisest that Carlyle ever addressed to a young man under similar circumstances) are preserved, bearing date "May 20, 1843," "May 4, 1844," "July 11, 1844," respectively. We would fain quote them all entire, but can only afford space for the following extract from one of them, which refers to the young Scotchman's project of coming up to London:—"The great question is: Dare you, Must you? It is an awful enterprise that of London, but also full of generous results if you have strength. Strength to look chaos and hell in the face; to struggle through them toward the Adamantine Isles! For a literary lawyer, I should say Edinburgh was far preferable. Success in Law here is totally incompatible with Literature. This you should reflect on before starting.

"On the whole, if you have the offer of a clerkship that will secure you subsistence, there can be no harm in coming up to take a view of us, and to try what kind of chaos we are. There is much here to interest a brave young Scotchman, to expand him, to repress him, and in many ways instruct him, if he have strength to learn. If he will not learn, they will kill him here in one way or other."

For the rest we refer the reader to the volume containing them: *Lays of the Covenanters, by James Dodds. With a Memoir of the Author by the Rev. James Dodds, Dunbar.* Edinburgh: John Maclaren and Son, 1880 (at pp. 58-60; 61; 62-64).

In the following month (October 1841) the famous Scottish secessionist, Dr. Chalmers, whom Carlyle, then obscure and unknown, had met occasionally at Glasgow in early years, when Edward Irving was serving under him there, sent to the now famous author of *Chartism* his book on "Pauperism," and received from Carlyle the following reply:—

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
"October 11th, 1841.

"My dear Sir,

To Dr. Chalmers.

"The book you have honoured me by sending, and the letter along with it, arrived here two days ago. Allow me to return many kind thanks for this attention. I am glad and proud to be remembered by one who is always memorable to me, and memorable to all the world, whether they have seen or have not seen him.

"A wholesome, grateful air of hope, brotherly kindness, cheerful sagacity, salutes me from this book as I eagerly glance over it: to read it with care, as I purpose shortly to do, will be no task for me, but a pleasure. One is sure beforehand of finding much, very much, that one must at once and zealously assent to; and slower assent, doubt, examination—nay, ultimate dissent itself (turning only on the appli-

cation and details), can but render a beautiful deeper basis of agreement more visible. It seems to me a great truth this fundamental principle of yours, which I trace as the origin of all these hopes, endeavours, and convictions in regard to Pauperism, that human things cannot stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economics, and law-courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable and doomed to ruin. A poor-law can be no lasting remedy; the poor and the rich, when once the naked parts of their condition come into collision, cannot long live together upon a poor-law! Solely as a sad transitionary palliative against still fiercer miseries and insupportabilities can it pretend to recommend itself, till something better be vouchsafed us, with *true* healing under its wings!

"Alas! the poor of this country seem to me, in these years, to be fast becoming the miserablest of all sorts of men. Black slaves in South Carolina, I do believe, deserve pity enough; but the Black is at least not stranded, cast ashore, from the stream of human interests, and left to perish there: he is connected with human interests, *belongs* to those above him, if only as a slave. Blacks, too, I suppose, are cased in a beneficent wrappage of stupidity and

insensibility: one pallid Paisley weaver, with the sight of his famishing children round him, with the memory of his decent independent father before him, has probably more wretchedness in his single heart than a hundred blacks. Did you observe the late trial at Stockport, in Cheshire, of a human father and human mother, for poisoning three of their children to gain successively some £3 8s. from a Burial Society for each of them! A barrister of my acquaintance who goes that Circuit, informs me positively that the official people durst not go farther into this business; that this case was by no means a solitary one there; that, on the whole, they thought it good to close up the matter swiftly again from the light of day, and investigate it no deeper. 'The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children!' Such a state of matters cannot subsist under the firmament of Heaven: such a state of matters will remedy itself, as God lives—remedy itself, if not by mild means, then by fierce and fiercest!

"That you, with your generous hopeful heart, believe there may still exist in our actual Churches enough of divine fire to awaken the supine rich and the degraded poor, and act victoriously against such a mass of pressing and ever-accumulating evils—alas! what worse could

be said of this by the bitterest opponent of it, than that it is a noble hoping against hope, a noble strenuous determination to gather from the dry deciduous tree what the green alone could yield? Surely, for those that have still such a faith, I will vote that they should have all possible room to try it in. With a Chalmers in every British parish much might be possible! But, alas! what assurance is there that in any one British parish there will ever be another?

"But enough of this. Go as it may, your labours in this matter are not lost—no jot of them is lost. Nay, in one shape or another, as I believe, the thing that you advocate must verily realise itself in this earth—across what famines, poor-laws, convulsions, and embroiled strugglings is not known to man. My prayer is, that a voice so humane, so true and wise, may long be heard in this debate, and attentively laid to heart on all sides.

"With many kind wishes for you and yours, with lasting esteem and regard,

"I remain,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

To the *London and Westminster Review* Carlyle

now contributed a paper on "Baillie the Covenanter," which appeared in the number for January 1842.

On the 26th March 1842 he wrote to Charles Dickens, then absent on his first visit to the United States, respecting the question of International Copyright with America, which the great novelist had seized the opportunity of stirring up, a letter dated from Templand, which is printed entire in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and from which we make the following extracts:—

To Charles Dickens.

"Several years ago, if memory err not, I was one of many English writers, who, under the auspices of Miss Martineau, did already sign a petition to Congress praying for an International Copyright between the two nations—which properly are not two nations, but one; *indivisible* by Parliament, Congress, or any kind of human law or diplomacy, being already *united* by Heaven's Act of Parliament, and the everlasting law of Nature and Fact. To that opinion I still adhere, and am like to continue adhering.

"In discussion of the matter before any Congress or Parliament, manifold considerations and argumentations will necessarily arise; which to me are not interesting, nor essential for helping me to a decision. They respect the

time and manner in which the thing should be; not at all whether the thing should be or not. In an ancient book, reverenced I should hope on both sides of the Ocean, it was thousands of years ago written down in the most decisive and explicit manner, "Thou *shalt not* steal." That thou belongest to a different "nation," and canst steal without being certainly hanged for it, gives thee no permission to steal! Thou shalt *not* in any wise steal at all! So it is written down, for nations and for men, in the Law-Book of the Maker of this Universe. Nay, poor Jeremy Bentham and others step in here, and will demonstrate that it is actually our true convenience and expediency not to steal; which I for my share, on the great scale and on the small, and in all conceivable scales and shapes, do also firmly believe it to be. For example, if nations abstained from stealing, what need were there of fighting—with its butcherings and burnings, decidedly the most expensive thing in this world? How much more two nations, which, as I said, are but one nation, knit in a thousand ways by Nature and practical intercourse; indivisible brother elements of the same great SAXONDOM, to which in all honourable ways be long life!

"When Mr. Robert Roy McGregor lived in

the district of Menteith on the Highland border two centuries ago, he for his part found it more convenient to supply himself with beef by stealing it alive from the adjacent glens than by buying it killed in the Stirling butchers'-market. It was Mr. Roy's plan of supplying himself with beef in those days, this of stealing it. In many a little 'Congress' in the district of Menteith there was debating, doubt it not, and much specious argumentation this way and that, before they could ascertain that, really and truly, buying was the best way to get your beef; which, however, in the long run, they did with one assent find it indisputably to be: and accordingly they hold by it to this day."

CHAPTER IX.

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES, ETC.—MARGARET FULLER.

By this time Carlyle was beginning to lay the foundation for the second of his three great historical works, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.*

Visit to Rugby.

While engaged on this work, he went down to Rugby by express invitation, on Friday, 13th May 1842, and on the following day explored the field of Naseby, in company with Dr. Arnold.* The meeting of two such remarkable men—only six weeks before the death of the latter—has in it

* "Carlyle dined and slept here on Friday last, and on Saturday we went over with my wife and two of my boys to Naseby field, and explored the scene of the great battle very satisfactorily."—(Dr. Arnold to the Rev. Dr. Hawkins: Rugby, May 19, 1842.)—Stanley's *Life and Correspondence of Arnold.* London, 1846, p. 604.

something solemn and touching, and unusually interesting. Carlyle left the school-house, expressing the hope that it might "long continue to be what was to him one of the rarest sights in the world—a temple of industrious peace." *

Dr. Arnold.

Arnold, who, with the deep sympathy arising from kindred nobility of soul, had long cherished a high reverence for Carlyle, was very proud of having received such a guest under his roof, and during those few last weeks of his life was wont to be in high spirits, talking with his several guests, and describing with much interest his recent visit to Naseby with Carlyle, "its position on some of the highest table-land in England—the streams falling on the one side into the Atlantic, on the other into the German Ocean—far away, too, from any town—Market Harborough, the nearest, into which the cavaliers were chased late in the long summer evening on the 14th of June."

Past and Present.

In 1843 appeared *Past and Present*—perhaps the greatest of Carlyle's works apart from his three Histories. Emerson made it the subject of a paper in a monthly magazine then appearing at Boston, entitled

* Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, p. 611.

The Dial,* conducted conjointly by himself and Margaret Fuller, of whom more anon, and the book formed the text for an article on "The Genius and Tendency of Carlyle's Writings,"† which Mazzini, then an exile in England, contributed to the *British and Foreign Review* in October 1843.

A very admirable letter, addressed by Carlyle in 1843 to a young man who had written to him desiring his advice as to a proper choice of reading, and, it would appear also, as to his conduct in general, we shall here bring forth from its hiding-place in an old Scottish paper of the time‡ :—

"Chelsea, 13th March 1843.

"Dear Sir,

"Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half-hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

"It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can

* "Carlyle's *Past and Present*." —*The Dial*: a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion. Boston, July 1843 (vol. iv. pp. 96-102).

† Reprinted in the *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini* (Lond. 1867) vol. iv. pp. 56-144.

‡ *Cupar and St. Andrews Monthly Advertiser.*

profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason namely, that it so seldom is, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another: it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

"As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;' that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials

see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what *is* for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of Nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

"Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the

preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

"Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement!—it is emblematic of all things a man does.

"In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post;

stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that *it*, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

"With many good wishes and encouragements,

"I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

In July 1843 Carlyle's paper on Dr. Francia, the once famous dictator of Paraguay, appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*—the last of his contributions to that periodical.

To this year belongs the first letter addressed to Procter (Barry Cornwall) which has seen the light (not probably the first written by a long way),* as they had now known each other for

* While these sheets are passing through the press, a pamphlet has been "printed for private circulation," containing "Letters addressed to Mrs. Basil Montagu and B. W. Procter by Mr. Thomas Carlyle," with a Preface signed by Mrs. Procter, in which that

twenty years nearly, Carlyle having made Procter's acquaintance during his first visit to London in 1824, and Procter having some two years later rendered Carlyle an essential service by introducing him to Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*. Here is the letter :—

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
"2nd October 1843.

"DEAR PROCTER,

To 'Barry Cornwall.'

"Many thanks for your kind letter, for your graceful, ingenious 'Essay on Shakespeare, both of which I have received and read with very great pleasure. The Essay abounds in just views, very happily set forth: many of them very far from common among English critics, or any sort of critics, in this time; to me in letter and spirit they are altogether welcome. Has Themis with her Eldorados stolen you *altogether* from the Muses? I never will believe it.

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lady states that she has "many more letters of his, congratulations upon the publication of books, birthdays, &c." The letters now printed are five in number, of which only one is addressed to Mr. Procter, and is dated "Comely Bank, January 17, 1828." The other four are addressed to Mrs. Montagu, and the first two of these are of earlier date than any letters of Carlyle that had hitherto seen the light. They bear date respectively "Mainhill, Ecclefechan, May 20, 1825," "Comely Bank, December 25, 1826," and "Craigenputtoch, November 13, 1829," and "October 27, 1830."

"Rebecca is by no means 'beautiful' to look upon: a daughter of Nox, some say of Erebus, too; how can *she* be other than ugly? I was not a little disappointed in Wales generally: a poor, bare, scraggy country, with a poor, bare, scraggy people; the few beautiful objects drowned, generally, in rain and mist; infested on every side by the fatal generation of view-hunters! I do not care to look on it again for some time.

"You will do me a true kindness if you come down to me here. I sit aloft in my garret and rarely hear a voice that has much of sphere-melody in it. Do come: in the name of old days, why should you not? If you do not,—not to say if you do,—I myself, on my own resources, will come to Harley-street. My wife joins with me in many kind regards to Mrs. Procter and you. Many blessings and good wishes from

"Yours always,

"T. CARLYLE."

Our next letter is one of exceptional interest. It was addressed to a young man of twenty-four years of age in acknowledgment of a volume of Poems which Carlyle had actually read, and in

which he found real merit and promise; and although the usual advice in such cases against writing in verse is not altogether absent, it is much less emphatic and more qualified than usual. The book which thus won the attention of Carlyle, in spite of his undisguised aversion and even contempt for modern rhyme and metre in general, had a singular fate. After a slumber of more than a quarter of a century, it was destined, in spite of the scurrility, abuse, and contumely heaped upon it by the reviews of the time, to attract the notice of some of the finest judges of poetical genius in the succeeding generation; of men whose praise is a hall-mark of merit and a passport to fame.* Nearly twenty years after the poet had been laid in his grave his book was to reappear, under somewhat more advantageous auspices—never henceforth to be forgotten by lovers and students of English verse.

Ebenezer Jones.

Studies of Sensation and Event, Poems by Ebenezer

* Thomas Hood had at once acknowledged (though only in a private letter) "the great poetic power in his book"; Mr. Robert Browning spoke in warm terms of the merit of the work; Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) admired the *Studies*. "This remarkable poet," says Mr. Dante Rossetti, "affords nearly the most striking instance of neglected genius in our modern school of poetry," and Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Linton, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Gosse, and others, have since delivered themselves with more or less emphasis on the same subject.

Jones, had been published in the year 1843. The reception of the volume at the time by the two chief critical organs that condescended to notice it, was not very flattering or encouraging. The *Literary Gazette*, in a style of criticism now happily obsolete, indulged in its jocosest vein on the occasion:—

Literary Gazette on Ebenezer Jones's Poems.

"Here is a cat of another colour, and a strange wild cat it is. It is long since we encountered a minion of the moon so original in subject, thought, and expression. It was said of Oliver Goldsmith that he touched no subject which he did not adorn; and it may be said of Ebenezer Jones that he handles no subject which he does not make ridiculous. We might multiply examples of almost every sort of folly; but will only quote two or three stanzas on different themes to add to the surprise of readers that ever such stuff was printed and published. The last verse [of '*Whimper of Awakening Passion*'] is indecent, and so we leave it with Ebenezer; upon whom it will be well that a jury *de lunatico inquirendo* never sit, and we on that jury."*

This is the notice which Carlyle characterises, in the ensuing letter to the author, as "abun-

* *Literary Gazette*, December 23rd, 1843.

dantly ill-natured, ill-bred, and very unjust."* The young poet had mustered up courage to send his book to the now famous author, whom from the days of boyhood he had admired afar off; and we can imagine his eager and rapturous delight on receiving such a Valentine as the following:—

"Chelsea, February 14th, 1844.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have received your volume of Poems, and read most part of them; which latter is of itself a feat that, in such a case, means somewhat with me! I find in you great fervour of temper; a genius hopeful, though as yet in all senses *young*; your brilliancy, your fire, playing greatly too much in the vague-like *aurora borealis*, or sheet-lightning, instead of being knit up into definite forms and thunderbolts. I will say very candidly there seem to me the elements of a

Carlyle to Ebenezer Jones.

* Carlyle's displeasure at the tone of this critique on his young correspondent's volume is a sure sign that he set considerable store by it. That he by no means objected to a slashing article of the sort, when directed against dulness or mediocrity, is abundantly evident from a passage in one of his letters to Mr. J. W. Parker, the publisher and *quasi*-editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, bearing date "Chelsea, May 12th 1849":—

"Who is that youth that does the *slaughtering of the Poetasters* in this number? I consider him to possess some healthy faculty, and good aims; his faith in *verse* altogether, I expect, will gradually quit him (for the present and one or two more generations), and then perhaps he will give us something still more effectual."

fine gift bestowed on you; if you have patience, strenuous diligence, humility; if you have all kinds of *strength*, for all kinds will be needed, then may something really worthy come of it. That labour is terrible; but the reward is great.

"Young men who ask my advice, in these times, I generally counsel *not* to write in rhyme or metre; but to try rather whether they can be 'poetic' on a basis of fact and sincere reality, this great universe being full of such;—for indeed all poetic forms are at present quite fallen into discredit, as they have well deserved to do; and veracity not fiction was and is the business for all human souls, the highest as well as the lowest.—But, on the whole, forms go for little; it is substance only that goes for much. Sound sense, human energy and intelligence, shall be welcome to us, in rhyme or not in rhyme.

"Your critic in the newspaper is abundantly ill-natured, ill-bred, and very unjust; nevertheless it is my clear persuasion his abuse will be of more profit to you than any praise he could have given. Never mind *him*, nor a thousand like him; hold on your way, with your eye on quite other loadstars; and after years of manful silent industry, — refining the gold in what hottest furnace you have, and 'consuming your

own smoke' the while,—let the world hear from you again.

"Wishing heartily well to you, and hoping well of you,

"I remain (in great haste),

"Yours very truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

A much more emphatic protest against verse-writing as an occupation, this time expressed in far less measured terms, and without the same reservations as in the former case, was addressed by Carlyle a week later to a young kinsman of his:—

"Chelsea, February 21st, 1844.

"DEAR COUSIN ALEXANDER,

"I have looked over your verses, and am well pleased to observe that you possess an intelligent mind, an open, affectionate heart, and are heartily disposed to do what you can for instructing and unfolding yourself. My very sincere wish is that these good qualities may be well turned to account, and help to make you a useful man, and effectual 'doer of your work' in this world.

"There can be no harm in amusing your leisure with verses, if you find it an amusement;

but certainly I would by no means recommend you to prosecute it in any way as an employment, for in that sense I think it can turn to nothing but an obstruction and a disappointment. Verse-writing, notwithstanding all the talk you hear about it, is in almost all cases a totally idle affair: a man was *not* sent into this world to write verses—no! If he finds himself called to speak, let him *speak* manfully, some 'words of truth and soberness;' and, in general, leave the *singing* and verse-making part of it, till the very last extremity of some inward or outward call drive him irresistibly thither. Nay, in these times, I observe there is less and less attention paid to things in verse; and serious persons everywhere find themselves disposed to hear what a man has to say *the shortest way and the directest*—that is to say, disencumbered of rhyme. I for my share am well content with *this* tendency of the world.

"If you will prosecute the cultivation of your speculative faculties, which surely is highly laudable in all men, then I should think it would be a much likelier method that you addicted yourself to acquiring real information about the things that exist around you in this world, and that have existed here: this, surely, must be the basis of all good results in the way of thought,

speech, or speculation for a man. In a word, I would have you employ your leisure in reading instructive books, conversing with intelligent men, anxiously seeking out such, anxiously endeavouring to render yourself worthy of such. In Hawick there must be some public library, perhaps there are several. I would have you struggle to get admittance to one of these; perhaps that is not impossible for you? To read even a few good books, above all to read them *well*; this is the clear way towards spiritual advancement; a way that will become always the clearer, too, the further one steadily perseveres in it.

"But on the whole it should always be kept in mind that a man's faculty is not given him in the long run for *speculation*; that no man's faculty is so given him. The *harmony of soul* which would fain utter itself from you in rhymed verses, how much nobler to make it utter itself in rhymed conduct! in excellent, manful endeavour to subdue the ruggedness of your life under your feet, and everywhere make *order* reign around you of what is disorder! This is a task all men are born to, and all other tasks are either nothing or else branches of this.

"Whether these hurried words will have any light for you at present I know not; but if

my wishes could avail, you should not want for guidance.

"Tell your good little sister to be very careful of the spring winds: summer will help her. Give my kind regards to your father;—and, persisting with the best insight you have, prosper well

"Yours very truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

That Carlyle after all only put an absolute veto upon the writing of bad or indifferent verses, the following letter to Barry Cornwall, in which he pays loyal and ungrudging tribute to his friend's poetic genius (as loyal and ungrudging as was ever paid in early days to it by Charles Lamb, or in latter days by Algernon Swinburne), will abundantly show.

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non Dî, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

"To be a middling poet now
Nor gods, nor men, nor monuments allow."

"Chelsea, 25th April 1844.

"DEAR PROCTER,

"Thanks for your volume and your kind note, both of which are right welcome to me. I am already far on with the Songs: several of them have been long known to me. 'Our Neigh-

To Barry Cornwall.

bour's Health,' for example, came to hand through the *Examiner* last winter, and has stuck, with a curious fascination, ever since. A just thought, which is itself a bit of harmony, does deserve and demand to be wedded to its due tune, its due verse, and to make itself and that 'immortal.' I wish I too had been trained to *sing*: it would have been a mighty solacement to me now and then!

"Fulfil your good purposes as to the drama. The writer of *Mirandola*, though he now sniffs at that composition, cannot be without dramatic talent. Nay, a man to whom a thing does look musical and glorious, will not fail to bring it out in something of music and glory (that is, of poetry, as I understand it) through the drama, or *whatever* way we try it.

"There is a Grecian beauty traceable, we are told, in the shape of the walls of Tiryns, which are built of mere dry boulders, without the aid even of a hammer. What I object to in our damnable dramatists is, that they have in them no *thing*, no event or character, that looks musical and glorious to them—properly no thing at all, but an empty posing and desire to *have* a thing. How can that escape damnation? Persist, persist! You know what place is paved with good resolutions? The labour is great, but

is not the reward also something? Persist, persist!

"With many thanks, kind regards, and good wishes in this as in all things,

"Yours ever truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

In the summer of this year (1844) the opening of Mazzini's letters made a good deal of noise in the world. Of the minister whose name was chiefly and not very creditably connected with the transaction, Carlyle seems for a long time previously to have entertained anything but a favourable opinion.* With Mazzini Carlyle had for some time been personally acquainted.

In the *Times'* leading article of June 17th, 1844, these sentences occurred in reference to the matter:—

"Mr. Mazzini's character and habits and society are nothing to the point, unless connected with some certain or probable evidence of evil intentions or treasonable plots. We know nothing, and care nothing about him. He may be the most worthless and the most vicious creature in the world; but this is no reason of

* "Saw various notabilities there, Sir James Graham" ("Grahame," Mr. Froude spells it"), "baddish proud man, we both thought by physiognomy, and did not afterwards alter our opinion much," &c.—Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 141.

itself why his letters should be detained and opened."

Whereupon Carlyle spontaneously stepped into the arena and paid the following tribute to his friend's character :—

"*To the Editor of The Times.*

"SIR,

"In your observations in yesterday's *Times* on the late disgraceful affair of Mr. Mazzini's letters and the Secretary of State, you mention that Mr. Mazzini is entirely unknown to you, entirely indifferent to you; and add, very justly, that if he were the most contemptible of mankind, it would not affect your argument on the subject.

Mazzini.

"It may tend to throw farther light on this matter if I now certify you, which I in some sort feel called upon to do, that Mr. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country; and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible—none farther, or very few of living men. I have had the honour to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years; and, whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling

veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind; one of those rare men, numerable unfortunately but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr-souls; who, in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that.

"Of Italian democracies and young Italy's sorrows, of extraneous Austrian Emperors in Milan, or poor old chimerical Popes in Bologna, I know nothing, and desire to know nothing; but this other thing I do know, and can here declare publicly to be a fact, which fact all of us that have occasion to comment on Mr. Mazzini and his affairs may do well to take along with us, as a thing leading towards new clearness, and not towards new additional darkness, regarding him and them.

"Whether the extraneous Austrian Emperor and miserable old chimera of a Pope shall maintain themselves in Italy, or be obliged to decamp from Italy, is not a question in the least vital to Englishmen. But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things sacred; that opening of men's letters, a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to other still viler and far fataller forms of scoundrelism, be not resorted to in England,

except in cases of the very last extremity. When some new Gunpowder Plot may be in the wind, some double-dyed high treason, or imminent national wreck not avoidable otherwise, then let us open letters—not till then.

"To all Austrian Kaisers and such like, in their time of trouble, let us answer, as our fathers from of old have answered:—Not by such means is help here for you. Such means, allied to picking of pockets and viler forms of scoundrelism, are not permitted in this country for your behoof. The right hon. Secretary does himself detest such, and even is afraid to employ them. He dare not: it would be dangerous for him! All British men that might chance to come in view of such a transaction, would incline to spurn it, and trample on it, and indignantly ask him what he meant by it?

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"THOMAS CARLYLE.*

"Chelsea, June 18."

We saw a little while back how Carlyle wrote to Charles Dickens in 1842, during the visit of the latter to America. Their intimacy seems to have increased during the two succeeding years,

* *The Times*, Wednesday, June 19th, 1844.

if we are to judge from such evidence as the following. Mr. Forster writes:—

Carlyle and Dickens.

"The last incident before Dickens's departure for Italy (July 1844) was a farewell dinner to him at Greenwich. . . . Carlyle did not come; telling me in his reply to the invitation that he truly loved Dickens, having discerned in the inner man of him a real music of the genuine kind; but that he 'd rather testify to this in some other form than that of dining out in the dog-days."*

Death of John Sterling.

Poor John Sterling (Carlyle's closest friend, perhaps, during this first decade of his London life) was now gradually fading away. On 1st September 1844 Sterling writes:—"There was a note from Carlyle not long since, I think the noblest and tenderest thing that ever came from human pen."† On the 18th of the same month he passed away from life, in his thirty-ninth year. It was not till some time afterwards that Carlyle was led by circumstances to undertake the task of writing his biography. Of that in its proper place.

In the October number of *Fraser* for this year (1844) appeared Carlyle's paper, "An Election to the Long Parliament,"—a side matter con-

* Forster's *Life of Dickens*, vol. ii. p. 86.
† *Hare*, vol. i. p. 216.

nected with the great Cromwell work which he was now nigh on finishing.

This autumn, too, there came out in an English edition a second series of Emerson's *Essays*, to which Carlyle prefixed a prefatory notice, much briefer than the former one, but very characteristic, and well worth quoting :—

Preface to second series of Emerson's *Essays*.

"Here is a new volume of *Essays* by Emerson; concerning which I am to certify that this English edition of them seems to be correctly printed; that the English publisher is one appointed by the author himself, and is under contract with him as to the pecuniary results. To Emerson's readers in England I am to certify so much; leaving the inference from it to their own honourable and friendly thought. To *un*-authorized reprinters, and adventurous spirits inclined to do a little in the pirate line, it may be proper to recal the known fact, which should be very present to us all without recalling, that *theft* in any sort is abhorrent to the mind of man;—that theft is theft, under whatever meridian of longitude, in whatever 'nation,' foreign or domestic, the man stolen from may live; and whether there be any treadmill and gallows for the thief, or no apparatus of that kind! Such suggestion may perhaps have its weight with

here and there an incipient adventurous spirit meditating somewhat in the picaroon or pirate line, and contribute to direct him into better courses: who knows? For other spirits, no longer open to such suggestions, the present publisher trusts that he has *suggestions* of a much more appropriate, intelligible, and effectual kind, in readiness if needed.

"Very happily the author himself is not, in his economics, dependent on this claim now made for him, or on any such: yet it will be handsome in the British nation to recognize it a little! The labourer is worthy of his hire. Yes; and he that brings us (not in his sleep, I fancy!) new fire from the Empyrean—new tidings of such,—he too, one would imagine, is worthy that we should leave him the exiguous sixpence a copy which falls to his share in the adventure, and not steal it from him!

"More on this rather paltry department of the business, I had not to say; and to touch on any other department of it was not in my commission at present. I will wish the brave Emerson a fair welcome among us again; and leave him to speak with his old friends, and to make new.

"T. CARLYLE.

"London, 25th October 1844."

Here is another glimpse of Carlyle and Dickens :—

A Reading at No. 58, *Lincoln's Inn Fields, Monday, 2nd December* 1844. Present: John Forster, Jerrold, W. J. Fox, Blanchard, Carlyle, Maclise, Stanfield, Dyce, Harness, &c. Dickens saw his little book (*The Chimes*) in its final form for publication; and to select a few brought together on Monday, 2nd December, at Mr. Forster's house, had the opportunity of reading it aloud. All are now dead who were present on the occasion. Among those who have thus passed away was Maclise, who had 'made a note of it' in pencil, which Mr. Forster reproduces, in the second volume of his Life of Dickens, adding these remarks respecting it :—

Carlyle at a reading of Dickens's *Chimes.*

"It will tell the reader all he can wish to know. He will see of whom the party consisted; and may be assured (with allowance for a touch of caricature) that in the grave attention of Carlyle, the eager interest of Stanfield and Maclise, &c. &c., the characteristic points of the scene are sufficiently rendered." *

In 1845 Carlyle's second great historical work,

* Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, vol. ii. p. 149.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,* on which he had been mainly engaged during the three or four preceding years, was at length published in two stout volumes. A supplementary volume was issued in the following year, and various other additions were made to the book before it attained its final shape.

Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.

We must now lay before the reader two letters belonging to this year; the first addressed to Thomas Cooper the Chartist, in acknowledgment of his really remarkable poem, *The Purgatory of Suicides*. Mr. Cooper afterwards had the good fortune to become personally acquainted with Carlyle and to be indebted to him for many good offices and acts of substantial kindness, of which the record will be found in his Autobiography. The book of which Carlyle requests his acceptance in the following letter was a copy of *Past and Present*:—

"Chelsea, September 1st, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have received your poem;† and will thank you for that kind gift, and for all the friendly sentiments you

To Thomas Cooper.

* *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations.* By Thomas Carlyle. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 1845, pp. xii. 522; xiv. 692.

† *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. With Elucidations.* By Thomas Carlyle. Supplement to the First Edition. London: Chapman and Hall, 1846, pp. xviii. 224.

entertain towards me, — which, as from an evidently sincere man, whatever we may think of them otherwise, are surely valuable to a man.

"I have looked into your poem, and find indisputable traces of genius in it,—a dark Titanic energy struggling there, for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by-and-by! If I might presume to advise I think I would recommend you to try your next work in *prose*, and as a thing turning altogether on *facts*, not fictions. Certainly the *music* that is very traceable here might serve to irradiate into harmony far profitabler things than what are commonly called 'Poems;'—for which, at any rate, the taste in these days seems to be irrevocably in abeyance. We have too horrible a practical Chaos round us; out of which every man is called by the birth of him to make a bit of *Cosmos*: that seems to me the real poem for a man,—especially at present. I always grudge to see any portion of a man's *musical talent* (which is the real intellect, the real vitality, or life of him) expended on making mere *words* rhyme. These things I say to all my poetic friends,—for I am in real earnest about them: but get almost nobody to believe me hitherto. From you I shall get an excuse at any rate; the purpose of my so speaking being a friendly one towards you.

"I will request your father to accept this book of mine, and to appropriate what you can of it. 'Life is a serious thing,' as Schiller says, and as you yourself practically know. These are the words of a serious man about it; they will not altogether be without meaning for you.

'Ernst ist das Leben.'

"Unfortunately I am just in these hours getting out of town; and, not without real regret, must deny myself the satisfaction of seeing you at present.

"Believe me to be,

"With many good wishes,

"Yours very truly,

"T. CARLYLE."

The other letter is addressed to his old correspondent and compatriot, Thomas Aird the poet:—

"Chelsea, 14th November 1845.

"DEAR AIRD,

"I will attend well to what you say about Gilfillan; and certainly if I can do him any good on such an occasion, it will be a duty as well as a pleasure to me. My personal connexion with Reviews, &c., has altogether ceased, for a long while; nor indeed is there any very clear way of seeking to give furtherance to a man of real

To Thomas Aird.

merit, amid the crowd of empty pretenders and of false judges that we have at present. But it is the more incumbent on one to do what is possible; and in that I will endeavour not to fail as occasion serves. . . . Reviews, I believe, do little good nowadays, except by the *extracts* they give, which keep alive some memory of the book till people judge of it for themselves. Our address for the next two or three weeks is—'Hon. W. B. Baring, Bay House, Alverstoke, Hants' (we are setting out thither for a little more of the country to-morrow). Or Chelsea, the old address, will always find us after a short delay. John* is still 'gravitating' towards you; will alight in Dumfries, I believe, by-and-by—when the fogs have become heavy enough. He is very busy with Dante, &c., at present, and seems lazy to move. This, in spite of its fogs, is the Paradise of 'men at large,' this big Babylon of ours.

"We have in the evenings gone over the *Old Bachelor in his Scottish Village*, and find him a capital fellow of his sort. The descriptions of *weather* and rural physiognomies of nature in earth and sky seem to me excellent. More of the like when you please!

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* Mr. Carlyle's brother, Dr. Carlyle.

"My wife sends many kind regards to you; take many good wishes from us both.

"Yours always very sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

The "Gilfillan" alluded to here was the Rev. George Gilfillan, author of *Literary Portraits*, afterwards editor of a collection of the English Poets, and well known as an eloquent contributor to Tait's and other magazines. He was a man with a good deal of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, and though much ridiculed and abused by some of the superfine London critics, and now almost forgotten, made his mark in his own time and place.

George Gilfillan.

We have no letters of Carlyle dated in the following year; but in lieu of these we are enabled to present the reader with one of the most graphic descriptions of his appearance and conversation that it has ever been our good fortune to meet with. It is from a letter addressed to Emerson by an accomplished American, Margaret Fuller, formerly his coadjutor in *The Dial*, who visited England in the autumn of 1846, and whose strange, beautiful history and tragical death on her homeward voyage may be found related in the published Memoir of her.

The letter is dated Paris, November 16, 1846.

"Of the people I saw in London, you will wish

me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. Carlyle came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time, I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humour,—full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse, and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others; and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry.

Margaret Fuller on Carlyle.

"Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told, with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer, or artisan in the country, who on Sunday lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the 'Essays,' and looking upon the sea.

"I left him that night, intending to go out

Lewes

very often to their house. I assure you there never was anything so witty as Carlyle's description of ———. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that;—he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial, human fashion.

"The second time Mr. C. had a dinner-party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of man, author of a *History of Philosophy*,* and now writing a *Life of Goethe*, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in his more acrid mood, and though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said.

"For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects of his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and had thus, unfortunately, been

* The late George Henry Lewes.—Ed.

turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, been turned from his vocation. Shakespeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose;—and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after awhile.

"The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the *French Revolution* of the *sea-green*. In this instance, it was Petrarch and *Laura*, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not help laughing when *Laura* would come; Carlyle running his chin out when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor Laura! Luckily for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdröckh vulture.

"The worst of hearing Carlyle is, that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down. True, he does you no injustice, and, with his admirable

penetration, sees the disclaimer in your mind, so that you are not morally delinquent; but it is not pleasant to be unable to utter it. The latter part of the evening, however, he paid us for this, by a series of sketches, in his finest style of railing and raillery, of modern French literature, not one of them, perhaps, perfectly just, but all drawn with the finest, boldest strokes, and, from his point of view, masterly. All were depreciating, except that of Béranger. Of him he spoke with perfect justice, because with hearty sympathy.

"I had, afterwards, some talk with Mrs. Carlyle, whom hitherto I had only *seen*;—for who can speak while her husband is there? I like her very much;—she is full of grace, sweetness, and talent. Her eyes are sad and charming.

"After this, they went to stay at Lord Ashburton's, and I only saw them once more, when they came to pass an evening with us. Unluckily, Mazzini was with us, whose society, when he was there alone, I enjoyed more than any. He is a beauteous and pure music: also, he is a dear friend of Mrs. Carlyle, but his being there gave the conversation a turn to 'progress' and ideal subjects, and Carlyle was fluent in invectives on all our 'rose-water imbecilities.' We all felt distant from him, and Mazzini,

after some vain efforts to remonstrate, became very sad. Mrs. Carlyle said to me,—

"'These are but opinions to Carlyle, but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped bring his friends to the scaffold, in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death.'

"All Carlyle's talk that evening, was a defence of mere force,—success the test of right;—if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks;—find a hero, and let them be his slaves, &c. It was very Titanic, and anti-celestial. I wish the last evening had been more melodious. However, I bid Carlyle farewell with feelings of the warmest friendship and admiration. We cannot feel otherwise to a great and noble nature, whether it harmonise with our own or not."

"Paris, December 1846.—Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse;—only harangues.

"Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority,—raising his voice, and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. It is the impulse of a

mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. It is his nature, and the untameable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you, if you senselessly go too near.

"He seems to me quite isolated,—lonely as the desert,—yet never was a man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He sings, rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced, now and then, to let fall a row.

"All the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morganas, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly." *

* *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.* Boston, 1852. Vol. iii. pp. 96-104.

APPENDIX.

CRUTHERS AND JONSON;

OR,

THE OUTSKIRTS OF LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.*

WHAT feeling of our nature is so universally approved as that of Friendship? Unlike all others, it appears to be capable of no excess, and to unite every suffrage in its favour. The more vehement, the more enthusiastic it is, we applaud it the more; and men of all climes and habitudes, the saint, the savage, and the sage, unite in our applauses. It is, in fact, the great balsam of existence, "the brook that runneth by the way," out of which the wearied sons of Adam may all drink comfort and refreshment to nerve them in the toils of life's parched and dusty journey. It communicates a dignity and calm beauty to the humblest lot, and without it the loftiest is but a shining desert.

I myself like friendship as well as any man likes it, and I feel a pleasure in reflecting that the story I am now

* *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1831 (No. xii., vol. ii. pp 691-705).

about to write will afford one well-authenticated instance of that noble sentiment. Not that by this remark I mean to excite unfounded expectation, nor that I have aught very marvellous to say either about passions of the mind or exploits displaying them. I have, in truth, no moving tragedy to set forth; no deed of heroism or high adventure; nothing of your Pythias and Damon, your Theseus and Pirithous. My heroes were not Kings of Athens, or Children of the Cloud; but honest Lairds of Annandale. They never braved the rage of Dionysius dooming them to die, never went down to Hades that they might flirt with Proserpine, or slaughter the mastiff Cerberus: yet they were true men "in their own humble way"; men tried in good and evil hap, and not found wanting. Their history seems curious enough, if I can tell it rightly, to deserve some three minutes of attention from an idle man, especially in times so stupid and prosaic as these; times of monotony and safety, and matter of fact, where affections are measured by the tale of guineas, where people's fortunes are exalted, and their purposes achieved by the force, not of the arm or of the heart, but of the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine. I proceed with my narrative.

In the early part of the last century, the parish school-house of Hoddam, a low squat building by the Edinburgh highway side, could number among its daily visitants two boys of the names of Cruthers and Jonson, who at first agreed in nothing, except in the firm determination shown by each to admit of no superior. Such a principle, maintained by one individual, might possibly have led to very pleasing results, in so far as that one was concerned: maintained by two, it led to nothing but broils and bickerings, hard

words and harder blows. Without end or number were their squabbles. In every feat of scholarship or mischief, whether it were to expound the venerable Dilworth's system of arithmetic within doors, or to work some devilry without; to lead the rival gangs of "Englishmen and Scots," to clank the old kirk-bell, or venture on the highest and brittlest boughs of the ash-trees and yews that grew around, still these two were violent competitors, and by their striving far outstript the rest. Frequently, of course, they came to sparring, in which they would exhibit all the energy and animation of Entellus and Dares, or even of Molyneux and Crib. The boy Cruthers was decidedly the better boxer; he was stronger than Jonson, could beat him whenever he chose; and in time came to choose it very often. Jonson had more of the Socratic than of the Stoic philosopher in his turn of mind. He could not say "Thou mayest beat the case of Jonson—himself thou canst not reach;" on the contrary, he felt too clearly that himself was reached, and as all his attempts to remedy the evil but made it worse, the exasperation of his little heart was extreme. On one occasion, when the fortune of battle had again declared against him, and Cruthers was thrashing his outward man with more than usual vigour, poor Jonson started from his grasp all covered with bruises, and clenching his fist in the face of his enemy, he swore, with the tears streaming from his eyes, and in a voice half-choked by sobs, that before the sun went down Cruthers should rue this. So threatening he went away.

It was morning when this occurred, and the comments on it did not cease till the arrival of the redoubted Mr. Scroggs, the gaunt and sallow-visaged Dominie, in whose

presence all jarring passions died into a timid calm. I know not what feelings Cruthers had while the hours rolled on, or whether he had any; but apparently they were forgotten, when, at mid-day, Jonson's absence had not been inquired into, and the hot cabin vomited forth its exulting population to frolic their gamesome hour beneath the clear summer sky. Of the boys, some arranged themselves for pitch-and-toss, some preferred marbles, others shinty; the girls produced their skipping-ropes, or set to pile their bits of crockery into a "dresser;" in short, the whole "green" was swarming with a noisy throng of little men and little women, all bustling because each corner of the earth was yet full of motives to allure them; all happy because they had not yet been smitten with the curse of passions or the malady of thought. The grim carrier, as he drove his groaning wain past them, and trailed his own weary limbs over the burnt highway along with it, wondered why the deuce they did not go to sleep when they could get it done. The laird himself, as he whirled by in a cloud of dust, with his steeds, his beef-eaters, and his paraphernalia, looked out from his yellow chariot upon them, then within upon his own sick and sated soul, and would have cursed the merry brats, had he not consoled himself by recollecting that, in a few years, want, and hardship, and folly, would make them all as wretched as plenty, and pleasure, and folly had made him. In fact, it was a scene which Mr. Wordsworth would have gone some miles to see; would have whined over for a considerable time; and most likely would have written a sonnet or two upon.

But nothing earthly is destined to continue: the flight of a given number of minutes would have put an end to all

this revelry at any rate; an unexpected incident put an end to it more effectually and sooner. The game was at the hottest; chuck-farthing waxed more interesting every moment, rope-skipping was becoming a rage, shinties were flying in fragments, shins were being broken, all was tumult, happiness, and hurly-burly, when all at once the vanquished Jonson appeared upon the green, with a fierce though sedate look upon his countenance, and, what was worse—a large horse-pistol in his hand! All paused at sight of him; the younger boys and all the girls uttered a short shrill shriek, and Cruthers grew as pale as milk. What might have been the issue is uncertain, for the sudden silence and the short shriek had in them something strange enough to alarm the vigilance of Mr. Scroggs—busy at the time within doors, expounding to the Ecclefechan exciseman some more abstruse departments of the mystery of gauging. Throwing down his text-book, that invaluable compend, the *Young Man's Best Companion*, he forthwith sallied from his noontide privacy, and solemnly inquired what *was* the matter. The matter was investigated, the pistol given up, and after infinite higgling the truth flashed out as clear as day. The Dominie's jaw sank a considerable fraction of an ell; his colour went and came; he said, with a hollow tone, "The Lord be near us!" and sat down upon a stone by the wall-side, clasping his temples with both his hands, and then stooping till he grasped the whole firmly between his knees, to try if he could possibly determine what was to be done in this strange business. He spoke not for the space of three minutes and a half; the whole meeting was silent except for whispers; the rivals did not even whisper.

By degrees, however, when the first whirl of terror and confusion had a little subsided, the dim outlines of the correct decision began to dawn upon the bewildered soul of Mr. Scroggs. He saw that one of the boys must leave him, the only question now was which. He knew that Cruthers's father was a staunch yeoman, Laird of Breconhill, which he ploughed indeed with his own hands—but in a way that made him well to pass in money matters, that enabled him on Sundays to ride forth upon a stout sleek nag, to pay his way on all occasions, and to fear no man. He knew at the same time that Jonson's father was likewise a Laird, and one that disdained to plough; but also that though his rank was higher, his purse was longer in the neck; that, in short, Knockhill was but a spendthrift; that he loved to hunt and gamble; and that his annual consumpt of whisky was very great. Mr. Scroggs was a gentleman that knew the world; he had learned to calculate the power of men and their various influences upon himself and the public; he felt the full force of that beautiful proposition in arithmetic, that one and one make two. He at length made up his mind.

"You, Jonson," said he, rising gradually, "you have broken the peace of the school; you have been a quarrelsome fellow, and when Cruthers got the better of you, in place of yielding or complaining to me, you have gone home privily and procured fire-arms, with intent, as I conceive, to murder, or at least mortally affright, a fellow Christian, an honest man's child; which, by the law of Moses, as you find in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and also by various Acts of Parliament, is a very heinous crime. You likewise owe me two quarters of school-wages,

which I do not expect you will ever pay; you cannot be here any longer. Go your ways, sirrah, and may all that 's ill among us go with you!"

Apparently this most frank statement excited no very definite idea in Jonson's mind; at least he stood motionless on hearing it, his eyes fixed and tearless, his teeth clenched, his nostrils dilated, all his frame displaying symptoms of some inward agony by which his little mind was torn, but indicating no settled purpose of acting either this way or that. Most persons would have pitied him; but Mr. Scroggs was free from that infirmity: he had felt no pity during many years for any but himself. Cruthers was younger and more generous: touched to the quick at his adversary's forlorn situation, he stepped forward, and bravely signified that himself was equally to blame, promising, moreover, that if the past could be forgiven, he would so live with Jonson as to give no cause for censure in the future.

"Let us both stay," he said, "and we will never quarrel more."

Tears burst from Jonson's eyes at this unexpected proposal; the Dominie himself, surprised and pleased, inquired if he was willing to stand by it. For answer he stretched out his hand, and grasped that of Cruthers in silence.

"Well, blessed are the peacemakers," observed Mr. Scroggs, "blessed indeed. See that it be so—see that, &c. &c. Boys," continued he, "this is a braw business certainly; these two callants (gallants) have done very manfully—hem!—you shall have this afternoon in holiday to——"

A universal squeal returned him loud and shrill acclaim;

the sunburnt urchins capered, pranced, and shouted; in their souls they blessed the two rivals, danced round them for a few minutes, then darted off by a hundred different paths; while the Dominie, with his raw-boned pupil, Mr. Candlewick, the gauger, returned to their studies with fresh alacrity.

Not so Cruthers and Jonson. They were left together, glad as any other pair, but with a more serious gladness. They were not in haste to go home, having much to tell each other. Two grown-up persons would have felt very awkward in their place; would have hemm'd and haw'd, and said a great many insipidities, attempting, perhaps honestly, to break the ice of ceremony, but in vain—sincerely desirous to be reconciled, yet obliged to part chagrined and baffled, and praying mutually that they might never meet again. The boys managed better. In a moment they got over head and ears in each other's confidence; proposed an afternoon's nesting together; strolled over the green fields and copses; recapitulating all the while their former feuds and conflicts, each taking the whole blame upon himself—communicating, too, their little hopes and projects, admiring each other heartily, and feeling the pleasure of talking increase every moment. Wearied, at length, by wandering in many a shady dingle, many a sunny holm, they sat down upon a bright green hillock, in the midst of what is now called the Duke's Meadow, and agreed that it would soon be time to part.

It was a lovely evening, as I have been told, and the place itself is not without some charms. Around them lay an undulating tract of green country, sprinkled with trees and white cottages, hanging on the sunny sides of the

declivities. Cattle lowing afar off in the closes; ploughmen driving home their wearied teams; and columns of blue peat-smoke rising from every chimney within sight, gave notice that the good wives were cooking their husbands' frugal supper. In front the Annan rolled to the eastward, with a full and clear current, a shrill, quiet, rushing tone, through woods of beech and sycamore, all glancing and twinkling in the evening sheen. On the left rose Woodcockair, to which the rook was making wing, and Repentance Hill, with its old Border watch-tower, now inhabited by ghosts and pigeons; while to the right, and far away, the great red disc of the sun, among its curtains of flaming cloud, was hanging over the shoulder of Criffel, and casting a yellow, golden light athwart the whole Frith of Solway; on the other side of which St. Bees' Head, with all the merry ports and granges of Cumberland, swelled gradually up into the hills, where Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and a thousand nameless peaks, towered away into the azure vault, and shone as if they had been something far better than they were.

These boys were no poets. Indeed, except the author of Lagg's Elegy and Macnay, whose Ode, beginning with

> "A joiner lad has ta'en a trip
> Across the Atlantic in a ship,"

—(not a cart, or washing-tub, the usual method of conveyance)—has been much admired by the literary world, Annandale has had few poets of note, and no philosopher but "Henderson *On the Breeding of Swine*;" yet the beauty of such a scene, the calm, rich, reposing loveliness of nature, will penetrate into the dullest heart. These poor fellows felt its influence, though they knew it not; disposing

them to peace and friendliness, and generous purposes, beyond the low rudeness of their customary way of life. They took each other's hands—the right in the right the left in the left, crosswise, though they had no leaning to Popery—and there promised solemnly that they would ever be friends, would back each other out in every quarrel, assist each other in purse and person while they lived; and, to close all, they added a stipulation that when one died, the other, if within seas at the time, should see his comrade quietly laid in earth, and their friendship, never broken in this world, consigned devoutly to the prospects of a better. It is not recorded that any thunder was heard in the sky to ratify this vow—any flight of eagles to the right hand or to the left, or any flight of anything—except, indeed, the flapping, staggering, hovering half-flight of an old and care-worn goose, busily engaged in hatching nine addle eggs by the side of a neighbouring brook, and just then issuing forth with much croaking, and hissing, and blustering—less, I fear, to solemnise their engagement than to seek her evening ration, of which, at that particular date, she felt a strong and very urgent need. It were pity that no such prodigy occurred; for the promise was made in singular circumstances, and, what is stranger still, was faithfully observed. Cruthers and Jonson "never quarrelled more."

I lament exceedingly that my ambition of minuteness and fidelity has led me to spin out this history of half a solar day into a length so disproportionate. I lament still more that the yawning of my readers warns me how needful it is to be more concise in future. I would willingly illustrate by examples, and otherwise dilate upon, the friendship of these two youths, having no brothers by relationship,

but now more than brothers to each other. A multitude of battles fought side by side—of wild passages by flood and field—of pranks, and gallantry, and roysterings within doors and without, which the faithful records of tradition still keep note of, are rising on my fancy; but I must waive them all. Suffice it to conceive that, through the usual course of joy and sorrow, of rustic business, rustic pleasure—now in sunshine, now in storm—the two striplings had expanded into men; had each succeeded to his father's inheritance; had each assumed the features of the character and fortune he was like to bear through life.

Cruthers looked upon himself as a fortunate person. He had found a thriving farm, a well-replenished purse awaiting him; he possessed an active, hardy spirit, and "four strong bones;" and, having no rank to maintain, no man's humour but his own to gratify, he felt a certain sufficiency and well-providedness about him, out of which it was natural that a sort of careless independence and frank self-help should spring and find their nourishment. He was, in fact, a ruddy-faced, strong-limbed, large, good-natured, yet indomitable fellow. There was nothing of the lion in his aspect; yet if you had looked upon his broad Scotch countenance, bespeaking so much force, and shrewdness, and unwearied perseverance, the substantial snugness of his attire, the attitude of slow, unpretending fearlessness with which he bore himself—there was none you would have hesitated more to injure, none whose enmity and friendship would have seemed more strongly contrasted. He had lately married a buxom, nut-brown maid of the neighbourhood; had given up all his frolics, and was now become a staid and solid yeoman. He speculated little

upon what are called general subjects. He knew nothing of the "political relations of Europe," or the "balance of the British constitution;" but he understood the prices of grain and farm produce at all the markets of the county, and could predict the issue of Brough-hill and St. Faith's cattle-fairs with a spirit which resembled that of prophecy. He considered little what might be the foundation of morals, or the evidence for the immortality of the soul; but he paid his tends duly, and went to church every Sunday. He loved his wife and dependents with a strong and honest, though a rude affection; and would have lent his friend a score or two of guineas as willingly as any man.

With Jonson, again, all this was different. Heir to a dilapidated fortune and a higher title, his first effort was to retrieve the one that he might support the other. Baffled in this laudable attempt, baffled after long and zealous perseverance, he experienced a chagrin, which, but for the honest cordiality of his nature, would have made him a misanthropist. It grieved him to look upon the bright glades and meadows of Knockhill, to think that he had received them from a long line of ancestors, and most probably must transmit them to the auctioneer. He had aimed at many high adventurous objects; had meant to be a soldier, a man of the sea, or at least a rich and happy squire. He now saw himself condemned to be a nameless thing—perhaps a bankrupt and a beggar. These thoughts galled him sorely, they had vexed him to the very heart: yet what was to be done? Zeno would have counselled him to *suffer and abstain*; Jonson determined to do neither. Unprepared to meet and vanquish the spectre

Care, he studied to avoid it: he hunted, rode, and visited; let debts and mortgages accumulate as they would; he talked, and trifled, and frolicked, studying to still uneasy thoughts by every method in his power. Yet unsuccessfully. He had a keen and sensitive, though volatile and gamesome mind within him; an active longing temper, and an aimless life. It is hard to exist in quietness without a purpose; hard to cast away anticipation when you have nothing to hope; harder still when you have everything to fear. Jonson could not keep himself at peace in idleness, and he had nought to do. It seemed probable that he would take to whisky, and the seduction of serving-maids at last, and men who looked upon him grieved at this. He was in truth a tall, stately, gallant-looking person as you could have seen; his dark thick locks, his smooth and mild yet proud and spirit-speaking face; his quick blue eyes, through which the soul "peeped wildly," speaking to the careless but of gaiety and wit, and young cheerfulness; but to others, speaking of a deep and silent pool of sorrow, over which mirth was playing only as a fitful sunbeam to gild not to warm; all this inspired you at first sight with an interest in him, which his courteous, though quaint and jestful manners, his affectionate and generous temper, converted into permanent good will He was accordingly a universal favourite; yet he lived unhappily as unprofitably; restless yet inactive; ever gay without; yet ever dreary, often dark within. His disposition and his fortune seemed quite at variance: men of prudence and worldly wisdom would shake their heads whenever you pronounced his name.

Such was the state of matters at the beginning of the

memorable year 1745. It appears strange that the conduct of Maria Theresa and the Elector of Bavaria should have influenced the conduct of the Laird of Knockhill: yet so it was, for all things are hooked together in this world. Mathematicians say you cannot let your penknife drop without moving the entire solar system; and I have heard it proved by logicians, who distinguished strongly between what was imperceptible and what was null, that you could not tie your neckcloth well or ill, without in time communicating some impressions of it to all the generations of the world. So much for *causes and effects*; concerning which see the metaphysicians of Edinburgh, who have illuminated this matter, in my humble opinion, with a philosophic precision for which the world cannot be too grateful. Jonson knew or cared nothing about metaphysics: but the echo of the Highland bagpipe screwing forth its wild tune, "Welcome, Royal Charlie," was to him what the first red streak of the morning is to a man who, being unfortunately overtaken with liquor overnight, has wandered long, long through bogs and quagmires, and scraggy moors, and thought the day was not intending to break at all. Jonson was but half a Jacobite; but he was wholly sick of idleness. Beyond a kind of natural partiality for the descendant of his *own* kings—increased too and purified in his eyes by hereditary feelings, and the preference of a bold heroic character, like Charles Edward, to the "lumpish, thick-headed German Laird" whom they had made a sovereign of at London—he cared little about Guelph or Stuart; but he thought there would be cutting and slashing in abundance, before the thing was settled: he longed to put in his sickle in this stormy harvest, and to gather riches and

renown, or fierce adventure and a speedy fate along with the rest. So he stored his purse with all the guineas he had in the world; put a few articles of dress in his saddle bags, a pair of pistols in the bow; begirt himself with an old Ferrara of his grandfather's, mounted his best horse, and arrived in Edinburgh the same day with Prince Charles.

No doubt the "modern Athens" showed a curious face on that occasion. Would that I might describe the look things had! the odd mixture of alarm, astonishment, inquisitiveness, and caution; the flight of Duncan Forbes and the public functionaries, with all their signets, mares, wigs, and rolls, tag-rag and bobtail; the burghers shutting up their shops, and hastily secreting their goods and chattels; the rabble crowding every street, intent on witnessing the show, as they could lose nothing by it; the wild, rusty, withered red shanks of the mountains mingled with them, wonderstruck at the sight of slated houses, and men with clothes on, yet ever mindful of their need of *prog*—seeking snuff, and brimstone, and herrings, in tones which you would have supposed mere human organs incapable of uttering, but with looks which told their meaning well enough; horses, carts, and coaches rushing on; men, women, and children gaping, gazing, wondering, hurrying; bugles, cannons, bagpipes, drums; tumult, uproar, and confusion worse confounded! But I must forbear dilating on these matters: it is enough for me that Jonson was received with pleasure as a volunteer; presented with the Prince's hand to kiss, and enrolled among his troop of horse, in which certainly there was no more hopeful cavalier to be discovered from one end to the other.

Jonson never liked to speak much about Prestonpans:

he felt a natural reserve on that point. Once or twice, however, he was known to compare notes on the affair with the Ecclefechan barber, a long-necked, purse-mouthed, tall, thin lath of a man, who had been there also as a private soldier on the other side. The barber candidly admitted that he knew little of the matter: he was aroused from his grassy bed, early in a cold raw morning, by the furious shriek of the Highlanders, and a desire from his own sergeant (accompanied by a kick on the side) that he would "stand to his arms"; which he, though little zealous in the cause, yet making shift to gather his long spider limbs together, did at length accomplish. He fired twice, though without taking aim, indeed the second time without loading; being a good deal struck by the grandeur of the scene, and the whirling and screaming of the Celts on that side. But looking round to see what was going on in the rear, he clearly discerned across the open space his beloved general, galloping as fast as four feet could carry him, in the direction not of the rebels but of Dunbar, and right against the wind as it seemed, for his tie wig, with all its tails, and bobs, and tassels, was to be seen floating out behind him with a most free expansion of all its parts. Whereupon the barber, mindful of the precept he had learned at school, *militum est suo duci parere*, followed after his commanding officer, to get orders, I suppose, throwing down his gun that he might go the faster. They talked of hanging or shooting him for this afterwards; but fate was kinder to him than he thought. He returned unhurt to his own country, where he brayed out church-music every Sunday, and shaved or flayed some hundred sandy beards every Saturday for many years.

Jonson, on the other hand, declared that it was rather frightful, but *very* grand to see the fire of the red-coats rolling and flashing through the grey dawn. The first volley killed his right-hand man; and the whole mass stood so compactly, and seemed to act so simultaneously, it was almost like some immense fiery serpent of the nether abyss, spitting forth a quick destruction in the faces of all who approached it. But he soon lost heed of it. The irregular shots and volleys bursting from his own party, the scream of a hundred bagpipes between whiles, the tramp of horse and foot, the jostling, crushing, shouting, yelling, soon made him mad as any of them, and he dashed against the enemy, in a sort of frenzy, forgetful of all moments and all places but the present. Of his deeds and sufferings in the fight he seldom spoke; but there is one incident which I learned from another quarter, and must not here omit. The Prince's or Pretender's cavalry being in the very hottest of the *melée*, came upon the volunteer troop of Glasgow Fusiliers, which still maintained their ground, partly because they were too heavy for running well. The colonel of this gallant corps, mounted on a huge stalking Sleswic horse, and wrapt up in the folds of a large felt great coat, rode out and struck about him furiously, not in the *etoccado* and *passado* way, but in circles and curves, to the right and to the left, above him and below, so that his iron seemed everywhere and nowhere, and had his strength continued, he might have beggared all attack, and formed a kind of living *cheval-de-frise*. His weapon struck Jonson on the head, with a force which assured the latter that his skull was fractured; whereupon aiming a dreadful blow at the manufacturer, he hewed off

as it seemed a whole flank from him, and sent his horse, on which he still stuck as if by miracle for a few seconds, to the remotest corner of the field. The Glasgow Fusiliers set up a doleful cry, and then laid down their arms. Jonson did not fall, but found his hat had lost half the crown, and the whole right side of the brim; and the Glasgow colonel's left quarter proved to be in truth the left pocket and skirt of his felt great-coat, smitten off at the expense of his horse's ribs and of Jonson's blade, and found to enwrap in it three sandwiches, some five or six black puddings, one tobacco box, and a very superior flask of Antigua rum. The colonel lived long after, making muslin and drinking cold punch; but his surtout was rendered altogether useless, and his steed halted to its dying day.

Jonson proceeded with the left division of the Celts into England, where was much harrying and spoiling, much hardship inflicted and sustained, till, in the county of Derby, they turned their backs on London, and Jonson began to reckon himself a broken man. Some gloomy thoughts, he had, no doubt, but there existed in his mind a native elasticity which kept him far from desponding: besides, he was inured to suffering, had walked all his life in thorny ways. He found in active hardship, and bold though unsuccessful hazard, even a kind of pleasure, when contrasted with the cold obstruction, the eating care under which he had pined so long already. At any rate he believed that dark reflection was a misery itself; that come what come might, a merry heart would meet it best. So he "took no thought for the morrow;" but laughed and jeered, and held along, telling his companions pleasant

stories as they rode, enjoying good cheer whenever it came; —which, indeed, was seldom,—and comforting himself and others with the hopes of it, when it did not come. At Clifton Moor his last sole faithful servant, his "gallant gray," sank down and bit the earth, by the bullet of an English carabine. Jonson would have hewed the thief that shot it into fragments, could he have found him; but he could not; so he walked onward to Carlisle with as much contentedness as he could muster. Here he found the Celts in very low spirits, all higgling about who should be left in the "garrison," as they called it. Each of them was willing to be hanged the last. Jonson volunteered immediately to stay: he liked not travelling on foot, and wished at any rate to see the end of the business as soon as might be. Four brick walls, said to have been built by the worthy Prince *Luel*, in this his *caer*, or fortress, about the time of Solomon, King of Israel, four walls so old, and three venerable honey-combed guns, which but for the date of Swarz the Monk might have looked equally old; the whole manned by some five and forty meagre, blear-eyed Highlandmen, without enough of powder, and destitute of snuff or whiskey, could be expected to make no mighty stand against the Duke of Cumberland and his German engineers. Accordingly they did not. That mighty prince, so venerated for his clemencies in the north country, and after for his firmness of soul at Klostersieben. got cannon out of Whitehaven, and battered the old ugly brick-kiln of a castle on every side. Jonson, with a few of his comrades, thought to make some answer to these volleys, and stood flourishing their linstocks over their three loaded rusty pieces of artillery; but the issue

proved unfortunate. One burst into fragments like a potsherd, knocking out an eye and breaking a leg of the ill-fated gunner. The other fired indeed, and sent a twelve-pound shot into the very heart of a neighbouring peat-stack, but sprang back from its carriage at the same instant, and overturning a spavined baggage-horse by the way, plunged far into the mud of the deep castle-well, where it has never since been heard of; while Jonson's, with a smaller effort, fired also, but through the touch-hole, discharging not the ball, or even the wad, but a whirlwind of smoky flame, which seared and begrimed the bystanders, leaving Jonson himself unburnt certainly, but black as a raven and desperate of saving the place. So they yielded, as needs men must who cannot resist any longer: they beat the *chamade* duly, and before night were all safely accommodated with cells in the donjon, there to await the decision of an English jury, and his Majesty's commission of oyer and terminer, which followed in the rear of the victors.

Jonson bore his imprisonment and the prospect of his death with fortitude. Weaker men than he have found means to compose themselves, and meet the extremity of fate without complaint. There seems, indeed, to be something in the idea of grim necessity, which silences repining; when you know that it *must* be, your sole resource is, *let* it be. Jonson had not read *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, or either of Mr. Coleridge's *Lay Sermons*; but he had a frank and cheery spirit in him, and a stubborn will, and these were better. Of course he experienced a certain overshadowing of the soul, when they fettered him with irons, and first locked up his dungeon; some dreary

yearnings when he thought of free skies and fields, and merry life; himself shut up the while, and never more to see the sun, except when it should light him to his doom. Solitude and silence gave birth to feelings still more painful. The visions of early hope again dawned in all their brightness, when the day of their fulfilment was cut off for ever. He felt it hard that one so young, so full of life, should perish miserably; hard, with the fierce consciousness of what he might have done, might still do; hard, that the purposes, the powers, the boiling ardour of his soul, the strong cry of its anguish, should be smothered alike, and closed in by dead impediments which could not, could not be passed over. But what availed its hardness? Who would help him? Who would deliver? He almost wept when he thought of childish carelessness and sports, and the green sunny braes of his native Annandale, and of his mother; how she used to wrap him in his little bed at nights, and watch over him, and shield him from every danger. Gone now to the land of night and silence! and he, her luckless boy, clutched in the iron grasp of fate, to meet his stern doom, alone, unpitied, uncared for; the few true hearts that still loved him, far away. And then, *to die!* to mingle with the gloomy ministers of the unseen world, whose nature he knew not, but whose shadowy manifestations he viewed with awe unspeakable! all this he thought of, and it was vain to think of it—vain to gaze and ponder over the abysses of eternity, the black and shoreless ocean into which he must soon be launched. No ray would strike across the scene—or only with a fitful glimmer which but made it ghastlier and more dubious; but showed it to be a place of dreariness and

doubt, and haggard desolation, to which he must soon enter, and whence he would never return.

A prey to these and worse disquietudes, poor Jonson felt all the misery of his forlorn situation. Often he would sit for long hours immersed in thought, till he became almost unconscious of external things. By times he would stamp quickly and sternly across the damp pavement of his dungeon—by times he would pause, and, grasping his iron gyves, his countenance would darken with a scowl which spoke unutterable things. Of immeasurable agony it spoke. But of craven yielding to it, or of weak despair? No! he never yielded to it—never dreamt of yielding. What good was it to yield? To be self-despised—to be triumphed over—to be *pitied* of the scurvy rabble that watched him! This would have stung him worse than all. He could not make his heart insensible, or cleanse it of "that perilous stuff" which weighed upon it; but he could keep it *silent*, and his only consolation was in doing so. His spirit was strong and honest, if not stainless—his life had not been spent on down—he had long been learning to endure. So he locked up his thoughts, whatever they were, within himself—his own mind was the only witness of its conflicts. I know not if he doubted the motives of some ghostly comforters—some city clergy that came at first to visit him, and urge him to confession and repentance. Perhaps he had not faith sufficient in their nostrums—perhaps his Presbyterian prejudice was shocked at the prelatical formalities, the exceeding primness of these small people—tripping in so gingerly, with their shovel hats and silk hose, looking so precise and pragmatical—so very satisfied with their own precious lot and

character. At any rate, he would not trade with them refused to come or go with them at all; he welcomed them and gave them leave with a thousand civilities, but said he meant to meet the issue on his own resources. The task was difficult, but he effected it. No paltry jailor, no little dapper parson ever saw a furrow on his countenance—ever imagined that he felt one twinge within. He talked as carelessly, and seemed to live as calmly, even gaily, as man could talk and live.

Thus Jonson passed his days till the Judges arrived, and the work of death began to proceed with vigour. Already many of his comrades had gone forth to Harribee, and bowed their necks beneath the axe of the headsman; when he, in his turn, was haled before the bar. Of the crowded court, some gloomed upon him; others pitied the tall and gallant fellow who was soon to lie so low; the most looked quietly on as at a scenic spectacle, which was very solemn and interesting—which might be hard for some of the actors, but nothing save a show for *them*. The guards escorted him—the men of law went through their formularies. At length the presiding Judge inquired, *what* he had to say why sentence should not pass against him? Jonson answered, that he had little or nothing to say; he believed he had broken their regulations—they had the upper hand at present, and he saw not why they should not work their will. He was accordingly condemned to lose his head within three days; and sent back to prison with many admonitions, (which he received with great composure and civility,) to prepare for his last removal.

How different was the state of Cruthers in the meantime. A stranger to all these scenes of peril and adventure,

tilling the clayey acres of Breconhill, he cared not for the rise or fall of dynasties. He had never meddled for the Celtic rebels, or against them, with his will—had quietly seen their ragged gipsy host move over the Cowdens height within a furlong of his door—had grumbled and cursed a little when their rear-guard stole three sheep from him—and heartily wished them at the devil when they seized upon himself as a man of substance that might benefit their cause, and carried him down with them to Ecclefechan, threatening to kill him if he would not join with them, or pay well for a dispensation. Whisky, the great solvent of nature, delivered him from this latter accident. He fairly drank five of them beneath the table of Curlie's change-house, and felled the remaining three to the earth, with a fist large as the head of an ox, and potent as the hammer of Thor; then sprang to the street—to the fields—to the moors—and ran like "the hind let loose," and never saw them more.

This storm blown over, Cruthers betook him to his usual avocations, and went out and came in as if there had been no rebellion in the land. He was planted by his clean hearth one evening, before a bright blazing fire, with his youngest boy upon his knee, the goodwife and her tidy maids all spinning meanwhile, "studious of household good," when a neighbour sauntered in, and told, by way of news, that "Knockhill" was tried and sentenced at Carlisle. The heart of Cruthers smote him; he had been too careless in the day of his friend's extreme need. He felt a coldness within when he remembered their youthful passages—their *promise*, and how it was to be fulfilled. He arose, and gave orders to have a horse ready for him by

the earliest dawn. The goodwife attempted to dissuade him, by talk about difficulties, dangers, and so forth; but she persisted not—knowing that his will, once fairly spoken, was like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.—Next morning, by daybreak, he was on the road to Carlisle.

It was late at night when he gained admittance to the prison Obstacles he had met with, delays and formalities without number. These, at length adjusted, he penetrated into the place—tired and jaded, as well as sad. The bolts and doors, which croaked and grated as they moved, the low winding passages and the pale and doubtful light which a few lamps shed over them, sickened his free heart still more. In fine, he was admitted to the cell of his comrade. The soul of the rude yeoman melted at the sight; he took Jonson's hand in silence, and the tears trickled down his hard visage as he looked round upon the apparatus of captivity, and thought of what had brought him to view it. Jonson was not less moved: this look of genuine sympathy, the first shown towards him for many days, had well-nigh overpowered him; it broke in upon the harsh and stubborn determinations with which he had meant to meet the catastrophe of to-morrow; it was like to make a girl of him too. He hastened to begin speaking; and succeeded, by degrees, in dispelling the gloom of his companion's mind, and restoring the serenity of his own. After a hundred questions and replies, and rejoinders, from both parties, about old occurrences and late, about home and friends, and freedom from the one, about foes and durance, and a prison from the other, when the night was already waning, Jonson paused, and, looking at his friend,

"My good William," he said, "this is indeed very kind of you; it shows me that you are a true man; long afterwards your own mind will reward you for it: nevertheless, it may not be: these bloodhounds will mark you if you look after me to-morrow, or show any symptoms of care for me; they will bring you into trouble for it, and it cannot come to good. I recollect our promise well—what a bright evening that was!—but never mind; the official people will find a place to lay me in—what matters it where or how I lie? You shall stay with me two hours here; then mount—and home, while the way is clear. Nay, I insist upon it!"

Cruthers stoutly rejected this command, declared that he would never leave him in this extremity, he cared not what might come of it; he absolutely would not go. Jonson was obliged to acquiesce in his companion's honest wilfulness; he consented, though reluctantly, and the conversation proceeded as before. Cruthers felt amazed at his mood of mind: there was no sign of drooping or despondency in him; but heartiness and cheerfulness as if the morrow had been to be for him a mere common day. Nothing seemed to cloud his spirits—he seemed to have balanced his accounts with this world and the next, and to be now abiding his stern appointment without wavering. In fact, his mind felt a sort of exaltation—a pride in what it had already endured, in the certainty of what it could still endure; and this feeling shed a degree of splendour over his cloudy horizon—gilded with a kind of hope the lowering whirlwind of his thoughts, which had well-nigh mastered him at first, but now was sunk into a "grim repose"—to awake and rage but once, for a few short moments of

mortal agony, and then be hushed for ever. He had roused his spirit to its noblest pitch to meet that fierce, though brief extremity: he knew that he could meet it rightly—and then his task was done. So he felt a sullen calmness within, a fixed intensity of purpose; over which a cheerful composure with those that loved him, a bitter contempt for those that hated him, had alike some room to show themselves, and thus to decorate with a fit and moving interest the parting hour of a brave, though unhappy, man.

The former disposition he was now exhibiting; the latter he had soon occasion to exhibit. While yet speaking, they were interrupted by a bustle in the passage. Presently the door opened; and the turnkey, a rough lean savage of the country, entered, escorting two undertakers with a coffin: it was to lie there till wanted.

Jonson viewed it with a smile; was afraid it would be too short: "you see," said he, "I am six feet two, or thereby."

"Short?" said the turnkey, "six feet two!—recollect, friend, that your head is to be cut off to-morrow, and stuck upon a pike over the gates."

"Very just, my dear Spoonbill," replied the prisoner, "*that alters the case entirely.* You are a judicious man, Captain Spoonbill: I might have forgot that. Heaven keep you, my beloved Spoonbill! You have done here?"

"Yes!"

"Then bless us with your absence, noble captain! retire—evacuate—vanish!—there!—peace be with you, best of all the Spoonbills!"

In spite of this interruption, their conversation continued

as before. Jonson loaded his companion with commissions and memorials for friends and dependants; explained his own ideas about death and immortality—connecting both very strangely with recollections of the world he was just about to quit, and spreading over all a colouring of native stout-heartedness and good humour, which astonished Cruthers, and deepened the sorrow of his rude but kindly heart, as he thought that so frank, and true, and brave a spirit must never hold communion with him more. It was far in the morning when Jonson laid himself upon his hard bed—to seek, for the last time on earth, an hour's repose.

Cruthers watched, meanwhile; gathered himself within his thick surtout, squeezed on his hat, and sat crouched together in the dreariest of all possible moods. He looked upon the dungeon, upon the coffin; he listened in the deep and dead silence of the place—nothing was heard but the breathing of his friend, now sunk in sweet forgetfulness,—and the slow ticking of the great prison clock, each heavy beat of which seemed to be striking off a portion of the small barrier that yet separated the firm land of time from the great devouring ocean of eternity. He shuddered at the thought of this; he tried to meditate upon the hopes of another life: dim shadows floated before his mind; but the past and the present intermingled with the future—each fleeting image chased away by one as fleeting—the wrecks and fragments of all thoughts and feelings hovering in his fancy—and overcasting them all, a sad and sable hue proceeding from the secret consciousness of what he strove to banish from his contemplations. He sank at length into a kind

of stupor—that state where pain or pleasure continues, but their agitations cease—where feeling is no longer shapen into thought, but the mind rolls slowly to and fro, like some lake which the tempest has just given over breaking into billows, but still, though abated, keeps in motion. He had not slept, but he had been for some time nearly unconscious of external things, when his reverie was broken in upon by a loud noise at the door of the cell. Starting to his feet in a paroxysm of horrible anticipation, as the bolts gave way, his eye lighted on the gaoler and another person, with boots and spurs, and a toil-worn aspect. Surely they were come to lead his friend to Harribee! Without waiting to investigate their purposes, he seized both, scarce knowing what he did, and would have knocked their heads together, and then against the floor, had not the wail they made, and the noise of their entrance, roused Jonson from his pallet; who forthwith interposing, inquired what the matter was, and if the hour was come?

"Yes," said Spoonbill, "t' oor's coom, but thou's neet to."

"I bring you joyful news," said the other, "you are saved from death! Observe his gracious Majesty's will and pleasure!—Read!"

Who shall describe the joy of these two friends? None can describe it, or need, for all can conceive it well. Cruthers blessed the King a thousand times; capered and stamped, and exclaimed, and raved for about an hour; then paused a little to inquire about the circumstances, and see what yet remained to be done. The circumstances were quite simple. The court of London had ceased to fear, and

grown tired of shedding useless blood: Jonson, with several others, were snatched from the executioner, their sentence being changed from death into a forfeiture of all their property, and a loss of country—which they were ordered to quit without delay.

Behold the prisoner then again set free—again about to mingle in the rushing tide of life, from which a little while ago he seemed cut off for ever. His first sensation was gladness—vivid and unmingled as a human mind can feel: his next was gladness still, but dashed by cares which brought it nearer to the common temper. However, he was now unshackled; he saw regrets and useless pains behind him, difficulty and toil before; but he had got back the consciousness of vigorous and active existence, he felt the pulse of life beat full and free within him, and that was happiness of itself.

At any rate his present business was not to muse and speculate, but to determine and to do. In about a week after his deliverance, you might have seen him busied about many tangible concerns, bustling to and fro for many purposes; and at length hurrying along the pier of Whitehaven to step on board of a stout ship bound for the island of Jamaica. Cruthers left him—not without tears, or till he had forced upon him all the money in his purse; then mounted the stairs of the lighthouse, waved his hat as the vessel cleared the head of the battlements, and turned his face sorrowfully towards home. Jonson felt a bitter pang as he parted from his last earthly friend, and saw himself borne speedily away into a far clime, with so very few resources to encounter its difficulties, and gain a footing in it. He was not of a sentimental humour; but he did sigh

when he saw, mellowed and azured in the distance, the bright fields of his native land; the very braes, as he thought, which his fathers had held, and from which he was now driven like an outcast, never to behold them more. But reflections and regrets were unavailing: he had left the old world, no matter how, the only question was what plan should he adopt to get a living in the new. A question hard to answer! All was obscure and overcast: he knew not what to think. He used to walk the deck alone, when they were out in the main sea, at nights, in the clear moonshine; now looking over the vast blue dome of the sky, the wide and wasteful solitude of the everlasting ocean; now listening to the moaning of the wind, the crackling of the cordage, or the ship's quick ripple as she ploughed the trackless deep; now catching the rough chorus of the seamen in the galley on the watch, or their speech subdued into a kind of rude solemnity by the grandeur and perils of the scene; now thinking of his own dreary fate, and striving to devise some remedy for it. All in vain! He reached the shore of Kingston without any plan or purpose—save only to live in honesty, by some means, of what sort he knew not.

Such a state of mind was little favourable for enjoying the beautiful phases which the island successively assumed as they approached it. Jonson noticed it, indeed, when it rose like a bright shining wedge, at the rim of the ocean, sailing, as it seemed, upon a fleecy continent of clouds, spread all around; he watched it as it grew higher and bluer, till the successive ridges of its mountains became revealed to him—rising each above the other, with a purer, more aërial tint, all cut with huge rents and crags and airy

torrent-beds, all sprinkled with deep and shadowy foliage, all burning in the light of a tropical sun; houses, and lawns, and plantations near the shore, and, higher, forests and rocks, and peaks and beetling cliffs, winding—winding up into the unfathomable depths of air. All this he saw, and not without some feeling of its grandeur; but humbler cares engaged him, cares which he could not satisfy, and could not silence. It grieved him when they came to land, to see the bustle and gladness of every other but himself; every other seemed to have an object and a hope; he had none. There was not even the cold welcome of an inn to greet him; Jamaica had no inns in those days: the mate had gone to find him lodgings, but was not yet returned; he had not where to lay his head.

Already had he been kicking the pebbles of the beach, up and down for half an hour, when a pleasant-looking, elderly person of a prosperous appearance, came up and ventured to accost him. This was Councillor Herberts, a merchant and planter of the place, come out to take his evening stroll. Jonson looked upon the man—there was something in his aspect which attracted—an appearance of easy circumstances and green old age—of calm judgment, and a certain grave good-nature: they entered into conversation. The wanderer admitted that he was not happy—that, in fact, it was ebb tide with him at present; but he had a notion things would mend. The planter invited him to come and eat bread, in his house which stood hard by; and where, he said, his daughter would be happy to receive them. Talking as they went, they got deeper into one another's confidence. The fair Margaret welcomed her father's guest with a bewitching smile, and the father himself grew more

satisfied with him the longer they conversed. He inquired, at length, if his new friend wrote well? Jonson asked for paper, and, without delay, in a fine flowing hand, set down this venerable stanza of Hebrew poetry:

> "Blessed is he that wisely doth
> The poor man's case consider;
> For when the time of trouble is,
> The Lord him will deliver."

The worthy planter perused it with a smile—seemed to think a little—then told Jonson that he was in want of such a person, and proposed to employ him as a clerk. The day was when Jonson would have spurned at such an offer, but misfortune had tamed him now. He grasped at this, almost as gladly as at any ever made him—as even at that of life within the prison of Carlisle. He sat down to his ledgers next day.

In this new capacity I rejoice to say that Jonson acquitted himself manfully. He was naturally of an active indefatigable turn; he had a sound, methodical judgment, and a straightforward, thorough-going mode of action, which here found their proper field. Besides, he daily loved the planter and his household more, the more he knew of them; and gratitude, as well as interest, called upon him for exertion. In the counting-rooms and warehouses, accordingly, he soon became an indispensable. It would have done anyone's heart good to see how he would lay about him there—concluding bargains, detecting frauds, devising ways and means, dashing every obstacle to the right and left, advancing to his object with a steady progress and infallible certainty. These were the solid qualities of his mind and habitudes; the more superficial

but scarcely less important were of an equally valuable sort. I have already called him good-natured and courteous, as well as firm and fearless. We have seen that he was of a temper disinclined to sadness and whining: thought might take hold of him, and keenly, but he never yielded to it, he made a point to cast his sorrows from him altogether; or, if that might not be, to hide them beneath a veil of mockery and mirth; therefore he seldom and sparingly drew upon the sympathies of others, but rather by his sprightly conversation, and his bold, determined method of proceeding, gained over them a sure dominion, which his goodness of heart ever kept him from abusing. His adventures, too, and irregular mode of life had given a dash of wildness to his speech and conduct, which enhanced the interest people took in him. He had still at hand some stroke of gaiety, some wily quip, wherewith to meet every emergency, which at once indicated an unknown depth of energy and self-possession, and resources, and gave to it a peculiarly frank and unpretending aspect. In short, he grew a universal favourite, at once respected and loved. The good planter promoted him through every grade to the highest in his establishment, and at length admitted him to be a partner in the trade.

Thus Jonson went along—increasing in esteem, in kindness and goodwill with all that knew him. With his patron, the Councillor Herberts, who had alike obliged him and been obliged in return, he stood in the double relation of the giver and receiver of gratitude, and therefore could not wish to stand much better: but with the Councillor's young and only daughter, the beautiful and

lively Margaret? How did *she* like him? Bright airy sylph! Kind, generous soul! I could have loved her myself if I had seen her. Think of a slender delicate creature—formed in the very mould of beauty—elegant and airy in her movements as a fawn; black hair and eyes—jet black; her face meanwhile as pure and fair as lilies—and then for its expression—how shall I describe it? Nothing so changeful, nothing so lovely in all its changes: one moment it was sprightly gaiety, quick arch humour, sharp wrath, the most contemptuous indifference—then all at once there would spread over it a celestial gleam of warm affection, deep enthusiasm;—every feature beamed with tenderness and love, her eyes and looks would have melted a heart of stone; but ere you had time to fall down and worship them—poh! she was off into some other hemisphere—laughing at you—teasing you—again seeming to flit round the whole universe of human feeling, and to sport with every part of it. Oh! never was there such another beautiful, cruel, affectionate, wicked, adorable, capricious little gipsy sent into this world for the delight and the vexation of mortal man.

My own admiration is, how in the name of wonder Jonson ever got her wooed!—I should have thought it the most hopeless task in nature. Perhaps he had a singular skill in such undertakings: at any rate he throve. The cynosure of neighbouring eyes, the apple of discord to all bachelors within many leagues—richer many of them and more showy men than Jonson—preferred Jonson to them all. Perhaps, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed: at all events, she loved him—loved him with her whole soul, the little cozener—though it was

many a weary day before he could determine whether she cared one straw for him or not. Her father saw and blessed their mutual attachment. They were wedded; and Jonson felt himself the happiest of men.

Good fortune now flowed on Jonson. His father-in-law was scarce gathered in extreme old age to his final rest, when news arrived from Britain, that another king had mounted the throne, that Jacobitism had now ceased to be a persecuted creed, that it would be safe for Jonson, if he chose it, to return. The estate of his ancestors, moreover, was at that very time exposed to sale. What inducements! His fair Creole had lost with her last parent the only hold that bound her firmly to Jamaica: they sold their property, and embarked for Europe. Knockhill was purchased for them, and they reached it in safety. What a hubbub was there at the brave *Laird's* home-come! What bonfires burnt! What floods of ale and stingo! What mirth and glee and universal jubilee! He had left it poor and broken and sick at heart, and going down to death; he returned rich, powerful, happy, and at his side "the fairest of the fair." The rude peasants blessed his lovely bride, she herself was moved with their affection. Jonson felt himself at last within the port: he collected all the scattered elements of enjoyment which fortune had spread around him, and found that they sufficed. He was tired of wandering, glad of rest; he built a stately mansion which still adorns the place; he planted and improved; he talked and speculated, loved and was beloved again. The squires around him coveted his company more than he did theirs. The trusty Cruthers, who had stood by him in the hour of peril and distress, was the first to hail him in the season of

prosperity. Many a long night did they two drive away, in talking of old times, of moving accidents, of wild adventures, feuds, and hairbreadth 'scapes. In the fervour of his recollections, Jonson would fall upon his knees before the lady he loved best, and swear that she was dearer to him still than life, or aught contained in it; that she had found him a homeless wanderer—had made him all he was: if he ever ceased to serve her and cherish her in his heart of hearts, he should be the veriest dog upon the surface of the earth. She would smile at this, and ask him not to ruffle the carpet, not to soil his knees. Cruthers owned that it made his eyes water.

Here, however, I must end. Do you ask what followed farther? Where these people now are? Alas! they are all dead: this scene of blessedness and peace, and truth of heart is passed away; it was beautiful, but, like a palace of clouds in the summer sky, the north wind has scattered it asunder, and driven it into emptiness and air. The noble Margaret died first; Jonson shortly followed her, broken down with years and sorrow for his loss. Cruthers shed a tear over his coffin as he lowered it into a native grave. Cruthers, too, is dead; he sank 'like a shock of corn fully ripe'; a specimen of the "olden worth," of fearless candour and sturdy, bold integrity to his latest day. Moss-grown stones lie above these friends, and scarcely tell the passer-by who lie below. They sleep there, in their ever silent bed of rest; the pageant of their history is vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. The scene which they once peopled and adorned, is now peopled by others. Has it gained by the change? I sigh when I look at the representative of Cruthers, his grandson, a sot whom he despised.

Jonson never had a grandchild—his father's fields have passed into the hands of land-jobbers and paltry people who knew not Joseph. I look on the woods he planted, and the houses which he built, and muse upon the vast and dreary vortex of this world's mutability. It is weak to do so :—

> "Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
> Copre i fasti e la pompe arena ed arba;
> E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni;
> O nostra mente cupida e superba!"

PETER NIMMO.*

As upwards of two thousand men, or boys who at length become men, annually attend the University of Edinburgh, it follows, taking the average of their attendance at three years, that within the last quarter of a century, Mr.—or, as he is now entitled Sir Peter—Nimmo, must have established some personal acquaintance with from sixteen to seventeen thousand British and Foreign individuals. During such length of time has Sir Peter studied, with assiduity, in that learned Establishment; and formed, indeed, the most remarkable object there. Allowing, farther, that each eye-witness of a wonder communicates orally his experience of the same only one hundred times over, which for most ready speakers is a very small allowance, we shall find that Sir Peter's fame has a quite amazing diffusion; that already in more than a million and a half of partially cultivated heads some picture of him must be reposited. On such portion of its readers can any Universal Periodical, in treating of Sir Peter, hope to confer an altogether peculiar satisfaction.

But independently of peculiar and personal considerations, the world itself is interested in these matters:

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* *Fraser's Magazine*, February 1831 (No. xiii., vol. iii., pp. 12-16).

singular men are at all times worthy of being described and sung; nay, strictly considered, there is nothing else worthy. If common men are, as it were, the common letter-press in the Book of Life, and impart little to us save the narrative of Accidents and Offences, Prices Current, and Lists of Births, Marriages, and Deaths; if at most Kings and Prime Ministers are the Capital Letters or Illuminated Characters there,—then are your intrinsically singular men like so many Hieroglyphs and prophetic Runes, that from time to time diversify the pages, and attract every eye. To the idle, indeed, they are objects of idle wonder, and speculation almost childish; but to the thinking, to him that has a seeing eye, and not merely a gazing one, these Hieroglyphs are a true Sacred Writing: the Napoleon, the Nimmo, are mystic windows through which we glance deeper into the hidden ways of Nature, and discern under a clearer figure the workings of that inscrutable Spirit of the Time, and Spirit of Time itself, who is by some thought to be the Devil.

For these reasons, it strikes us, our respectable Contributor could, in that his state of embarrassment and detention, have done nothing fitter than reverting to his native city, and singing, according to ability, the chief character therein, the character, namely, of Sir Peter Nimmo. For whether Nimmo, as himself asserts, be descended direct from Numa Pompilius or not, his procreation is undoubtedly derived from the earliest periods of History: farther, to such as understand what is meant by Devotedness to Science, the spectacle of a man studying for five and twenty years without the smallest faltering, and without the smallest fruit, cannot but have

its significance, its charm. Better were it, perhaps, had our respectable Contributor penetrated more earnestly into the Philosophy of Nimmo; given us his Creed, his metaphysical, religious, political, practical, and peptical Theory of the Universe; above all, his Thoughts on the Present Administration,—with the whole particulars of which he is doubtless well acquainted However, a discerning public will gratefully accept what it here gets, not foregoing the hope of more and better. For the rest, if any one asks, What manner of man this Nimmo is?—we must advise him, if his engagements permit, to take a cabin passage in the Steamboat, and go northward himself and see. Nimmo, from the earliest days of November, ever as the Bell jingles in that Edinburgh College Area, is visible and accessible; and here, as in so many other cases, Description throws down her paint-brush, and declares that it is in vain. Only as a slight foretaste, and whet, nowise as a meal, can our respectable Contributor's RHAPSODY serve, which we now, without farther preface, give unaltered.

O. Y.

RHAPSODY.

Numeris fertur lege solutis.

OLD Boece, in jail, did with a certain pathos
Write on *Consolation*: the *scribendi cacoethes*
Served his turn, so shall it mine, this rainy day;
Be it neither man nor woman heed my lay.
Praise to Cadmus! that from those same old Phenicians
He brought alphabetic letters for his Theban Grecians;
And from Grecian to the Scottish! The most sovereign thing
For all Sciences, and sedentary men that preach or sing!
Hereby Time and Space, our foes, if not annihilated,
Are laid on their beam-ends, lamed and quite prostrated.
Art thou lonely, idle, friendless, toolless, nigh distract,
Hand in bosom; jaw, except for chewing, ceased to act?
Matters not, so thou have ink, and see the Why and How;
Drops of Copperas dye make There a Here, and Then a Now.
Must the brain lie fallow simply since it is alone,
And the heart, in heaths and splashy weather, turn to stone?
Shall a living Man be mute as twice-sold mackerel?
If not speaking, if not acting, I can write—in doggerel.

For a subject? Earth is wonder-fill'd; for instance, Peter
Nimmo:
Think of Peter's "being's mystery:" I will sing of him O!
Universe (so thou have time) attend my rhyming,
Sense with sound, on meekest theme, correctly chiming!

TO PETER NIMMO.

I.

THRICE-LOVED Nimmo! art thou still, in spite of Fate,
Footing those cold pavements, void of meal and mutton;
To and from that everlasting College-gate,
With thy blue hook-nose, and ink-horn hung on button?

Always have I noted that long simple nose of thine,
How it droops most meekly over shallowest chin,
Ever-smiling lips with scarcely-squinting eyes does join:
Fittest bush for the "mild penny-wheep" is sold within!

Soot brown coat, I know, is button'd, and thy motion
To all class-rooms is a short half-hurried trudge:
Peter! is there, was there any fact or notion
In that porous head of thine one night will lodge?

No one! Simplest Peter, wilt thou never know
That thy brain is made of substance adipose?
Whilst thou bear'st and heat'st it, all to oil does go:
Cease, fond struggling man, what bootless toils are those!

Canst thou τιμὴ yet decline, or know the gender
(On thy oath) of Neuter from a Feminine?

Peter, no! Thou know'st it not, thou vain pretender:
  Met the Sun's eye ever so strange a case as thine?

For 'tis twenty years and five since thou art seen
  In all Class-rooms, Lectures, thou unwearied biped,
Listening, prying, jolting, with an eye so mildly keen;
  And what boots it? Vain were even the Delphic Tripod.

Danaus's daughters had a water-sieve to fill;
  Fate like thine, poor Nimmo, yet in other guise:
Thee no Fear doth urge, but Hope and readiest will,
  Hope that springs eternal, Hope of being wise!

II.

'Tis said that once, ere manhood's prime began,
  My Peter, journeying thro' some mountain-pass,
'Gan meditate upon Life's mazy plan:
  He had leisure for 't, being mounted on an Ass.

'Twas summer sabbath-day, the Ass went slow;
  Rose wondrous, silent hills, beneath blue sky;
From time to time, in valley far below,
  The little Kirk, on verdant knoll, attracts his eye.

Dark lay the world in Peter's labouring breast:
  Here was he (words of import strange) *He* here!
Mysterious Peter, on mysterious hest:
  But whence? how? whither? nowise will appear.

What *was* this marvellous Universe at all?
  Some painted Diving-bell in Chaos-Ocean?

Poor oysters we in dredge of Starry Ball?
  And cries the Belly: Peter, *my* promotion!

Musing these mighty topics, Peter's mind
  In vortex dark from side to side did tumble;
Like drifting tub, "fix'd point" nowhere could find,
  But, sport of waves, amid the sea-wreck jumble.

Seem'd nothing clear on Earth save trot of Cuddy,
  That steadiest trot, yclept of "Butter-and-eggs,"
Which patters on, in roadway dry or muddy,
  Nought heeding halter, heel, or dangling legs.

As thus the Ass and Peter on did work,
  The Ass jog-trotting, Peter in brown-study,
His eye (Peter's) glanced on the little Kirk;
  The doors flew open: Peter stopt his Cuddy.

Forth rush'd a tide of shepherd dogs, and then
  Of shepherd people, simple hearers there;
With hum of greetings scatter o'er the glen,
  Each on his path, or climb the mountains bare.

Soon stands the Kirk alone among its tombs,
  But Peter gazes on it for a space;
The scene had struck like "blue-bore" thro' his glooms,
  And sunlit now he sees both goal and race.

Warm love in floods thro' Peter's bowels flows,
  With *un*arm'd heel he wakes his beast,
And (tears in eyes, and one on point of nose),
  Forth-jogging, says: God bids me be a Priest!

Oh, Peter, what an hour of heavenly knowledge,
  Birth-hour of thy whole wondrous destiny!
Thou trottedst on to Grammar-school, to College,
  Where still thou trottest—with what speed we see.

III.

And yet what a joy is thine, oh Peter,
  The joy to be ever learning!
No lips of a maiden love are sweeter
  Than light of Truth's first morning.

And dwellest thou not in that soul's Aurora,
  The gates of the East, thy station?
No shadows behind, clear sheen before ye,
  A hoped, not come, Revelation!

Thou rather, as Poets deign of Apollo,
  Bright Young-one (grey-bearded, ragged,)
The wheels of the Sun dost ever follow
  (Not driving indeed, yet dragged).

IV.

Where Peter lodges? How his pot doth boil?
  This truly knoweth, guesseth no man;
He spins not, neither does he toil,
  Lives free as ancient Greek or Roman.

Some think on perfumes he is fed,
  Like that bright Bird of Araby,
And being a Phœnix fowl, for bed
  Doth roost at night on forest tree.

Vain talk! some earthly food he seeks,
  As well as spiritual food and culture;
Myself have seen him eat beefsteaks—
  Nay bolt, with appetite of vulture.

Or art thou, Peter, that old wandering Jew,
  (Good Lord!) in new shape come again?
Pshaw! Look in 's face, so parboil'd, dusky-blue,
  Yet patient, glad:—suspicion false and vain!

Where lodges he? Hath not the Crow a nest?
  Fit fodder groweth for all beasts and men:
He lodges where he finds it readiest,
  And feeds full oft the Lord knows how or when.

V.

At midnight hour did Peter come,
  Right well I knew his tap and tread;
With smiles I placed two pints of rum
  Before him, and one cold sheep-head.

How joy'd thy soul at sight of prog,
  With wind thy belly long kept full!
Like reek went glass on glass of grog,
  Snick-snack, the sheep-head is a *skull!*

And then, oh Peter, what a gabble:
  High birth, preferments, and so forth,
Thy race known since the Tower of Babel,
  Those famed "Black Nimmos of the North!"

Should College honours from thee fly,
  As Envy follows most the great,
Thou hadst an Earldom cut and dry,
  In House of Peers couldst take thy seat.

There, too, wouldst think upon us all,
  Wouldst be a friend without a marrow;—
Good soul! he from his chair did fall
  Dead drunk: I sent him off in barrow.

Thus, solved in sheep-head juice and rum,
  That soul's whole secret you might see:
His Essence (in strange menstruum),
  Like yours and mine, was—VANITY.

L'ENVOY.

WHO is mad without a peer?
Madder still from year to year?
Peter 'tis, I fear:
Sure 'tis Peter, sure 'tis Peter,
Life's a variorum.

Who is wise as Swift or Pope?
Arrow-straight his way doth grope?
Peter 'tis, I hope:
Sure 'tis Peter, sure 'tis Peter,
Life's a variorum.

Sp

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